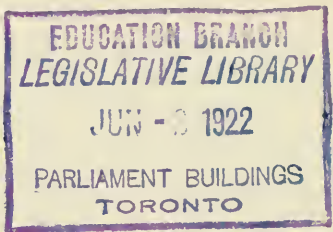


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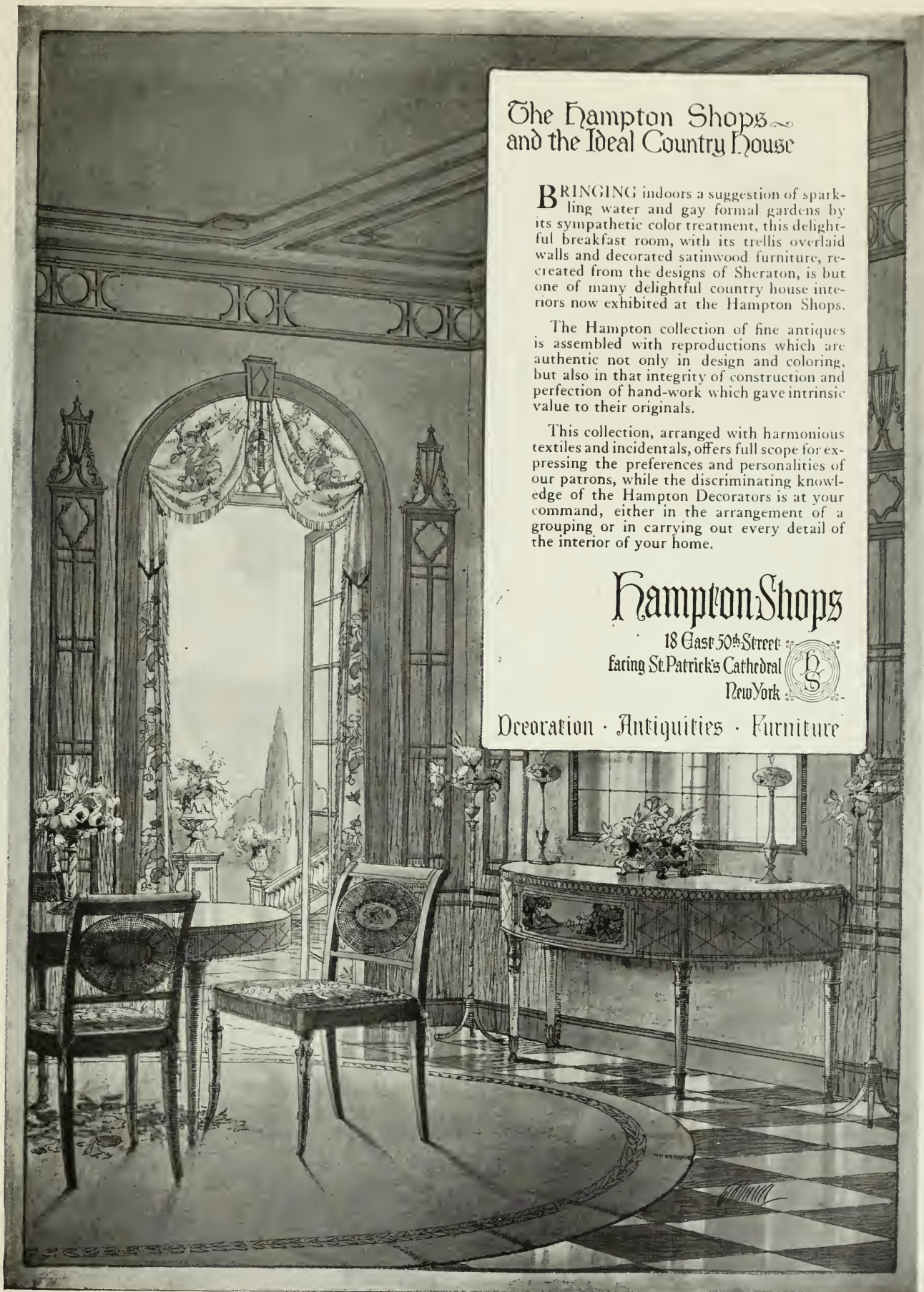
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"Along the Erie Canal," by Arthur B. Davies

MAY 25, 1920

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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 1

May 25, 1920

Foreign and American Painting

The International Show at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh

PROVINCIAL New Yorkers, they are a good many, do not hesitate to describe their city as the art centre of the world. Perhaps provincial New Yorkers think in dollars. When they speak of art centres they mean art market. It is in New York that dollars are exchanged for art. It is in New York that pictorial themes of the American order are juggled or moulded into shapes that will produce art. It is to New York that contemporary American painters look for sales of their works. The foreigners do not expect much of New York. There is very little hysteria there. There has been a most negligible quantity of it since Sorolla at the Hispanic Museum caught most of the professional watch-dogs asleep and awakened extraordinary numbers of lay-people who had never considered art at all. New York, indeed, under the swashbuckler *clan* of Sorolla completely lost its head.

The experience has done much to dampen any over-enthusiastic proclivities that might be exercised naturally. The Boris Anisfeld show was accepted with reservations. The two French shows—one at the Brooklyn, the other at the Metropolitan Museum, brought, comparatively, more artists than laymen to those institutions. The German show arranged some years before the war by the late Hugo Reisinger was rather lamely and tentatively disliked. It was said that it was not representative of German painting, that we were being shown old stuff. The pompous cosmetics of Franz Stuck were as much disliked as, in some quarters, the Germanic ponderousness of Rockwell Kent this season was admired. About the Scandinavian exhibition of probably seven or eight years ago the supply of writing was greater than the demand for it made by the public. Attendance at the Armory show arranged by the Society of American

Painters and Sculptors, Inc., was the greatest at any exhibition ever held in New York City, not excepting the Sorolla show, but it was an attendance that came more often to be amused than to be inspired. It was, however, the only comparative collection gathered in the city in recent years—the only one since the portrait show, at the American Art Galleries, almost two decades ago.

Perhaps it was the most influential show that was ever held in this country in the matter of the numbers of disciples which took their novitiate within its walls. But it was never repeated and is not likely to be repeated in a long time.

The only permanent comparative exhibition of contemporary painting in this country is the one which before the war was held annually at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and which, after a lapse of six years, opened there

again recently. In it there are collected, along with American paintings, paintings from all the allied nations and from a few of those who were non-belligerent. That Germany and Austria were left out of the reckoning of the world's art may be due as well to practical expediency as to any *a priori* desire, on the part of the exhibiting committee, to omit our enemies. Enemies cannot be, even though enemies, all bad, neither does it follow inevitably that militaristic proclivities, like weeds, push all flowers out of a national garden. Art is, after all, a matter of expression. The subject matter in art is incidental. Russia has built its tremendously vital art out of and around its oppression and misery, the early renaissance out of its religion, the French Eighteenth Century out of its pleasure. We know that the nation that could produce the ruthlessness of a Von Hindenberg could also produce the sentimentality of the creator of Werther. Whether the artist flies in the sky or grovels in the mire makes a difference in the nature of his document, but none whatever in the quality of it. Compare Ingres and Delacroix, Degas and Renoir, or Whitman and Emerson, though this pair overlaps a great deal.

It is moreover on this very question of subject matter that the difference between this international show at Carnegie Institute or any comparative exhibition is most marked. Any American show will contain a distressing amount of repetitive subject matter, will be limited almost rigidly in subject matter to not much more than three types of landscape composition and to not more than three types of portrait and figure composition. Americans are not painters of exhibition pictures. Their ethics forbid the painting of exhibition pictures, even though a number do occasionally crop up

(Continued on page 42)



"Ann Rholene," by Malcolm Parcell



*"Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium,"
by Glyn Philpot*



*"Miss Lillah McCarthy in the Character of the Dumb Wife,"
by Charles Shannon*

An International Comparison



"Children Bathing," by Enrique Martinez-Cubelle y Ruiz



"A Man from Arran," by Sir William Orpen



"Important People," by George W. Lambert

The Carnegie Institute Exhibition



"Tell us a Story," by R. J. Enraght Moony

The Russian Revolution and Her Artists

IVAN NARODNY

EDITOR'S NOTE. Throughout the history of civilization artists in every field are found concerned in revolutionary movements. A Durer follows Luther in Germany, Milton beats the austere rhythm of Puritanism in England, Courbet in France begins the expression of democracy in paint. The

inevitable returning swing of the pendulum in Russia pushed her artists ahead of it. They may have influenced the people, for art is vital in Russia. They were and are themselves the expression of the surrounding temper, largely in its profounder aspects.

THE Russian revolution was made and led by artists and authors. Siberia was the great Golgotha of Russian æsthetic evolution. Stage, printing-shop, bookstore, picture gallery and studio were usually the feared hot beds of the rebellious spirit. The Russian artists and writers, critics and students mirrored the sentiments, joys and sorrows of the country, and in this they differed greatly from those of Europe or this country. They were all men of active life, men and women of the people, who became artists only on the urgency of their inspiration. In fact, many of the Russian artists, musicians, composers, authors, earned their living in some field of activity other than art or literature. And when they became professionals in art, they never made out of this a trade, but kept it an ideal, a religious part of their life.

When we consider the great Russian writers, musicians and artists of the past generations, and in fact of the present, we find them all living a double life: one for their art and the other for earning their living. Glinka, the founder of the Russian school of music, was a functionary of the old régime; Moussorgsky, the foremost composer of the country, was an army officer and statistician of an official bureau; Rimsky-Korsakoff, the greatest musical genius of the twentieth century, was a naval officer; Vereshchagin, the celebrated painter of battle-scenes, was an army officer and surgeon; Tolstoy considered himself a farmer and educator; Tchekoff was a celebrated surgeon; Andreveff was a journalist and lawyer. Thus we can enumerate most of the great Russian artists and authors and find them all leading many-sided lives.

It gradually became a tradition in Russia that an artist or an author who did not take an active part in the question of liberty was considered a lick-spit of bureaucracy. It was considered a degree of honor for an art-critic or story-writer to spend some time in jail for his radical views or revolutionary propaganda. Every one who made up his mind to become an artist or writer knew that Siberia and jail stood before him, and that eventually he would land there as a convict. But it did not scare or intimidate any one of the determined mission. Dostoevsky, the great master of fiction, was sentenced to be executed in Petrograd, and he was already on the scaffold when the order came from the Czar to transmute his death sentence to compulsory labor for life in Siberia, where he spent eight years. There civilization was nothing; its tragedies were played behind closed curtains. People outside of Russia heard little of them.

How sure the Russian critics and artists were of the eventual advent of revolution has been illustrated by the startling statement made by Dimitry Mereshkowsky, one of the foremost art critics of Russia, four years before

the storm took place. This is what he wrote in 1910:

"Russia differs from the West as the eye differs from the ear. While one organ can only see the world, the other can only hear it. America is the absolute eye; Russia is the absolute ear; the one is purely objective, the other purely subjective. America's sphere is utilitarian, Russia's transcendental. In America lives Apollo; in Russia, Dionysius. America can reason and compromise, for that reason she came out from her revolution with a watchword for law and constitution. America became the absolute positive pole of action. But Russia hates law and hates reasoning; she wants to feel everything and lives only by intuition. For America, politics is a science; for Russia, a religion. For that reason the coming Russian revolution will differ greatly from the American and the French, as it will be brought about not by economic,

was cultivated and supported by all the local governments, but persecuted and watched by the national administration. In fact, an artist with Russian *moujiks* became a modern saint, a wizard of beauty.

"From time immemorial the Russians have considered the æsthetic issues as the basis of all the physical systems and governments, therefore autocracy with us was an assertion of an absolute holiness in a mystical sense. The racial traditions do not permit us to leave that order. The rejection of an absolute cannot help being the assertion of the opposite; holiness against holiness. Autocracy with us has been a religion, as is our revolution. Least of all do the revolutionists themselves realize this peculiar state of affairs. In their conception a socialist or bolshevik is a godless being. To a Russian, liberty in its highest metaphysical sense is not a political but a religious feeling. All the most brutal crimes of Russia's revolutionists will be committed as fanatical acts of Inquisition.

"When ultimately all historic forms of Russian government and church will be overthrown, then in the political and religious consciousness of the people will appear such a chasm of emptiness that to fill up the gap with the already existing forms of Western governments, such as the constitutional *bourgeois* republics of America or France, will be impossible. To overthrow a structure thousands of years old a shakeup like an earthquake will be needed. None of these will the Russian revolution accept. Then, what will it accept? Further lies a jump into the transcendental, a flight into the sky, the eye always looking beyond any boundaries. Russian revolution will be absolute, brutal and corrupt, as absolute as the autocracy it rejected. Its conscious empiric limit will be perhaps a kind of socialistic ecclesiasticism, an unconscious mystical religious community. The dream of an average Russian, be he a *moujik* or nobleman, is the æsthetic ideal, art and literature. The final assertion of a new religious governmentless community is a new religious consciousness and activity—a new religious uniform of personality and society, one and all—boundless freedom and boundless love. True absence of power is power of God. Russian revolution will be brought about by art and literature; art and literature only can finish and even it out. These words are enigmatical, let them remain so."

It is remarkable how this prophesy of Mereshkowsky has come true so far, and how well it explains much that is unclear to the mind of the West. Irrespective of all his aristocratic conditions and peculiar attitude of mind, Tolstoy was to Russia what Jean J. Rousseau was to France: advocator of spiritual revolution among the intellectuals. Like all the individualists of Russian revolution, Tolstoy condemned the use of force by gov-



Theme for revolutionary one-act opera suppressed by the Czar in 1914

but by æsthetic-fanatical motives. This is most difficult for the West to understand, where art, religion, literature and life have long become politics. Politics in Russia means religion, a belief in some superior power, be it bureaucratic, ecclesiastic, socialistic or atheistic. The Russian municipal politics, the so-called *zemstvo*, *volost* and city governments, have remained always sacred public institutions, with a religious or æsthetic halo around them. They were just as clean and noble as the others were corrupt. For that reason art

ernments. He was a great friend of the late Ernest Grosby of New York, with whom I visited the old author, and this is what he told Mr. Grosby: "Despising the political power which is founded on violence and explosives, the people have misunderstood me. The government in which I believe is that which exercises a moral authority only. Great writers and artists are to me the great highpriests and leaders of evolution, the real sovereigns, who rule, not by force of guns and armies, but by moral authority. Just as I hate a hereditary potentate so do I hate a cheap Parliament. Government cannot improve the moral nature of man by its political laws, and brute force always defeats its object. Every law must have the sanction of the free will, for there can be no coercion of the soul."

The younger Russian writers like Gorki, Korolenko and Sologub did not like Tolstoy's preaching of revolution so explicitly, and often maintained that it would have been better for his reputation if he had died fifteen years earlier, after publishing his "Anna Karenina." Gorki said publicly: "I admire Tolstoy, but at the same time I pity him, for as a preacher he is an amateur and cannot compare with Tolstoy the artist of fifteen years ago."

Tolstoy's revolution was directed against the Greek Church and the Holy Synod, as in his case art was the coming religion of humanity. He quoted Christ just as much as he quoted Buddha and Lao Tse. Though somewhat similar to Rousseau in many traits, he differed from the great French writer in this: while the former was a destructive giant of the rationalistic school, Tolstoy remained one of the emotional æsthetic type. Rousseau's works stimulated the French people to rebellion by stirring up their reason and ambition for action, while Tolstoy's intention was to conquer every social evil by passive resistance; one was a great leader and reformer in his Latin character of influencing the will power; the other's greatness is shown in his Slavic character of influencing the feelings and emotions. However, Gorki became himself a revolutionist and is now with the Soviet Government.

Russia, previous to the revolution, was a shaky social-political machine, run by a handful of politicians and bureaucrats as far as the economic side of life was concerned, but from the æsthetic point of view she was perhaps

more free even than France, not to speak of England and this country. The country was in the last years so free that vaudevilles and the dramatic stage became indirectly open forums for revolutionary propaganda. Cabinet ministers, political leaders, high functionaries and court favorites were made into ridiculous burlesque-heroes or allegorical villains. One of the most daring operas of the pre-revolutionary era was Mme. Stassova's "*I strepenilis—Waked-Up*," music by R. Gliere, in which the theme is a pure and simple uprising of the *moujiks* in the village. Seventy-five per cent of the Russian revolutionary spirit was spread by the country's artists and writers. Labor played a very insignificant rôle in it until the Bolshevik forces took the leadership. For that reason the American politicians and bureaucrats cannot judge Russia after their national patterns and accept it as a fact that Russia is going through the stage of economic sickness through which they went long ago. The American colonies went through their political turmoil with a very definite political ideal in view, while the Russians do not possess. That is the trouble with the chaos which prevails in the people's minds, as they have rather hazy views of political nature; therefore the foreigners who wish to

and noble character, they were both arrested, kept in solitary confinement and then exiled. While Hertzén died an exile in Switzerland, where he escaped from Siberia, Chernishewsky died in Siberia. Their crime was revolutionary agitation, which they kept up all the time during their banishment and imprisonment. It was their electrifying criticism and inspiration which produced for Russia such novelists as Turgeneff, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov and the rest. Those two men are considered as the fathers and founders of the great Russian literature and art of the Nineteenth Century, and at the same time spiritual fathers of the revolution.

But perhaps more picturesque and prominent figures than those two in the Russian movement for liberty were Mikhail Bakunin and Prince Peter Kropotkin. While Bakunin died in 1876 in Switzerland, Prince Kropotkin is still alive, writing books at his family country place near Moscow. There has hardly been a more dramatic figure in any other nation's history than was Bakunin. By profession an army officer, son of a diplomat, and a graduate of the philosophic faculties of Russia and Germany, Bakunin acquired a brilliant style of writing even as a young man. Much as he was interested in literary work, the political situation of Europe in 1849 thrilled him more. As a student in Germany he became interested in the German revolution and took an active part in the Dresden uprising, where with Richard Wagner he helped to build the barricades. It was said that he advised that the celebrated paintings of the Dresden Gallery be placed on the barricades, to prevent the Prussians from shooting at them. Yielding to the superior forces, the insurgents surrendered and Bakunin was arrested, tried and sentenced to death in 1850 at the fortress Koenigstein, in Saxony. Six months later the death sentence was commuted to life-long imprisonment in the fortress. But having been previously one of the leaders of the Austrian uprisings, he was turned over to the Austrian Government. He was tried in the fortress of Prague in 1851 and was again sentenced to death, but the sentence was again commuted to life-long imprisonment, as Count Orloff, the Prime Minister of Russia, requested that Bakunin be sent over to Russia to be tried for political crimes he had committed there. The Czar Nicholas the First sent him to the fortress of

(Continued on page 32)



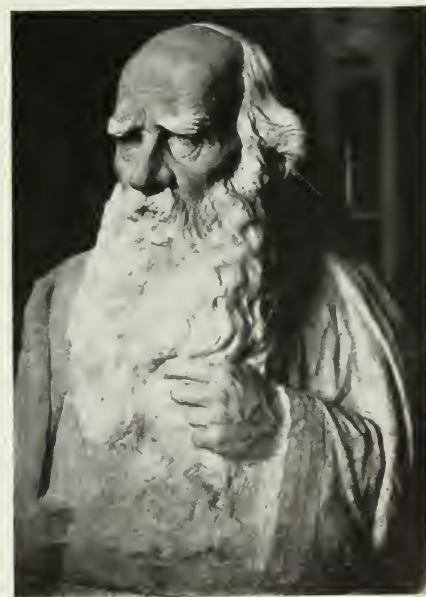
Mikhail Bakunin

cure the Russian ills with their past pills are greatly mistaken. It would have been all right had the Russians not been a nation of the very opposite racial character, and had their dramatic-mystic dreams not driven them against the bloody wall of bolshevism. Russia does not want to imitate the commercial West, nor the fanatic East. She is engaged in searching for some solution from her own æsthetic past, her art and literature. That is the reason for all the absurdity of her present experiments and agony. Now let us get a comprehensive picture of the kind of men who were the real founders of the Russian revolutionary movement, besides the above-mentioned few semi-revolutionary big celebrities of art and literature.

The first two pioneers of the Russian revolutionary movement in 1845 or thereabouts were Alexander Hertzén and Nicholas Chernishewsky, both the foremost literary critics and authors of their day. Graduates of the universities, men of tremendous literary talent



Nicholas Tchaikovsky



Bust of Tolstoy by Kratina

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II
Editor Department of Architecture

The Approach to a Country House

A GOOD many years ago there was a play in New York in which one of the characters used as a constantly repeated catch word, "First impressions are everything," and while this is, of course, not literally true, the value of a first impression must not be underestimated. The first impression we get of a country place is the approach to the house, and from the approach we first see the house; the approach is an index to the quality of taste displayed in all the work and the impression made upon us when we first use the approach will always unconsciously tinge and affect our feeling about the house.

Now the approach to a house is rarely dependent upon the decision of a single person, or even affected by the opinion of one expert. Rather it is the product of a sort of committee consisting of the owner, his wife, the landscape architect and the architect, all of whom are likely to view the problem from different angles, and who will eventually reach a compromise as to the solution, which will be acceptable to none, and which may not contain the good points of any of the proposed schemes. The owner will very probably be concerned primarily with the expense of the project, his wife with its general effect, the landscape architect with the æsthetic qualities of its curves, and the vistas of his landscape work as revealed from it, and practical considerations of grade and drainage, while the architect will consider primarily the appearance of the house as seen from it, and whether the suggested layout will pass in front of rooms which should be secluded; also the road must lead with reasonable directness to the front entrance.

Let us consider these questions a little more in detail. The entrance to the house is so bound up with the plan that it is difficult to prescribe a general condition which shall suit a number of specific cases, especially since our American country places are apt to have rather large houses on small pieces of ground. Were our large houses to be set invariably in the centres of parks, it would be rather easier, but as it is not unusual to place the house comparatively close to the public highway, either because the property is small or because the owner desires to preserve as much privacy as may be on the opposite side of the house, our approaches are often limited to straight driveways. Even in these cases there is one general principle which applies—the entrance driveway should not pass the principal living rooms. The reasons for this are sufficiently obvious: the road is dusty, it is not particularly sightly, the vehicles which use it are often more noisy than the automobile advertisements would lead one to believe possible, and the sense of privacy, which very properly is an increasing requisite of our country life, is violated.

On the other hand the approach to the house should not pass in front of the service quarters since we naturally do not wish either our guests or ourselves to pass the ugliest and least well kept portions of our premises. Nor can a

long, winding road be used where a shorter direct road is possible without impressing the person who uses it with a sense of annoyance at the needless delay. This is especially true now that we have become used to motor cars and resent any disability to push them to a full, safe speed.

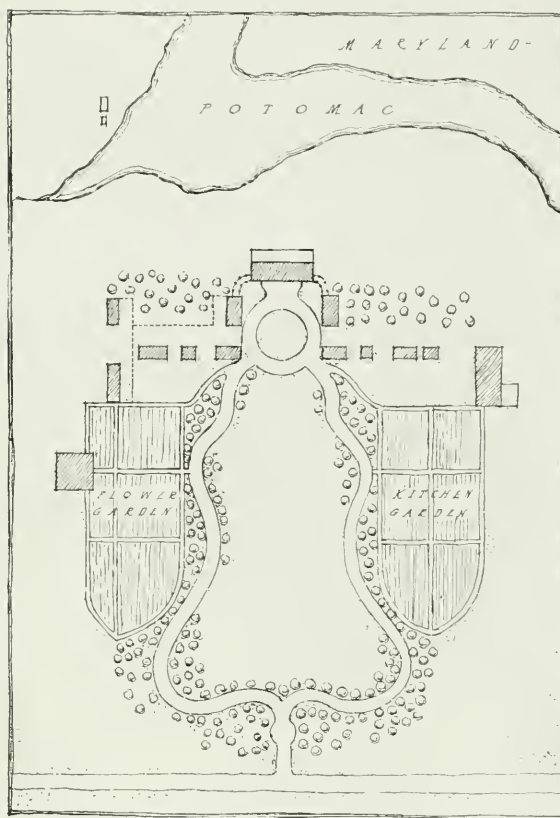
It used to be the custom in the United States to live on the street; the biggest of our old and even of our Nineteenth Century houses had their principal living quarters and the verandas or piazzas which, in those days, constituted the principal living quarters in the summer time, placed on the street side. The approach to the

attitude is difficult to maintain architecturally or in the landscape work. Further, since the approach to the house will very often be used by delivery wagons and similar vehicles whose ultimate destination is the service quarters, it will frequently be found necessary to introduce a subordinate branch driveway from the main approach which will lead both unobtrusively and directly to the service side. Of course where an entirely distinct service entrance is employed, this problem does not present itself; the only question in such a case is as to the layout of the service road so that it will be sufficiently screened from observation, either from the house or from the main approach.

The question of approach has been further complicated by the fact that the modern automobile needs a great deal of space in which to turn and also that there are very many drivers who proceed at a rate of speed which makes it impossible for them to stop within a few feet. The principal approach must be sufficiently wide to permit two vehicles to pass at this rate, or else the approach to the house must be made double—one side for entrance and one for exit. In either case a much greater expanse of roadway is necessary now than formerly, with the result that the principal approach is formalized to an extent which used not to be the case, and especial care is therefore requisite to secure precisely the effect upon the guest that we desire. Also, as in most cases the garage will be placed not very far from the house and some parking space is necessary for the automobiles of guests, the entrance must be arranged with due regard to these features.

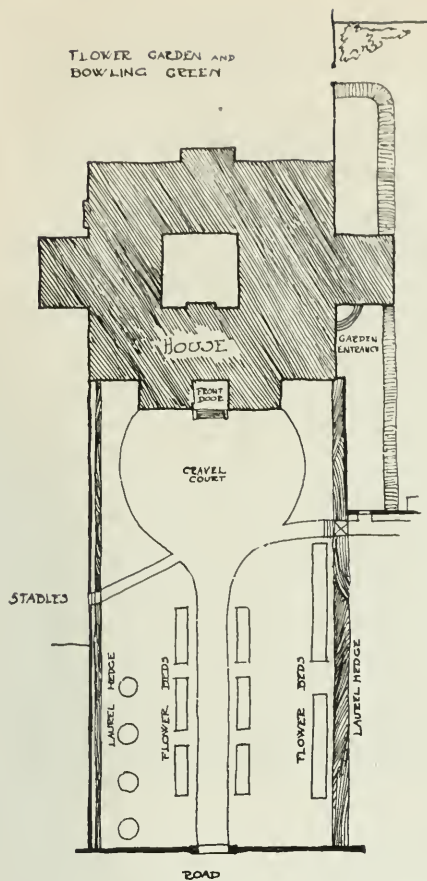
Of all the problems, however, the turn-around is the most difficult. A forecourt, walled in, paved and with attractive border planting, is by no means the worst way in which the turn around can be treated, although it has the obvious disadvantage of requiring several operations to back and turn a car. The most frequent method is the simple loop, which is, to my way of thinking at least, almost uniformly ugly, although when trees are planted in the centre of such a loop, so there is an obvious reason for its employment, it is

perhaps not so inevitably bad. The use of automobiles has again made the loop more difficult to employ successfully. With the old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicle practically no enlargement of the road was necessary and the radius of the turn was comparatively small. Nowadays a thirty foot radius, making a loop of sixty feet in diameter on its inner edge, is almost requisite to easy turning, and as the roadway ought to be approximately sixteen feet across, one can readily see what a vast expanse of dusty and unsightly ground extends before our entrance doorway. Perhaps as satisfactory a scheme as any was the old-fashioned farm entrance in which the roadway halted for a moment at the entrance on its way to the barn, so that no visible turn was necessary, but as we cannot depend upon all our guests being driven by chauffeurs, and as it is not always desirable



"Mount Vernon," showing a winding double approach with a circular turn

house was almost invariably to this principal piazza so that the guest or the grocer—it made no difference which—climbed down from the old-fashioned buggy or depot wagon, in the midst of a family gathering. This was all very well when almost anyone who came to the house was really a friend. We have, unfortunately perhaps, become more sophisticated. We are not at all sure that we want to see any one who may come to the house and we prefer to have an opportunity to be what is conventionally termed "out" rather than to be caught by some unmitigated bore, or the agent soliciting subscriptions for the "Home for the Aged and Friendless Neighborhood Dogs." On the other hand we do not wish people visiting our houses to feel that there is a cold inhospitality about the approach, and the balance between the necessary reserve and a proper welcoming



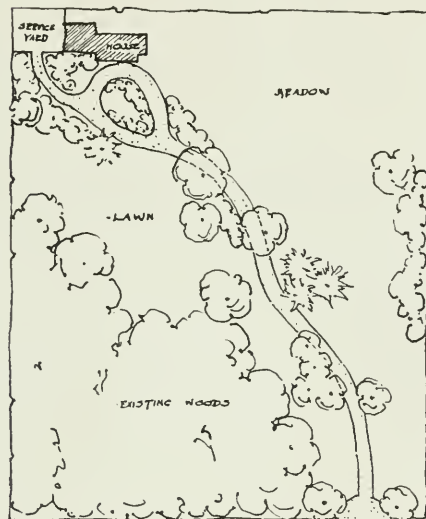
Charleton Manor House, Oxfordshire, England.
A straight approach leading to a gravel court

to have them inspect our garages or service yards, this method can be but rarely employed. If there is a bit of woods in which this turn can be concealed, so much the better, but if not the result is almost inevitably unsightly.

One of the most attractive of all entrances, on plan at least, is the long horseshoe drive, each side of the horseshoe being flanked with avenues of trees and the main entrance of the house facing down the vista. This is not always as successful in reality as it appears to be in plan, since one does not approach the house on its central axis or focal point (which is usually the entrance), and the agreeable vista toward the entrance is impossible. On the other hand, if the entrance is approached direct it is difficult indeed to contrive a satisfactory method by which the side of the car can be

brought to the entrance. A rather interesting variation of the horseshoe drive was contrived by George Washington in his plan for the estate at Mt. Vernon and while on paper the plan appears to be forced and unnatural, in reality the effect is extremely good because each of the side driveways follows along the verge of trees and undergrowth. Another form of horseshoe which is not infrequently employed in a small country place is that which combines the central walk to the doorway flanked by the horseshoe drive. In the Fry house at Southampton, the effect of this entrance is extremely agreeable despite the fact that the horseshoe is not symmetrical about the walk. In the big country place the horseshoe drive is obviously impossible and the exact location of the entrance will generally be determined by the landscape architect so that conditions more strictly within his province may be met.

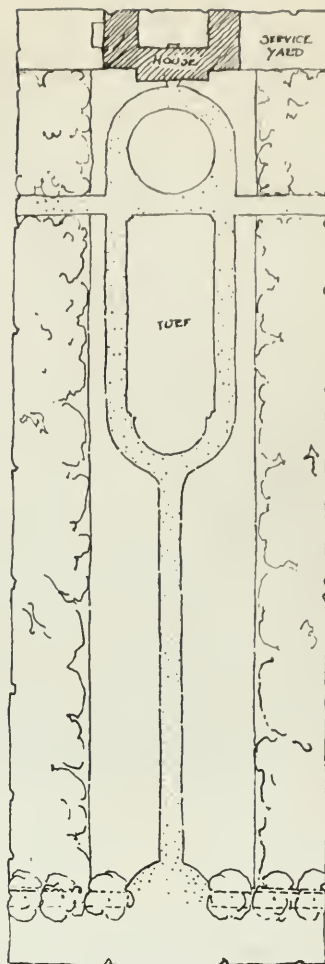
A long approach to a country house will be led, if possible, past certain picturesque features of the place—a brook, a pleasant group of trees, an attractive vista of meadows, or the like, and always with due consideration to ease of gradient and proper drainage of the roadway. In laying out a plan for such a road, it will be found very frequently that the teams of the contractors who are employed to build the house will normally find the simplest method of approach and as it must not be forgotten that the simplest approach is very likely to be the most satisfactory since all æsthetic sentiments are ultimately based upon practical conditions, due consideration should be given the



An irregular curved approach permitting vistas of the house

rough roadway which they determine. Of course where the road is first built and then employed by the teams in bringing up material, no such guide will be available, yet where it is it should not be neglected.

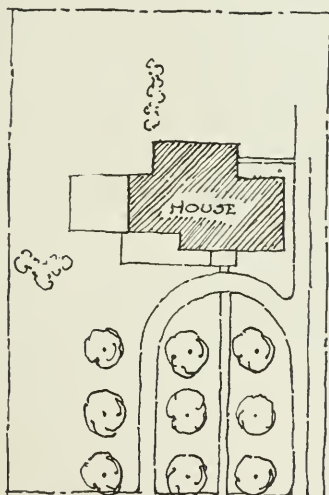
The exact location of the entrance on the main thoroughfare or highway is again of importance and the treatment of this entrance must conform to that of the residence; in other words, it should be sort of a prologue to the drama. In England and on the Continent it is customary to place the gardener's cottage or lodge immediately at the entrance, a survival doubtless of the good old time when the castle was fortified and the postern gate was held by a custodian. I believe that in certain English country houses it is still customary to keep the gates closed and require people desiring to enter the property to give some sort of an account of themselves before they pass the keeper of the outer gates, but in this country, even in those places which have a lodge, the gates are usually wide open, trusting to the good taste of the



A long, straight approach and double turn around

passer-by not to intrude himself where he has no business, so that while very many of our country houses have a lodge, or even a pair, at the entrance gates, their construction is rather a pleasant reminder of a forgotten formality than a thing of practical use. Of course there exist a few great places of such vast extent that people are apt to regard them as part of the countryside rather than as private property and in these places it is perhaps as well to retain the custom of the lodge, but our American temper would hardly suggest the use of a lodge upon a place other than one so great that its activities were entirely self-contained, and certainly not upon a place situated in a part of the country where many guests would be constantly subjected to the annoyance of waiting for the

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The Fry house, Southampton, showing a short, unsymmetrical horseshoe with a path in the centre



The Asche residence, Hollis, L.I. Ruth Dean, landscape architect, showing a curved approach up a steep hill so placed as to secure a maximum use of the grounds for ornamental purposes



A view in the garden

Darragh Hall, Roslyn, L. I.

PEABODY, WILSON & BROWN, ARCHITECTS



The dining-room



The breakfast porch



A view of the terrace

THERE are, there always will be, home-loving souls to whom home is a nest. A nest means a gentle enclosure, spacious only as loving-kindness makes it so, the whole set in entrancing picturesqueness. The stately house executed in the grand manner of old homes in Europe does not appeal to all, however perfect it may be according to rules of art.

The little house is for the greater number of owners, yet comparatively few architects spend as much time on its design as would be desirable. As a result, we wait before the rows upon rows of monstrosities that fill the freshly plotted streets of any new district.

"Darragh Park," at Roslyn, is given as an example of the charm of simplicity. The two views of its exterior invite the friend or the stranger, and tempt one even to enter unbidden, so charmingly does the porch stoop to receive, so happily do the vine-draped windows suggest, while the terrace stretches its broken flags around the corner where the landscape shows its beauties.

Home-like hospitality lingers in the breakfast porch, where rugged fittings defy the assaults of weather. Here are but peasant furnishings, yet so mingled with old glass and old pottery that refinement is not absent.

The dining-room is a model for all who turn to colonial styles in the simple house. As in the homes of our forefathers, the fireplace end of the room is well-studied, and the wood-trim just fills the space with mantel, pilasters and cupboards. The old picture fitted within the panel as over-mantel is a decoration which our forefathers allowed themselves. In the state of Connecticut are still existing examples of this sort of embellishment which are usually local views of towns.



Garden at the home of Mrs. R. D. Evans at Beverly, Mass.

Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

When Twilight Falls, the Garden Yields Its Perfume



The garden of Mrs. Walter Scott Fitz at Manchester, Mass., with figure by A. C. Dodd

Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Ceilings and Floors

The Variety Required by
Old Italian or Spanish
Furniture

BEFORE the beauties of furniture can be enjoyed the choice of ceiling and of floor must be considered. In our illustrations two ceiling schemes are given, suitable for furniture of the oak or walnut periods, that is, prior to the Eighteenth Century. One is arranged with dark beams in natural wood, a simple, dignified resource. The other recalls the beautiful painted vaultings of old Italian palaces. The floors are in both cases appropriately finished with large squares of black and white marble.

In floors of this kind the white squares must be in color far away from the pristine whiteness of the freshly quarried stone. The yellowish tone of time is necessary for harmony with the black, even though artificially given.



Decorated by Chamberlin Dodds

A hall furnished with harmonious miscellany from which mounts a superb iron stair rail



The Italian note is well sustained throughout this dignified room

Walker & Gillette, Architects

The Bedroom of the Apartment

Suggestions for Its Beautifying

THE bedroom of the apartment needs a treatment of even greater nicety than that in the house, for it is more freely used and more often under the inspection of the outsider. No style is so suitable to the rooms of the apartment as an adaptation of one of the French Eighteenth Century suggestions. It need not be expensive, for as in the illustrations shown the furniture is obtainable from a good maker, while the windows take simple treatment.

The introduction of mirrors in a small bedroom is a blessing to the woman who cares properly for her grooming. A mirror in a door is at best an expedient, but a mirror on the wall is an adjunct to decoration. Two mirrors, one on either side of a dressing table, make a happy combination of utility and beauty, especially when the mirrors are capped with a portrait of some court lady of other days.

The use of decorative pictures increases as the tendency grows to disperse with pictures hung all over the walls as in other days. We are having a reaction from the space-filling that once prevailed, and the picture that is purely a souvenir is relentlessly banished. The decorative picture gives to a room color and gaiety, besides the desirable quality of distinction, and this is true whether it is incorporated into the *boiserie* or not.

The window draperies pictured include three sets, heavy damask, white net and colored gauze.



An apartment bedroom with the delightful presence of two long mirrors topped with old French paintings



A boudoir corner where one may work at the desk and then find repose on the chaise longue



Decorations by M. Voruz de Vaux

France of the Eighteenth Century inspired the drawing-room of paneled boiserie with the eccentric scrolls of the period

House of Richard Cadwalader, Philadelphia



Decorations by M. Voruz de Vaux

A dining-room full of suave elegance is one which follows the harmony of Louis XVI styles



Iron Bridge Lamp



Hounds in Leash, owned by Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer



Iron Bridge Lamp

Hunt Diedrich's Art

His Willingness to Use It for Beautifying the Practical

Photographs by courtesy of Kingore Gallery

HUNT DIEDRICH is one of the few men of talent who gives us his art in a form suitable for human nature's daily use. It was the famous men of the Italian Renaissance who last had that fashion—who submitted their talent to the beautifying of the practical. Cellini made salt-cellars, Ghirlandaio and all the horde of Florentines of the marvellous springtime called Quattrocento, worked at vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and jewelry for the court of Medici and the pomp of popes. Talent was talent; opportunity to spend it was all that was asked, and opportunity offered itself on affairs of daily use. How many a house of nowadays is made beauteous by a cassone carved by one of the della Quercia or painted by Piero della Francesca, yet a cassone is, *a priori*, but a wooden box!



Iron Jardinière with Birds, owned by Mrs. John Sanford

instead of bulbous modeling, and cutting out the background, as in the bridge lamps owned by Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. In this work it is as though he had cut sheet-iron with a pair of magic shears, just as he cut silhouettes from paper when a child.

In the class with this variety of expression are the balcony rails which decorate the house of Major James Byrne, executed in iron and brass. They are full of grace, full of the beauty of hounds and stag in attenuated movement.

Even a corkscrew is sufficient medium to carry unusual ornament, a dancing figure formed with as much vividness as though to be executed later in life-size. Flower boxes came to the notice of the artist as a field for orna-

(Continued on page 66)

This willingness of Hunt Diedrich to set aside at times the great dreams by which every sculptor is haunted, means that great talent is given us in the lesser forms that fill our homes. It places beauty within the reach of all, it surrounds us with gracious lines, with lively rhythm.

It is for the few only to possess a life-size bronze or marble, but all men who have hearthstones and gather around them with expansive friendliness need fire-dogs and fire-screens. Hunt Diedrich lets his imagination play on these, and what is the result? He shapes a decorated fire-screen and the desire comes to those beside the hearth to watch the effect upon it of the glow which fills the sky behind a sleigh crossing the snowy steppes of Russia—or, again, to note the animation of the Spanish dancers beside which stand cloaked observers, while a musician strums the time-beat.

He makes of a standing lamp a silhouette of grace and elegance, using thin, flat surfaces



Bronze Basin, small bronze



Small bronze, The Star Shooter



The figure of Adam in George Grey Barnard's "Creation of Eve"

Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Manship, and Mr. Barnard

THE John D. Rockefeller bust by Paul Manship, which has been on exhibition at the Scott & Fowles Gallery, is probably the most important portrait produced by an American in the last decade. It is certainly the most important one in sculpture, even though it cannot, strictly speaking, be called sculpture at all. In marble, it has few of the qualities of marble, for it is rather as though it had been chiseled in ivory, and it has none of the weight of the stone and no suggestion of its massiveness. This, however, is true of everything from Manship's studio. He is a meticulous craftsman. His work will invariably suggest the jeweler's art before the sculptor's. His mind is probably imbued with the same conscientiousness in the face of detail as the bookkeeper's. But we have known him, until this portrait, as an archæologist who could employ the fruit of his researches in ways evanescent and whimsical. Nothing of this spirit in the Rockefeller portrait. It is, almost, an artless reproduction of the model. But it has grace which belies that and a textual quality which would also show that the artist, suddenly become a very accurate copyist, was not entirely submerged by his methodical conscience. A great many things have been read into this portrait. A great many things will be. The subject, without question, is one of the most interesting of the day and one, moreover, in which everybody must feel considerable interest, and which everybody, the exceptions are mitigable, will face or balance with an *a priori* conviction. Not much love has been laid at the feet of Mr. Rockefeller; some admiration, perhaps, but even this within limits. His portrait has been painted over and over for us or for the public by

those yellow newspapers who sometimes trade upon the envy or covetousness of the thoughtless. The painters of those portraits have never been idealists. They are of those who, recognizing the popularity of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, continually build similar ones in which they are wont to draw the public as *Jack*. In this story it will be remembered that when *Jack* steals from the sleeping giant, he takes, undoubtedly for the

sake of public morality, only that which is really his, his by inheritance and right, his property which has been misappropriated. Mr. Manship must have read some of these stories. But when he modeled this portrait he very evidently did not have the public in mind. And he, very evidently, was not overpowered by the giant who sat for him, not any more, certainly, than Whistler was by Carlyle. And while Whistler may have approached his subject conceptionally, rather than perceptually, there can be no doubt that Manship did nothing of the kind. This portrait of Mr. Rockefeller has no philosophical, political or social bias. It is not even empirical—there are no deductions arrived at from the facts. These are left to the observer. He may read a multiplicity of them. There are enough to prove the theory entertained by the friend and the enemy. All the facts are here for the use of the phrenologist. The poet summing them up on a romantic scale may discover a prophet; the Baptist, a God-fearing man; and the yellow journalist, the mightiest of the modern giants. As for the writer, he may see here a man who, in the balance of the scales, finds that his past is quite a little weightier than his present.

George Grey Barnard's recently completed figure of Adam represents the first of the species with an eye upon that much more finished product of Greek culture, Apollo. He is a pagan Adam. Whether Mr. Rockefeller agrees with this conception or not at this writing is not known. The fact remains that it is designed to become a part of a marble group depicting the "Creation of Eve" which is to stand on one of the hills of Mr. Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills' estate.

—G. P. B.



Paul Manship's bust of John D. Rockefeller



A Tiger, by Anna V. Hyatt

The Small Bronze

Its Friendliness When Appropriately Placed and Gaily Modeled

Illustrations from The Gorham Co. with central figure from Milch Gallery



Hide and Seek, book ends, by Mrs. E. B. Parsons

IT is the present generation which has made possible the small bronze, which has converted it from a repellant and gloomy mass into a sympathetic *biblot*. Even the housemaid neglected the bronze of our fathers, so that it became inseparably associated with dust—a depressing sort of bloom which added little to its loveliness.

Modern art has done great things in sculpture in freeing the sculptor's hand, but not the least of its accomplishments is this, that the small bronze is made with such charm that it is welcomed as an accessory of daily living.

The large important bronzes seen embowered in palms in the homes of those who live in the grand manner; it is not of those we speak, but of the pieces which are more closely associated with our activities and pleasures and which receive often the touch of our hands.

A desk, a generous flat-topped desk, is an ideal place to beautify by using the small bronze in a practical way. Nor should the artist who executed it feel offense if this is



Sitting Girl, by Enid Foster

of art if under the covers of the slab of marble is slipped a memorandum or two.

It is not everyone who may own a Robert Louis Stevenson portrait by St. Gaudens, there being but three extant, but the fancy for small bronzes has caused this model to be cast in a size greatly reduced, which will become the companion of many lovers of two great artists. Again, the *Girl with Golden Apples*, that life-sized nude of almost pagan simplicity by Rudolph Evans, is reproduced in a size which makes it possible for her to stand upon

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The Inner Voice, by Lucy Perkins Ripley

done. We know of a recumbent tiger of Anna V. Hyatt's that displays his yawning mouth and tense muscles on the desk of a man whose brain, crowded with business, needs just this fillip to his imagination to set him to relaxing also, and to thinking beyond his office walls. No harm is done to the work



Flower holder, by Karl H. Gruppe



Boy with Fish, figure for fountain



Chaucer window of Westminster, The Canterbury Pilgrims

What America Is Doing With Silk

Silk and the Designer

Photograph supplied by Metropolitan Museum of Art

AMERICAN silks are marvelous. They used not to be, but the time has come in which to realize that most of the beautiful silks displayed in the shops are made in our own country and not in France. Perhaps the war pushed on the silk makers to a perfection that should supplant the imported fabrics, but the matter was well begun before that. The big mills at South Manchester had been producing for the Cheney's for two generations. Their upholstery and decorative fabrics have long occupied a place beside those of France.

But perhaps it is in the department of dress silks that the greatest advance has been made of late, an advance much needed, for except in plain fabrics America has done little.

Now originality seems to be the watchword, and invention treads fast on its heels. We have in our



Silk of Canterbury Pilgrims, design adapted by H. R. Mallinson Company, from Chaucer window

country an eager mass of young designers who are not only anxious to pass each other, but who are filled with enthusiasm for the work itself. First fitting themselves with the technique of weaving, and learning the limitations of expression as applied to fabrics, they work with an inspired devotion to achieve beauty.

The two fields in which their work flowers are those of woven designs and printed designs. To the designers of pattern in weaving we owe the lustrous colored crepes, the figured satins, the sport silks of all kinds.

Printed designs depend less on the weaver's skill. Given an honest background of sincere workmanship and pure material, the printed pattern is pre-eminent. Those manufacturers who, like H. R. Mallinson & Co., conduct their own designing room, are ever seeking motifs from which

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Silk design of Cheney Bros. portraying Egypt



Silk design portraying characteristics of Spain

The Profession and Business of Decorating

The Status of the Profession as Advanced by the Society of Interior Decorators

ALTHOUGH the Society of Interior Decorators of New York formally decided some months ago that its members should call their vocation a business and not a profession, it was the art idea and not business that was emphasized at their first annual dinner in the University Club.

The guests included Robert W. DeForest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Royal Cortissoz, art critic; Lloyd Warren, Director of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design; Howard Greenley, of the Architectural League, and it was these speakers who struck the keynote.



Frank Wood Richardson

President DeForest was especially cordial, and he even went so far as to offer his personal assistance to those of the society who desired to make use of the great riches of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The importance of the work of the members of the society, because in the art of interior decorating New York has established a world leadership, made this first dinner an event.

The chief speaker for the society was Emile Baumgarten, its first president, whose family has long occupied a leading position in decoration in New York. Among the significant things he said were:

"A cheap piece of furniture may be turned out of any factory in a few days—and it lasts but a few days; but the real work of art, that which is to last through all ages, must be fashioned by the artisan with care, and takes exceedingly long. Thus it has been with our organization. Our progress has been slow, because we have endeavored to build for all time, and have made it our effort to avoid making mistakes which would make it necessary to retrace our steps. Notwithstanding this, however, we have accomplished a great deal in a very short period. We should be at all times more jealous of our artistic success than of our financial gain.

"The scourge of our profession has been the fly-by-night decorators—most of them without knowledge, ability or much capital. Their only excuse for doing business is a social connection or some other form of influence, and they rely almost solely upon an over-developed sense of their own ability.

"Due to the excellent work done by the members of this society, as well as the increasing discernment of our clientele, these fly-by-night people have been discouraged. Any work undertaken upon the basis of what, in common parlance, is known as a 'drag'—when not backed up by real artistic ability—has been doomed to failure.

"It is true that this is one of the greatest menaces that confronts our business, and the only ray of light in the situation is that ability and good sound business practices must eventually win out. It is the old question of the survival of the fittest. Of course, this thought is poor compensation where a large contract may be lost to some one of us who has given his entire life to the best in interior decorating. But the public usually pays dearly for its experience in dealing with the untrained people."

Mr. Baumgarten's central thought was the idea of unity, not rivalry, to the benefit of all. "I have just returned from abroad," he said, "and one of the things that struck me particularly over there was the spirit of co-operation existing between the architect and the decorator. The architect, when he has interior work to be done, usually calls in his decorator; and together they discuss, develop and work out the scheme. And it is the general rule that these combined efforts bring about a much better result, not alone for the client, but they also result in greater satisfaction to the architect and the decorator. There is no reason why there should not be the utmost co-operation between the splendid body of men composing the architects of this city and the members of our society. It cannot but result in mutual advantage, for each is a specialist in his line.



Emile Baumgarten

"I saw the same thing abroad with regard to the decorator and the art dealer. From years of practice, they have come to understand the value of working together, each one getting his due credit for his share of the work—work performed in perfect harmony—and there is no reason why this same spirit should not prevail here."

The presence of untrained, uncultivated decorators in the field accounts for the low average of taste in some of the homes of Americans of wealth. Thorough knowledge of historic ornaments, of furniture and of fabrics is positively essential, as well as a familiarity



Robert W. DeForest

with design in architecture. Years of study alone can give this to the decorator. Where this study is to be obtained is at present a problem to the decorator, notwithstanding the existence of three or four schools; but hope for the future lies in Mr. Baumgarten's suggestion: "As we expand in influence, I hope to see my dream realized of having a studio, under the control of our society, for the purpose of educating students in the art of decorating. Steps in this direction have already been taken by the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, and the closest co-operation on our part with these gentlemen should bring about good results in the near future."

More and more what has been known as the business of decorating shall be recognized as one of the fine arts, and to this end the decorator should devote his thought and energy.

It is plain that, so far as Mr. Baumgarten is concerned, he feels that his activities are professional rather than commercial, and probably no one will disagree with him.

Professor James once said that when distinctions are drawn the causes of a dispute will disappear. A famous after-dinner speaker, who is really a philosopher as well as frankly a shopkeeper, Patrick Francis Murphy, has

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Some Facts About Industrial Art

As a Present Industrial and Commercial Necessity and a Great National Asset

W. FRANK PURDY

AMERICA is today a great industrial nation without a national industrial art, a condition which, if it continues, will seriously handicap our economic progress as a nation, as well as our cultural advancement as a people. In this particular we are, conservatively speaking, two generations behind the countries of Europe. But just what does this mean? While in certain circles these are, of course, familiar and portentous facts, for the matter has been very much on the minds and in the hearts of our educators for the past several years, and, more recently, many of our foremost business men of vision are showing evidence of interest and understanding, to most of us, however, the phrase, "a great industrial nation without a national industrial art," has little significance, and we are as a whole ignorant of the possible consequences to us as a nation of this condition.

It is my purpose at the moment, therefore, and in response to many queries, to try to clarify the matter, if I can, for those who seek understanding, and, with their understanding, can help solve the problem implied, and so lend inestimable service to our country, its industries and commerce at a time when understanding service in this particular matter is most vital.

In the first place, why a national industrial art? What is its reason and its value? What does it claim for a nation? The claims of industrial art are twofold: (1), that the art element introduced into manufactured products can increase their value indefinitely, and is, therefore, a possible boundless source of economic wealth, thus aiding the material progress of a country; and, (2), that through industrial art the artistic energy and creative talent of a country is developed and directed into useful channels, and as a result public taste is cultivated, the fine in art is more universally appreciated, a nation grows in culture and refinement, and its spiritual side is strengthened.

History proves these claims. Trade has always come to that country that has had the most beautiful, most artistically sound wares to offer, and material prosperity and cultural advancement have as surely followed—the East at first, then Italy, later France, and so on up to the present moment. Ever since 1850 the struggle for commercial supremacy has been keen between France, England and Germany, and a nationally supervised industrial art education for the people has, in each case, been the chief means of advance. More and better art schools has invariably meant more and better trade, and whenever commercial impetus was needed, these countries looked to their art schools.

ONE of the most significant steps in the development of education in industrial art as a national concern was made by England in 1851, when an international exposition of manufactured products, held in that year and planned by Great Britain, proved the inferiority of English goods to those of France in point of design. This was, of course, an unexpected blow to England and her manufacturers, and as an immediate result the great museum and schools at South Kensington, comprising a scheme for art education that covered all the industrial centres of England, were established. This system of schools was maintained in differ-

ent ways, both municipal and private, but always with definite support from the central government. This has since been recognized as no doubt the greatest of all national schools of industrial art.

But greater than the establishment of this school, and the impetus it gave to a great international movement in art education, was the open concession that industrial art education was not merely a desirable national asset, but an industrial necessity where commercial supremacy was at stake, and similar schools of almost equal import were accordingly established in France and Germany, the whole movement gaining and growing in Europe until the date of the Great War. Even then, during the cruellest days of this period, art training for industry was not neglected, its national value never once lost sight of. Today Great Britain again steps forward. Drained by the war believing that her economic recovery can only come through world supremacy in commerce, the British Ministry of Reconstruction has officially pronounced that the art element in industry must be still further developed and emphasized.

During all these years, except in a few rare instances, our own country—America—has completely overlooked the economic value of art as applied to industry, and consistently neglected education in art as a great national asset. Perhaps because, in a sense, we have not needed it, our wealth of raw materials, so constantly demanded by Europe, making trade competition in completed manufactured products almost unnecessary. Whenever the art element was needed, it seemed the simpler and the surer course to import it ready-made—in the form of design, artists and craftsmen, or finished products—from Europe, although we have paid dearly for this privilege.

BUT the tide is now turning. Our natural resources must be conserved. Our raw materials cannot be sold as lavishly as formerly. We must increase their value by converting them into finished products ourselves, and we must be prepared to meet the coming expanded and intensified world trade competition on a more equal basis. Moreover it is now essential that we look to home talent for whatever art may be needed in our industry, or for the greater percentage of it at least, for trained craftsmen from Europe are no longer so easily available, and, in view of changed world conditions, it is questionable whether the best in foreign design would be offered us for competitive use. To hold whatever commercial success we have had in the past, and to continue to advance, we must recognize the value of the art element in industry. That is where we stand today. Trade will follow where the wares are finest. We cannot check it. Art added to a bit of raw material can increase its value many thousand per cent. Our neglected, creative talent developed, art added to our own every-day goods and life, will bring culture and refinement to us all. We must recognize these facts, not as individuals, but as a nation.

But how shall we go about it? What is the plan? And has anything yet been done? Whatever is accomplished must be done through city, state and federal agencies. Much as individual help may be needed, the ideal end cannot be reached by individual ef-

fort alone. We need organized instruction and well-equipped industrial art schools to train our art talent, and here every educational, political and patriotic influence should be brought to bear. We need, at the same time, the championship of the trade to make use of American trained talent in their productions, and here every industrial and trade interest should be pressed into service. We need, in addition, an understanding, a sympathetic, and a supporting public, which is, perhaps, the most important of all, and the most difficult to secure, for no definite headway can be made until public sentiment is thoroughly aroused. Schools we may have, and trade interest to back them up, but unless the buying public will have confidence in American talent we cannot reach our end. We must prove to the world that American art is as good as any other art, and quite as good as its raw materials. In any campaign for furthering a national industrial art, these three clearly defined factors must be taken into account and everything possible done to bring about their cooperation.

All effort so far made toward the establishment of a national school of industrial art has been made by the individual, or a group of individuals—a handful of educators, a few art organizations, and some business men of vision. As yet there has been little or no general public response, and no support at all from our central government. Unless all interests required will cooperate, and are in turn supported by our national government, little or no progress can be made. We have the raw material, a great industrial machinery, a marvelous ability for organization, talent, ambition, money—attainment is within our grasp; we lack only official recognition.

As one of the wide-visioned pioneers of this cause bids us to remember, "It was in a democracy, and as the champion of democratic ideals, that Pericles won his fight for an artistic Athens, and I believe that American statesmanship will some day rise to that situation and achieve results comparable to those which constitute not only the 'glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome,' but the only memories of the Middle Ages and the Italy of the Renaissance that the world cares to preserve. Meantime in the absence of official encouragement and support, enlightened private initiative can do a good deal, and is in fact to be credited with having done much excellent work already in blazing the trails and indicating the lines which the state or nation-wide movement will ultimately follow."

Self-preservation demands that recognition.

THESE are the facts I am asked for over and over again. For the benefit of those who want to know, have every right to know, must know, I have endeavored to state them in as concise a manner as possible. As outlined, this is the condition that confronts us today in American industry—the case for industrial art. Can we afford to ignore our needs and neglect our opportunity? That we cannot, must and will be granted. But how are we to proceed? It is not a matter for individual concern. It is a city, state and federal matter. Some clearly defined action with concerted, intelligent effort behind it must be made, and that as speedily as possible. Delay is costly. No more important task lies before us.



Childe Hassam

ANY statistical biography of Childe Hassam will state that he was born at Boston, October 17, 1859, and that he studied art in Paris under Boulangier and Lafeyvre. Anyone not knowing these facts but knowing Mr. Hassam's work would say, without hesitation, that he was a pupil of the French Impressionists, and especially of Monet—and be nearer, not to the facts, of course, but to the truth. Indeed, no literal reproduction of the facts of Mr. Hassam's career will render in any sense the nature of his work. He has won too many prizes for that, so many that one might deduce at once from the length of the list of them that he was a very docile pupil of those masters who were not his masters. Besides, he is reputed to have sold more pictures in recent years than any other American painter.

The Importance of Being Earnest



Florence Easton

OF all the artists in the Metropolitan Opera Company, none has won fame more quickly or deservedly than Florence Easton, the popular soprano. By birth an Englishwoman, in antebellum days she had studied abroad and made an enviable position for herself by the beauty of her voice, the clearness of her enunciation and the intelligence with which, at the Berlin Opera House, she had interpreted the heroines of Wagner.

By her marriage with an American singer (Mr. MacLennan) she had changed her nationality before, in December, 1917, she made her début at the Metropolitan in "Cavalleria Rusticana." She was pronounced by the Italian manager of that institution the finest Santuzza he had ever heard. Soon after, she achieved new fame by her finely spiritual rendering of the title-role in an English version of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth."

Since then she has delighted many operagoers by her remarkable and interesting work in widely varied parts. She has appeared in "Oberon," "L'Oracolo," "Gianni Schicchi," "Lodoletta," "Trovatore," "Pagliacci," "Madama Butterfly," "L'Amore dei Tre Re," "Le Prophète," "The Temple Dancer," and, more recently, in "L'Oiseau Bleu" ("The Blue Bird") and in the English version of "Parsifal."

Her repertory is amazing in its diversity. She sings with equal ease and charm the leading rôles in Wagner's music-dramas, and in the operas of the French and Italian schools. More especially of late she has come to be recognized as a great hope of those who think that opera should be sung here in our vernacular.

Besides a pleasing and graceful presence and expressive features, she has distinction and the gift of making even a poor part seem full of interest. Her *Kundry* had not the power which marked its rendering by some other singers. But it delighted by the qualities which cling to Mme. Easton, whether she be the forsaken heroine of "Cavalleria," the pure-minded *Elizabeth* of Liszt, or the romantic *Fiord* of "L'Amore dei Tre Re."



Paul W. Bartlett

IT is one thing to make good sculpture, another to sell it. Mr. Bartlett is famous for the equestrian statue of Lafayette, which he modelled twice for Paris. He is described in art circles as the antithesis of Daniel Chester French. Politics and sculpture are inseparable. Mr. French's political force—he is said to have a great deal—is veiled. He has no enemies. Mr. Bartlett was in charge of the sculpture done for the victory arch, which he surmounted with a triumphant design of his own. At present he serves as chairman of the Art and Executive Committee of the Mayor's Committee on Permanent War Memorial. He is an indubitable chairman. Something may be deduced from the fact that his beard is red—or was. He was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1865.



Henry Edward Krehbiel

FOR over forty years Henry Edward Krehbiel has been prominent as a music critic. And during all that time, except when, after abandoning law for journalism, he contributed to the *Cincinnati Gazette* and later edited a New York musical review, he has been identified in that capacity with the New York *Tribune*. His face and figure, with their suggestions of a mature Lohengrin, are known to thousands. He has lectured for long years on music, published valuable works of reference ("Chapters and More Chapters of Opera"), translated a life of Beethoven, and made excellent English versions of librettos, notably of "The Impresario" and "Parsifal."



Clive Bell

THOUGH painting and sculpture may not be said to be English fortes, literature is. In art Englishmen stand between two fires. One of these is the Royal Academy, which they are inclined to like. The other is Clive Bell, who tells them, without mincing rather melodious strings of words, that the Royal Academy and the kind of art that is produced under its wing are worthless. It is difficult to know which they take more seriously. The one who plays to their weakness or the one who objects to it. Anyway, Mr. Bell's championship of quite another kind of art, of modern art, has reached our shores. Mr. Bell is a regular contributor to ARTS & DECORATION.

Can Musical Talents Be Measured?

Professor Seashore's Tests

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

VIOLA and Jean were two school girls. Viola, daughter of one of the best known families in the city, had had every opportunity to develop her musical abilities, and though only twelve years old had already played in public. Jean, on the contrary, was very poor, had had no music lessons, had been irregular in her school work, and was rated by her teachers as decidedly inferior to Viola in general intelligence. Yet when Professor Seashore came along, in the course of making psychological tests on twenty-five hundred school children,¹ and examined the two girls for certain fundamental specific musical gifts, such as the sense of pitch, intensity, time, and consonance, it was Jean who carried off the palm. While Viola's chart amply revealed the unusual abilities she had already shown, and was thus, as Professor Seashore says, "from every point of view cheering and reassuring," Jean's record showed between 90 and 100 per cent for every capacity measured. On the strength of it a local women's club offered her a musical education. Although she is "not notably bright, her organism is so decidedly musical that she is likely to distinguish herself if given the right opportunities."

The first question that parents, teachers and music lovers generally will be inclined to ask about this new application of science to a subject that it has heretofore left pretty much alone, is what the practical results would be of its use in public schools and in private music teaching, and perhaps later in conservatories and colleges. A reading of the final chapter of the book, in which the author discusses this larger aspect of his work with remarkable penetration, common sense and modesty, will incline one to answer such a question most hopefully. "The doctrine of democracy," he says, "often results in great educational corruption. From certain universally admitted declarations of equality we derive the maxim: Treat all alike. From this the educator takes his cue and imposes upon the community the education doctrine: Make all alike. This doctrine finds great following because it can be administered by smooth and conventional machinery. But it is vicious because it results in decadence and suppression of the best forces in society. . . . Have no mercy on the educator who prides himself that he has made all alike, because it has not been done by making the unmusical musical, but by the suppression of the fit and most promising. Community singing has a place in school. Raising of the common level is worth while. Our appeal, however, is not for the lessening of instruction to the mediocre, but for the freeing of the musically talented into a musical atmosphere in which they can grow and grow with joy in the comradeship of art. Who is the retarded child? Strayer well says it is the bright child. The retarded child in public school music is the musically brilliant child who is entitled to instruction and association with those who are musical, but who is being held back and deprived of the stimulus which comes from the keenest social competition."

TO this every experienced teacher and every earnest musician will give heartiest assent. Nothing is more insidiously degrading to quali-

ty in every department of our civilization than the pseudo-democratic doctrine of levelling down. The antidote to it is the doctrine of true democracy—the utmost opportunity for the best traits of each individual. "Stop this prating about the masses," cried Emerson, and went on to explain that the masses are the calamity, and that the problem is to draw the individual out of the masses. If Professor Seashore's tests can serve as a "dragnet" thus to draw out the gifted individuals, they will amply prove their usefulness. But there is another aspect of the procedure which he expounds with equal eloquence, and which will appeal to all conscientious teachers quite as much, in some ways more, since it promises help in an even more difficult discrimination—the elimination of the unfit. The student of limited capacity is a problem both on account of his effect on his more gifted fellow, and on his own account. It is in discussing the latter aspect that the author is especially illuminating. He points out that it is no kindness, but the reverse, to "force" such a student by associating him with others more gifted. It gives him a sense of inferiority and failure deeply demoralizing and quite unnecessary. Here we now have the explanation of a paradox probably familiar to all teachers—the frequent conceit of the slightly gifted. It is doubtless explicable as an instinctive, unconscious effort of the normal self-respect to compensate for a painful sense of inferiority. It is not only highly unfortunate in its direct effect on its victim (since conceit always stultifies by closing paths to experience), but it complicates the problem of dissuading him from a pursuit to which he is little fitted. Comparisons with more gifted students in such cases, however tactfully impersonalized, usually have precisely the opposite of the effect intended; by stimulating to morbid activity the perfectly normal self-feeling they increase resistance and may induce obstinate continuance in a path that can lead only to disappointment. But if a teacher, in such a case, can point to objective scientific data, can say for instance: "Your chart shows that nature has given you so little faculty of this and this specific sort that you would be wiser to turn to such and such a specialty, for which it shows you to be well endowed"—in this case it seems as if the morbid self-feeling might be short-circuited, and there might result greater efficiency and happiness all round.

THE greater part of Professor Seashore's book is taken up with detailed description of the apparatus and methods used in giving the tests and in reducing their result to "percentile rank" so that different individual talents may be compared. The order of procedure is from the four "simple forms of impression" (sense of pitch, intensity, time, and extensity), susceptible of highly accurate measurement and conceived as fundamental to all musical activity through the more "complex forms of appreciation" (sense of rhythm, timbre, consonance, and volume) to the study of musical actions (dependent, of course, on the foregoing), such as control of pitch, intensity, time, rhythm, timbre, and volume, and ending with the higher faculties of musical imagery and imagination, musical intellect and musical feeling. While much that is said about such higher traits is admirably penetrating and suggestive, the author recognizes that they are not

susceptible of the rigorous quantitative analysis he applies to the elemental sensitivities on which they rest, and insists that what must be measured is not the result of musical training, but the innate talents as they exist before training. "The fundamental capacities of the senses," he says, "are early developed to their maximum. Further development takes place not in the fundamental capacities but in the use of these capacities in more complex forms."

But the philosophical conclusions he reaches will be quite as interesting to most music-lovers as the psychological ones which form his immediate business. Especially valuable is his insistence that the higher and more complex forms (auditory imagery, the sense of rhythm, and musical emotion, for instance), though as higher syntheses they cannot be accounted for or described in purely psychological terms, are nevertheless in all cases limited by the simpler innate faculties. This conclusion ought to be as corrective of rhapsodical, sentimental criticism and mystical aesthetics as his demonstration of innate differences in faculty will doubtless gradually prove to be to pseudo-democratic educational formulae. Thus for example he shows that "the sense of time is basic for all perception of rhythm and for rhythmic action. A limitation in this capacity sets a corresponding limitation upon feeling, thought, and action." Nevertheless, "a person may have a keen sense of time and intensity and still not have a pronounced sense of rhythm." A rigorous application of such findings as this would do much to expose such popular current fallacies as that form of the program music theory which tries to account for purely musical effects in terms other than musical.

THE chief, perhaps the only defect of the book that seems to call for adverse criticism is the impression it may give to superficial readers of the relation between the basic and the higher faculties of the musical mind. And this criticism would deal not so much with the essential truth of the author's conception or presentation of this relation as with his failure sometimes to emphasize certain qualifications highly necessary, at least to the thoughtless or inexperienced reader. Such an one might get from the preoccupation of the author with psychological tests necessarily dealing with basic faculties rather than higher syntheses, and with necessarily quantitative rather than qualitative measures, a misleading notion of the relative importance of the two sets of faculties. In some respects the two sets may even tend to be inverse in any given individual, since richness of associations and large imaginative power tend to make one slow in the simpler reactions. Any exaggeration of the importance of these would, therefore, tend to discredit the rich and ruminative mind in comparison with the shallow and quick. It gives one pause to consider how two such temperaments as Schumann's and Mendelssohn's, say, would have recorded themselves in many of the tests. Can there be any doubt that Schumann, whose auditory imagery was so vivid that it wore him out prematurely, and whose imagination was so bewilderingly rich that as a conductor he sometimes forgot, in following his thoughts, to beat time, would make a poor showing beside the facile but conventional Mendelssohn, whose sense of timbre was so much keener, as shown

(Continued on page 56)

¹The Psychology of Musical Talent, by Carl Emil Seashore. Silver, Burdett, and Co.

The Periscope of Fall Fashions

CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

HEREWITH ARTS & DECORATION presents a new department, not only to the magazine, but to all magazines—a notable advance directed to those who perceive a just relationship between dress and the allied arts.

Edited by an expert whose specialty has not deprived him of the synthetic vision which unites the arts, it will treat of the important subject of dress from the viewpoint of the creative designer, not from the interested angle of the purveyor of fashions.

In other words, that, which for want of a better name, may be called fashions, will be presented at their source, in the atmosphere of the designer's inspiration, long before they become the common property of fashion journals and newspapers.

The culture and intelligence of well-dressed women will be reflected in this department. The smart women of Buenos Aires, Chicago, Paris, London, and New York meet on the common ground of good taste determined by artistic analysis.

Back of this original department speaks the designer of

dress; through it the artistic aims of ARTS & DECORATION become more concrete, more eloquent; in it the discriminating women of America will find a forum to establish the relation between the tendencies of fashion and the stability of art.

Among the special subjects, subsequent, to be featured in this department are:

The Foundations of Correct Dress and the Principles of Line.

The Bridge Between Good Taste and Fashion.

American Creative Designs in the Art of Dress.

The Development of National Standards in Sport Clothes.

Where Paris Derives Its Inspiration.

Chats with Great Designers.

Difficult Dress Problems.

Authentic forecasts and notes, together with original illustrations, will form a standing part of this department. Inquiries, opinions, discussions are invited as a contribution to a national movement for the diffusion of poor taste.—Ed.

IN these articles we shall adopt a realistic attitude towards dress, not in any desire to strip all the masks from Fashion, but simply as a reaction to the excessive faith that the average reader of fashion articles places in the dogmas and dictates of "Style."

The style creator is not only fallible and limited, but relies on charlatanism rather than on art to maintain prestige. Charlatanism in the sense that he or she, like the magician, must call your attention with one hand to a novelty, while with the other hand is dexterously refashioned the style of a decade ago, a century ago, and, alas, a millennium ago. Thus he manipulates the warp of antiquity into the woof of feminine moods, and when his ideas have reached a deadlock, he ransacks museums, visits distant climes, forces the Empire, the Louis Quatorze, the Rococo, or the Oriental, to yield up new devices; he bestrides the Colossus of the dead past, jazzes with a mummy, and winds up in adulation before the tattooing designs of the Borneo tribes, from which he develops embroidery schemes.

We do not expect a masterpiece every time Kipling writes; nor a genuine creation every time the designer manipulates a fabric. We are so avaricious of the future that we consider today as senile before the sun goes down; but this day and all the days of the past are stitched into the pattern of our lives and will influence us, whether we will or no.

And so I present the not flattering picture of our designer in his atelier, his mind fringing the autumnal modes, but fingering the style themes of yesteryear, so that if the theme be old the variation may be new. In city and town Milady waits for the verdict, capricious Milady whose marvelous talent for shifting her moods drives our poor designer from principles of art to the dance of cinema reels. Milady, in fact, has much in common with the kaleidoscope. So does life, perhaps. So have you, perhaps, encountered young girls of the poorer classes who seem to you formed and illumined, heaven knows how, with a grand perfection of body, whose very finger nails are elegant. The philosophy of this let us pass by—it is the human angle that interests us.

Milady may be prim and puritanical, yet how doth she cast covetous eyes on smart and swagger styles. She may be staid and stout; see how she wrestles with slender fastenings and the lure of the thin! Milady may be discreet in all things, but how quickly she abandons reason in following a style unsuited to her personality, offending her own perceptions of good taste. The Minaret, the Basque, the Egyptian, the Indian, the Moroccan—how all these affectations of style shout and clamor at her, and respect for the conventions, if nothing else, leads her to join the motley, and forget all

that beauty of simplicity which so many of us preach but seldom practice. It is not cynical to add that this Bedlam of Fashions adds zest to existence and helps to destroy boredom.

SAGACIOUS Saint-Beuve observed long ago of the French character: "We are not, above all, desirous of being amused or pleased by a work of art or intellect, nor even of being touched by it; we want to know if we are *right* in applauding and in being amused and touched. We fear to be compromised—to make ourselves ridiculous; we turn about, we question our neighbor; we like to meet an authority, to find some one before whom we can lay our doubts." In these words you have the secret of the autocracy of Fashion over every temperament, from the prosaic to the ardent. But this is a situation that retards the development of personality and self-expression. For every woman there remains the problem of reconciling Fashion with art, style with good taste, clothes with personality. If she imagines that she can gain substantial help from the comment in fashion articles of the common variety, she is mistaken. Nor can she derive assistance from the opinions of designers, no matter how original they may be. Her only source of genuine aid lies in the unchanging principles of Art.

As in drawing, architecture, interior decoration, and all of the fine and applied arts, dress has certain irreducible, minimum principles of line, color and decoration which constitute the ultimate arbiters of style. These principles I have not discovered, but reasserted, and the aim of these chats is to further illuminate them by reference to present fashion tendencies and forecasts of the future.

AN outspoken lady of my acquaintance, with a passion for the authentic and the human, confessed to me that for some years she, along with the dear public, had placed unlimited confidence in the average syndicated fashion story. Without desiring in any way to contest the excellence of many of these articles, it must be said, and said here for the first time, that, in the main, such articles are often misleading, ambiguous and vague; many are self-contradictory, and this systematic vagary is not the fault of any particular personality but is part of the general system of handling the important problems of dress. Let me cite a few cogent instances. In a recent issue of a prominent fashion journal there appeared on page 17 the report of a Paris correspondent announcing that Paris had adopted black—that at an imposing soirée this was the color worn by the smart women. On page 51 of the same issue appeared an equally eloquent report from another Paris correspondent that at a reception given by Madame X, who sets the style, only brilliant colors were

worn! Which is which, and how is the poor, brow-beaten American to decide?

Moreover the larger phases of dress are ignored in the stereotyped reports and the development of the silhouette for the last five years has escaped intelligent comment. The silhouette, as the creator of dress knows, is becoming ever more plastic, ever more adaptive to the fundamental types of the human figure. Its basis ever remains the same—the line of the natural figure, but the forms it takes add romantic imagination to the classical basis.

Another issue not squarely met is the question of colors to be chosen by American women of taste. Constantly badgered by self-appointed foreign critics always to seek the restrained and the elegant, she is bewildered by the shifting color scale and the bizarre effects of these censors of style. Preaching simplicity, they go in for futuristic color schemes, taking their inspiration from the stage, from the ballet, from everything but nature and the principles of artistic harmony. As a result our women, still in the prime of life, affect black and sombre hues, suppressing our natural love for healthy color.

IT will be seen that the following forecast for the fall omits the brilliant guesswork of the lady journalist and adheres to the fundamentally valid style themes which have developed naturally in the last five years. The conjectures made are the result of study and analysis and represent the designer's viewpoint at the source of his work. They likewise illuminate the principles of line and color which constitute the true art of dress and relate it to the other arts of design. I do not play the rôle of prophet, preferring to follow the historical method and to arrive at conclusions by deduction instead of wish.

The costume in the fall of 1920 will achieve simplicity without becoming sombre; softly elegant materials will be in vogue, in colors that are more assertive, brighter, more dynamic. Thus materials will approach the imaginative shades. As a compensation, hats will be made of subdued materials.

The silhouette will pass through more plastic development than ever before, getting away from the basic lines of Greek drapery and encouraging the American lines of sport clothes. Sweep, chic, will be characteristic of the new silhouette.

Sleeves will be shorter and wider; colors will be dominated by yellow, reds in infinite variety and the subdued brilliancy of Burgundy shades.

Tailored suits will have shorter coats and will avoid the economy of being used as a suit coat.

Finally, let it be said in all humility, the lines of the natural figure will remain the same.

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Stage setting from the production of "Kismet"

The Golden Orient on the Western Stage

Eastern Themes in the West Have Been Conventional

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

LONG before Kalidasa wrote his "Sakuntala," "Camille" had been foreshadowed by another Hindu. The Chinese had their plays, before the Greeks, though not such works as those of Æschylus.

What have we made of the resplendent East in Western drama and in Western opera? Too often we have missed its magic charm, and seen it only as grotesquely strange.

Racine? He gave us "Esther" and "Athalie." And—well, yes—we have heard of "Bajazet." Voltaire? His "Zaire" moulders on our bookshelves. But at the real, dead, living East, he hardly hinted.

It was the fashion in the classic days of France to clothe courtiers of the "Roi-Soleil" in veils and dolmans. But when they spoke and moved, they were mere Gallic puppets. Of Asia and the thought, the life of Asia, Voltaire knew little, Racine less than little. The East at best was a beguiling dream, a shadowy something far beyond the ken of men whose eyes were fixed upon Versailles. For the poet and the dramatist, India and Persia might have furnished themes of wondrous charm. Yet though Hovey told us that the East and West should blend, a man who knew the East as few have known it assured us that the twain should never meet, "Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat."

Kipling was right—so far, at all events, as drama is concerned. For few plays Western writers have produced, till now, have shown much insight into the vast, cryptic East. China has been regarded as a comic land, despite the fact that it is full of tragedy. India, a world of marvels and romance, has never yet been taken seriously, as it should be, by English playwrights. The French from time to time have had some inkling of the wealth of drama that the East reveals. But even they have not dug deeply in that field. In Germany they turned out "Sumurun," a

fantasy of the "Arabian Nights" type. The Russians have evolved some Eastern ballets, "Scheherazade," "The Fire Bird," and the rest. As for America—well, in days past some may have seen a melodrama called "The Cherry Pickers." Besides this, we have had "Omar, the Tentmaker," suggested by the creator of the "Rubaiyat." We have had the "Yellow Jacket," and, yes, "Kismet," another parody of the "Arabian Nights" tales.

The most successful of all modern plays of which the East has been at least a background is, perhaps, "Jessie Brown, or The Relief of Lucknow." But when he wrote it Dion Boucicault cared little for the facts of Indian life. His one idea was to excite the crowd by a sensational and final episode. The hero and the heroine in the case were Westerners. The natives were, of course, at most a foil. Crude and old-fashioned as it now might seem, this "Jessie Brown" thrilled many thousands. When Boucicault conceived his famous play the Indian mutiny was fresh in every mind. And, to the British, Hindus were as devils.

The French, however, have their own views

as to Hindus. Jean Richepin, for example, thought he saw a hero in the bloody and remorseless Nana Sahib. He made a play out of that worthy and his feats, which did quite well some thirty years ago in Paris. But Richepin was himself a lawless chap—half gypsy and entirely irresponsible. Armand Silvestre and Emile Moreau, on the other hand, looked at the East poetically. Between them they picked out the greatest theme that anyone, I think, could find in India. They dramatized Gautama Buddha. Unhappily, to suit Parisian taste, they gave the leading part in their "Izelyl" not to Gautama, but to the woman of the title, a beautiful courtesan. They set a Magdalene above the Master who had saved her soul. "Izelyl," despite this, was a lovely play and, as the heroine, Bernhardt charmed the public. It took us nearer to the heart of ancient India than any other drama by a Westerner. The backgrounds in two acts were exquisite. One framed the Buddha's "Great Renunciation." The other showed the old and hallowed tree beneath which the light at last came to Gautama. Music helped the spell already woven in the play. But even "Izelyl" was not quite Eastern.

It had been fashioned for the purpose of an actress; the heroine meant more than India to Silvestre and Moreau; and Bernhardt, with her genius and her vogue, outweighed Gautama.

Our modern stage suits hurried playgoers. The Eastern way is much more leisurely. And scenery, stage scenery, as we know it here, to Eastern minds means less than truths and symbols. "The Yellow Jacket" did, to some extent, allow New York to understand such facts as these. But then came "Kismet," with its color riots, its cloth of gold and vulgar make-believe. A travesty of the romantic East. A bait, a lure to catch the ingenuous crowd.

Some day, maybe, a modern dramatist will try his hand at something more sincere than



Setting from "Sumurun"

(Continued on page 60)



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Night scene from the series of "Views of Tokyo" by Kiyochika Kobayashi

Courtesy Fukushima Co.

Kiyochika Kobayashi

A Modern Master of the Japanese Color-Print

YONE NOGUCHI

KIYOCHIKA KOBAYASHI, who passed away quite recently, is interesting at least in the series of the "Views of Tokyo" (some one hundred in number), published between 1874 and 1879, because he was in truth like an impressive burst of dawn from the old dreams; his attempt was to create his own special domain outside of the ever-sensitive languor of the women of Utamaro, or the prismatic irony of actors of Sharaku, or the fanciful jugglery of life of Hokusai, or the nocturnal melody of scenery of Hiroshige. When I say that his artistic lungs, although they were not so vigorous or big, were full of the new air of morning, I mean that he was interpreting the new, therefore highly bizarre, phases of suddenly awakened Tokyo, whose determined curiosity made her the first of all to shake off even the beauties of life in the Tokugawa feudalism; the telegraph poles in the "Snowy View of Ryogoku," or the Western dress in the "Tea-shed on the Atago Hill," or the glass windowed foreign building in the "Kiyobashi Bazaar," new Japan's first adoption from the West, must have been viewed by Kiyochika with the huge eyes of a barbarian whose admiration perhaps goes first to the wicked side of a new thing. Kiyochika's accidental realism of art, as I said before, corresponding to many a phase of new Tokyo characterized by an accidental leap rather than by a systematic advance,

is indeed a song liberated from the fear and pain of old remembrance, as if a first note of a new bird awakened into the joy of sunlight; his imperfection in technique (he ever kept a certain amateurish wildness) sharpening or breaking the general music was, I might say, balanced by the flowing spirit of youthfulness whose peculiar pungency Tokyo of forty years ago alone understood. If you can imagine the sensation of a people facing the strange West after a thousand years' sleep, you would not, I am sure, laugh away his pictorial adventure introducing into a color-print the gesticulation of light on the water or the changing manner of clouds and shadows.

The color-print of the past was an artistic "extra territoriality" where the "carpe diem" romanticism enacted a temporary masquerade, was a temple, not altogether holy, even vulgar, where the artists or artizabs were innocent enough not to suspect their own artistic belief; when the color print was near its death with Hiroshige or Kuniyoshi, it was from being exhausted in strength and love; it was quite a natural death. But behold, out of the ruins leapt New Japan, at least New Tokyo. When the color-print seemed to revive, although merely temporarily, in the hand of Kiyochika Kobayashi, it was as if the room was suddenly brightened by a peeping light through a hole or chink; it was only natural that Kiyochika forgot all his artistic prudence, risking himself in the freedom that he was newly acquainted

with. He was bizarre, because he had no time for reflection or rearrangement of himself; whatever the shortcomings of his art may be, his note of exultation after the feudal passivity, exultation in the liberated plebeianism, was distinguished and genuine. I defy the critic who inclines to call him prosaic.

One who has tasted enough of the poetical stillness of heavy snow or cross-barr'd rains will be surely glad to turn to Kiyochika, who lived from laugh to laugh, from song to song; he was a pictorial singer tantalized by the gleam of realism or reality. His joy of life and the world was not, I think, so sure and compact; how could it be when he lived in the age whose artistic charm was always pointed and sharpened by its own restlessness? He was the return of the warm blood that quickened and strengthened the art of the color-print, when the circulation, since the time of the First Hiroshige, had been arrested by stupid repetition; we Japanese should be thankful to Kiyochika for his red blood, which, although he was faulty, made him a living artist, not an artistic machine. Therefore, when he committed a fault, he had every chance for making a true confession; I believe that he should have been glad to live in his own days, challenging and ephemeral, those days of some forty years ago, and to breathe their mocking spirit. I may apply to him a phrase of an English poet that he "cherished every hour that strayed adown the cataract of days."

(Continued on page 62)



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Music and the Movies

Its Growth and a Prophecy

SIGMUND SPAETH

IF within the next fifty years America can pat itself on the back as a really musical nation, a situation which seems at present a distinct possibility, the chief recipient of congratulations will be, not the deliberate propagandists and pedagogues, not the concert-givers and lecturers, nor even the wonderfully beneficent phonograph and player-piano. The first prize may be awarded to the lowly moving picture. For it is through the motion picture theatre that young America is to-day acquiring its most solid and practical education in music.

Part of this education is consciously applied and imbibed, as when the orchestra or the organ plays a definite piece for itself alone, announcing its name on the program, perhaps with an explanatory note attached, and trusting for success in the inherent appeal of the composition plus the impracticability of immediate escape. But by far the greater part takes place unconsciously, by way of the musical accompaniment to the pictures themselves, and it is here that the permanent results are accomplished.

Music whose title would produce either inarticulate reverence or bored indifference if conventionally introduced, carries an intelligible message to ears insidiously opened through the parallel absorption of the eyes. What first sounds pleasing with the help of visible beauties attains through gradual familiarity a distinction of its own, and its acceptance is assured before the handicap of title, history or tradition can assert itself. Many a movie fan, confronted with the undeniable fact that he has just been listening with every evidence of pleasure to an excerpt from the "highbrow classics," answers defiantly, "Well, I like it just the same," and from that moment becomes a music-lover worth ten of those who never express an opinion until they have made sure that it is the conventionally correct one.

It is difficult to think of moving pictures without music, and from the earliest days of twitching and spotty films the followers of Saint Vitus have been accustomed to the accompaniment of at least a piano for their devotions. Primitive movie music ran parallel to primitive melodrama. For melodrama is properly the declamation of words to a musical accompaniment, and every stock melodramatic effect of the stage had its recognized and inevitable musical tag. Upon such custom was built the fame of "Hearts and Flowers," "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and the "Hoochee-Coochee."

WHEN motion pictures reached the stage of definite plots and wholly imaginary scenes (and they were not always thus) the melodrama of the legitimate stage was transferred bodily to the screen, and its traditional music went with it. The stealthy step of a burglar was glorified with as definite a rhythmic series of suppressed explosions as the fall of a comedian enjoyed in fuller measure from the undiluted bass drum. Love, Home, Mother, Virtue, and all the other estimable abstractions had their motifs as clearly assigned to them as did the heroes and heroines of Wagner himself.

Those were the days in which a skilled pianist would risk the improvisation of an entire film accompaniment at sight, a feat which few movie musicians would care to undertake now-

adays, in the face of far higher standards of interpretation and greater complexity of plot and action. It could be done most readily, of course, by making use of familiar titles rather than obviously expressive music, the nature of whose meaning could not be mistaken. Thus "Teasing," "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep," "There'll Be a Hot Time" and "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows" achieved both popularity and significance. Seascapes were easily illustrated by "Sailing" or "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"; sleep invariably conjured up "Rockabye Baby"; "Jingle Bells" served for any winter scene and "The Good Old Summertime" did unflagging duty for the reverse season.

Patriotic pictures, and those of special historic occasions, were of course easy to accompany musically, and still are. As song-titles became more and more descriptive, more slangily expressive of one limited but definite thought, the movie musician acquired enough material to fit a phrase to every changing situation, every implied word or emotion on the screen. Rich were the possibilities of "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down," "I Love You," "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," "All I Want is Fifteen Million Dollars," "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," "The Sidewalks of New York," "Moon Dear," and "Who Are You With To-night, To-night?"

Conditions have changed, however, since those delightfully empirical days. The movie music of the present is not only carefully prepared in advance, but has ceased almost entirely to depend for its effects upon a presupposed familiarity with stock titles. It represents in general a sincere attempt to express mood and atmosphere, rather than definite words or descriptions, and it therefore invokes a far higher art of interpretation, a more delicate eclectic sense, and eventually, on the part of the audience, a more intelligent and finely responsive appreciation. This is true, no matter whether the music is supplied by a full orchestra or a lone pianist or organist. It applies to slap-stick comedy as well as to tragedy or the imposing spectacles of modern technique.

THE well-trained musical director of the new temple of the motion picture is too wise to be misled by either titles or traditions. He has discovered by experience and careful experimenting just what the normal human reaction is likely to be to certain combinations of melody and harmony, and he is not worried over the possibilities of competition between Beethoven and Irving Berlin, nor by the fear that a symphonic Adagio may fail to create the mood of tranquillity that he knows to be inherent in its strains. It is an endlessly absorbing task, this of selecting, fitting, arranging and composing the music to the modern films, and some of the best musical instincts and equipments in America are being entirely devoted to this one end. No wonder that the chronic movie enthusiast is involuntarily turning into a musical amateur of the most discriminating type.

The chances are that he has unconsciously listened to all the gems of opera and touched the high spots of orchestral, pianistic and vocal literature as well, while holding down a self-rising seat and watching every detail of the silent drama of photography. Theda Bara may have vamped her victims to the music of "Tris-

tan and Isolde" or the Tchaikowsky symphonies; Mary Pickford may have flitted across the screen, musically supported by the melodious simplicities of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert; Charlie Chaplin himself can throw his pies as accurately, even though the classic humor of the "Barber of Seville," a Haydn trio, or Verdi's "Falstaff" inspire his versatile arm.

WHEN "Les Miserables" was turned into an epoch-making film, the music of Grieg contributed most of the atmosphere of pathos, particularly those two perfect little mood-pictures known as "Heart Wounds" and "The Last Spring." Liszt's "Les Preludes" and "Liebestraum" have been the musical foundation for many a dramatic upheaval of the emotions on the screen, and practically all of his Hungarian Rhapsodies have served to express some phase of human conflict. Bach, Brahms, Wagner, Debussy and even Stravinsky have given of their treasures to enrich the expressive resources of the modern motion picture.

Probably the most active genius of such adaptation has been Hugo Riesenfeld, now director of the Rialto and Rivoli theatres in New York. Originally a violinist, and concert-master under Oscar Hammerstein, he developed into an orchestral conductor of superlative excellence, working out the musical schemes for all the films produced by S. R. Rothapel, the man who placed the greatest and most successful emphasis on the necessary harmony of picture, color environment and music. Mr. Riesenfeld has enjoyed the assistance of such men as Edward Falck, himself a conductor of ability; W. H. Humiston, the associate conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and Erno Rapee, who took charge of the Rivoli orchestra when that theatre opened. He has had as his chief organist Alfred Robyn, a noted composer of light opera, and one of the cleverest of improvisers at the keyboard. Riesenfeld himself is a composer of sufficient inspiration to fit in any necessary links that will sustain a mood where borrowings run short, and he has turned out much good material whose authorship will probably never be recognized or admitted. The projection-room of the Rialto, as of every other big motion picture theatre, is each week the scene of a careful study of all the films whose production is contemplated, and the musical experts do not let a single foot go by without planning the exact nature and speed of its orchestral accompaniment.

A few established composers, notably Victor Herbert, have devoted themselves to the special creation of an entire film symphony, and there are others whose absorption in movie music of the best type has perhaps prevented a more general recognition of their talents. Among them are Joseph Carl Breil, who had an opera produced by the Metropolitan Company, but did far better work for "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation," and Elliott Schenk, implicated in many a screen success whose pictorial impressiveness was allowed to outweigh the significance of the music in public estimation. D. W. Griffith is only one of the many directors of motion pictures who are thoroughly aware of the value of the musical accompaniment, as "Broken Blossoms," for example, sufficiently attested.

(Continued on page 64)



Brenda Putnam, Sc
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THE most important feature of this celebration will be the special exhibition—made up of a combination of the treasures of the museum in all its departments with loans from private collections in this city. This was announced in February. At that time the announcement was put forward in a tentative way, as the expression of a hope rather than a promise. It was impossible to tell how far the private collectors of New York might be willing to cooperate with us in this manner, knowing that the objects lent by them were not to be segregated in an exhibition by themselves, but would be distributed through the building and shown side by side with objects of our own, according to the branches and periods of art to which they belonged. However, it was resolved to try the experiment. Circulars and letters of appeal were sent out and the responses received have been extremely gratifying. Up to the present time about eighty collectors have agreed to lend, and in the most cordial spirit, many of them offering practically anything and everything.

With the aid thus generously promised it is sure that there will be offered the greatest exhibition of the fine arts which has ever been held in New York, as rich in quality as New York can make it in every department represented in the Museum. It should be said that the Museum itself will do its share not only by showing its own collections as effectively as possible, but also by certain special features, such as the placing on view of new acquisitions not hitherto exhibited. In the department of Egyptian Art, for example, the new jewelry room will be opened and the fine collection of Egyptian jewelry and ornaments will be enriched by a most important loan of similar material. It is also hoped that the material for this department which has been accumulating in Egypt during the war years will be received in time to be displayed. For the department of Classical Art, New York unfortunately offers little that can be drawn upon, but several interesting things have been promised, among them Mr. Morgan's famous bronze statue of Eros from Boscoreale, and some, if not all, the purchases which have been made in Europe during the past five years and which only recently have begun to cross the ocean will be shown.

The collection of arms and armor will be increased by a number of fine specimens from private collections and the Department of Far Eastern Art will exhibit several important statues recently acquired, while its loans will include Chinese bronzes, a liberal selection of especially beautiful examples of Sung pottery and K'ang hsi porcelains, as well as other objects. The youngest department, that of

Prints, will occupy the walls of its three galleries respectively with engravings, etchings, and woodcuts, and the floor-cases in each room will be filled with rare examples of illustrated books, much of the material thus shown testifying to the generous interest which private collectors take in this department, both by their loans and their gifts.

The Department of Decorative Arts covers so much ground that in this brief résumé it would be impossible to specify even the character of the various groups of loans it is to receive, but in a general way it may be said that they include tapestries, sculptures, furniture, European porcelains, glass, lace and silver. The large Gallery of Special Exhibitions is to be devoted to a display of French decorative art of the Eighteenth Century, the walls being hung with a set of ten large tapestries never before shown in this country, and the floor arranged with furniture and other kindred objects. Even the Morgan Collection is to be still further enriched by the loan of the marvelous bronze angel, one of the masterpieces of French Gothic sculpture, which formerly stood in Mr. Morgan's house at Prince's Gate, and has recently been brought over from London.

In no department, however, will the display of loans be more splendid or impressive than in that of Paintings. About sixty pictures have been secured thus far, embracing a wide range of schools and periods. In forming such an idea of these as may be gained from names, the following list of artists represented by them may be suggestive, though it is not yet complete.

ITALIAN. Cimabue, Botticelli, Gentile da Fabriano, Castagno, Vivarini, Mantegna, Bellini, Titian, Bartolommeo Vivarini, Piero della Francesca.

SPANISH. Velasquez, El Greco, Goya.

FLEMISH. Memling, Gerard David, Van der Weyden, Brouwer.

GERMAN. Holbein, Schongauer.

DUTCH. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Frans Hals.

FRENCH. Poussin, Chardin, Fragonard, Pater, Ricard, Corot, Manet, Monet, Gauguin, Renoir, Degas, Cézanne.

ENGLISH. Reynolds, Turner.

In addition to the loans, this department is installing, as a permanent accession to its collection, a wonderful ceiling decorated by Pintoricchio.

As a part of the exhibition, and to illustrate in a graphic manner the growth of the Museum and the development of its different lines of activity during its first fifty years, a collection of memorabilia, charts, photographs and plans will be arranged in Class Room B, and a group of similar material in Class Room C, showing the growth of its educational and cooperative work.

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Music in America

THE following letters have been received in response to our article in the March number, "How Music Should Be Helped in America." This article emphasized the need for a Conservatory of Music in America, and recommended that such an institution should be national in character, endowed by the Government, and directed by the most capable musicians and teachers in the United States, such as Charles M. Loeffler, Frederick S. Converse, and Artur Bodanzky. Such a plan would bring us into line with most European countries, which have long maintained National Conservatories of Music, and would help music in America to reach the point of development that now exists in Europe.

John Alden Carpenter Says Amen

I have read with great interest Mr. Meltzer's article in the March number of ARTS & DECORATION. I am thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Meltzer's basic idea, namely, the great need, at the present time, in this country for a conservatory of music, national in character, and conducted along the lines of the best models in France and Germany.

I am not yet clear in my mind as to whether such a conservatory could safely be entrusted to our Government or whether it would best be built up under influences entirely remote from political considerations. I am inclined to believe, also, that the geographic situation will prove to be more difficult than is suggested by the easy solution offered by Mr. Meltzer. There are sure to be many different views on this point. My own opinion, for instance, is that while New York is unquestionably the commercial centre of Art in this country, I am not at all sure that it is the artistic centre of Art. Furthermore, New York enjoys, as Ring Lardner says, "excellent cable communication with America," but, in spite of that, it is a long way removed from real American feeling and real American life.

JOHN A. CARPENTER.

F. S. Converse Advocates Conservatory

I think his main idea of having a National Conservatory is a very good one, provided it can be kept free from political influences.

It seems to me that his idea about financing it with an endowment of many millions of dollars is somewhat fantastical, judging from my own experience in raising money for musical projects. The idea of having the best musicians in various lines as teachers is of course highly commendable and should be carried out if any such scheme were to be of real value.

I hope that some time America will have such an institution.

F. S. CONVERSE.

Artur Bodanzky Approves

I always have been an enthusiastic supporter of the idea of an American National Conservatory. The article on the subject by Mr. Meltzer covers almost every point, and I only hope that the trustees of the Jaillard fund will take it into consideration.

ARTUR BODANZKY.

Walter Damrosch on the Fence

Whether the time is ripe for a national conservatory of music is debatable. At present such institutions as the Institute of Musical Art in New York and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston are doing as good work, in some respects even better, than the music schools of Europe.

WALTER DAMROSCH.

(Continued on page 70)



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"Young England," by T. C. Dugdale

Foreign and American Painting

(Continued from page 9)

at the Academies in New York and Philadelphia and at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; and their realistic code (as plain and simple as themselves), inherited from the French Impressionists, forbids the illustration of "mere" ideas. This latter, with the coincident warping of the imaginative faculty, does away with the possible production of symbolic works, and with the possible semblance of versatility in any large general collection of canvases.

To the layman tired by the monotony of the usual American exhibition the Pittsburgh one must seem most unusually refreshing. In it there is less merging of literature and paint than at the Old Salon, or the Spring Salon, for that matter, and the Royal Academy, but enough so that when the pictures fail to give any artistic reaction they may still interest through the stories they tell and through the diversity of the patterns they make on the walls.

Ideas in the abstract do not impress the majority of our countrymen at all. It may be due to this fact that our painters deal so little in them or it may be as was remarked before here that they are slaves of the mandate of the French Impressionists. However, though this exhibition does not prove it and though most official exhibitions do not, there is in the ranks of the younger Americans a tendency to reach out beyond the literal copying of the posed model and the equally literal reproduction of a given landscape under a certain effect of light or sky. Indeed the natural effects of lighting and so forth which the Impressionists set us so busily copying are being disregarded by those younger men. They employ whatever means are suggested to them by the axiomatic inventive force of necessity: a necessity which in this instance demands an expression of life in its fullness, of life as it is lived rather than as painters of the last generation have depicted it. With them life was turned aside

from its main stream and its progress stopped. It was set upon a strange chair or stood before a strange background and then in these unusual and unreal surroundings, in a pose which is to say a lie, copied.

THE Pittsburgh show makes no record of this element in American art or in any national art. With the exception of the enemy nations already mentioned and a negligible few others it presents the official art of the world. That is to say that it probably presents that section of art which has become familiar to the public with long association and which, by the same token, it is safe to present to the public. Experience in every walk of life has shown that the public will accept at once nothing with which it is unfamiliar, nothing new whether in art or science or society. Official art is familiar art, and as familiar art has a very definite place in a museum which seeks to retain the confidence of that part of its public which is incapable of receiving an æsthetic thrill. Of course that part of its public or, perhaps, of any public is the majority. The Salon and the Royal Academy have a far greater popularity than the National Academy of Design and the Pennsylvania Academy because they play to the majority as much as our museums and magazines do and because knowing their publics they deal in theses which reflect the thoughts and the sentimentalities of these and which will wring tears or shock laughter out of them.

Most Salon and most Royal Academy pictures do not last beyond the time of the duration of the exhibition. They are the sensational wonders of a day or a week or a month. After that, having told their story and having no other more permanent value or no value as works of art, they are no longer heard of. To the artist their greatest value must be in that they so often succeed in imprinting the painter's name upon the public

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"The Golden Age," by Emile René Ménard

mind, and having done this make for him a market for the disposal of the less sensational and usually more artistic canvases painted for his own pleasure.

THE departure from the rule with this season's exhibition in the Carnegie Institute is in the introduction of works in sculpture. To mark the departure thirteen things by Auguste Rodin are shown in the entrance hall of the exhibition floor, thirteen more or less familiar Rodins. If they had been thirteen things by Malliol, all artistic New York would have traveled to Pittsburgh, railway strike or none. But Museum directors must rest their fame rather upon hindsight than foresight, and Malliol, who has never been comprehensively shown here, is not thoroughly accepted here.

It is difficult to suppose that a review of the American things would have any real interest and value. With most of our painters one canvas will suffice to summarize their entire output. Indeed in the case of the New Hope painters, one picture, especially when it is by E. W. Redfield, may very well enable the economic reviewer to summarize the output of the entire group. No mathematician has ever had the patience to count the number of times that the Delaware River has been depicted by these lovers of it and none, probably, will ever be rapid enough to catch up with the continuously increasing volume. But though they as an exaggeration of it serve very well to show the normal trend of American art, all American art is not so singularly devoted. On the contrary, for the important part of American art is an exception to this rule.

One of these exceptions, a salient one, is Arthur B. Davies' "Do Reverence." There are no others of equal importance, none so readily discovered. Indeed, the collection as a whole, though not really rugged, gives no sign of that sensitiveness, sickly at times, which romantic writers generally ascribe to painters and musicians. A question of habit, this with them, or tradi-

tion or superstition. Even Arthur Symons has sinned. But then he is British, which is to say romantic. George Moore, who is Irish, slapped the face of precedent when he, in no confessional mood, declared that his hero, Manet, had big hands. Perhaps Courbet vulgarly, over Munich beer, roaring his democratic theory of the importance of the commonplace, showed the way to him. It is safe to deduce that all wide jumps out of the common have had a running start. And Courbet has had influence even upon his detractors. Generally this exhibition owes no small debt to him, though, generally again, it is even more banal than he could ever be. There was a real ruggedness beneath the veneer of his dictatorial roaring. And, also, he was too near the stylistic period to be devoid of style. Lucien Symon will never take his place nor, for the matter of that, will the pseudo-romantics of Renée Ménard. In twenty monotonously similar works the latter writes an ode to the saccharine. His ruddy tones are ruder than those of our own J. Francis Murphy but not less wasted. His nudes detestably academic. Why cannot artists remember that they are also men? Remembering they might manage to climb over the fences, rules, that make prisoners and slaves of them. Twenty Ménard's in one room—as well twenty Thaulow's or Ziem's or Henner's or Haig cathedrals.

ONE picture, R. J. Enraght Mooney's "Tell Us a Story," by an Irishman, will balance the lot of them, even tip them sky high on an unprejudiced scale. Here's a man comparatively free of preconceptions—though he's no superman of awesome importance. Far from that! He has timidity, plies a weak brush, with neither breadth nor boldness, draws matter without weight and composes without that organization to which the modernists, with the examples of trade unions and trust ever before their eyes, are devoted. But he has a heart and a weakness for life. The pretty romance of it if you like, not caught in the meshes of schools.



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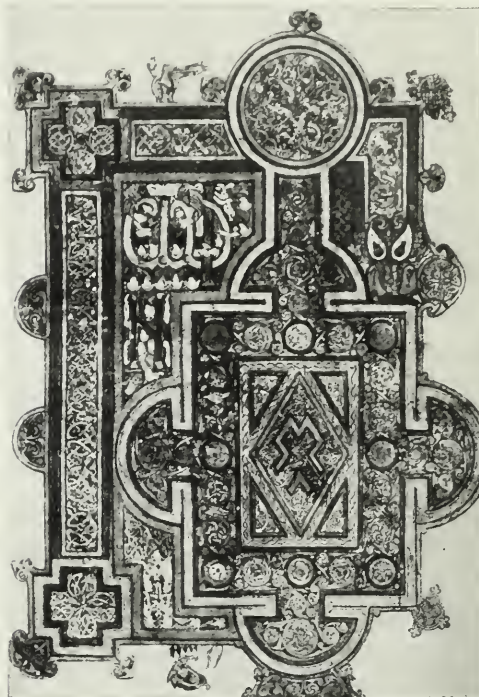
The Arts of Illuminating and Binding in the Middle Ages

ROBERT ALTON

THE march of invention has destroyed many beautiful arts which some amongst us would have been better pleased to see flourishing even in these days of worry and bustle. If these arts have not been utterly destroyed they have at least been degraded from their high purpose, and by merely serving the turn of trade have rapidly degenerated from arts to mere crafts, by which men earn a living. Architecture, one of the

for their own sake—not for pounds, shillings and pence, and, indeed, this is the only spirit which will enable man to create in its true sense.

The art of illuminating, or writing in colors and gold upon vellum or other material was practised throughout Europe and in some parts of the East from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries. Of course, the invention and spread of printing rapidly super-



The First Word of the Gospel of St. Luke from the Book of Kells

noblest of all, has become a lost art, and the serious student of the beautiful fabrics raised throughout Europe will doubt that our modern efforts in this direction are entirely wanting in that purity and seriousness of purpose which so richly bore its reward in the magnificent cathedrals, abbeys and monastic houses that are scattered throughout Britain and the Continent.

But architecture is only one of the arts which have fallen from their high estate. Two of the most beautiful of them—illuminating and bookbinding—are now indeed in poor case, especially the latter, and it is with some aspects of mediaeval workmanship in these two arts that this article proposes to deal. It must not be supposed, however, that the fine workmanship of the Middle Ages is utterly and irretrievably lost. We are in a state of transition, and the time will no doubt come again when beautiful work will be created by the hands of men, who will fashion these gems of true craftsmanship

seduced the slower work of the pen and the brush, although there was (and is) no comparison between the beautiful colored and gilded scripts and books of the Middle Ages, and even the finest workmanship of the typographer or lithographer. Most of the work was executed upon parchment, or vellum, and much of the best workmanship is to be seen either in connection with the Catholic Church or executed by the labor of its priests. Two of the most famous of these illuminated manuscripts—the Book of Kells and the Gospels of St. Chad—are, perhaps, to be numbered among the best specimens extant, especially the former, and they must have cost years of labor. The Gospels of St. Chad are to be seen in the Cathedral of Lichfield, the Book of Kells is in Ireland.

We see in this devotion to art something of the same spirit which erected Lichfield, York and Durham Cathedrals, the magnificent fabric of Melrose Abbey, and other poems in stone. Men dedi-

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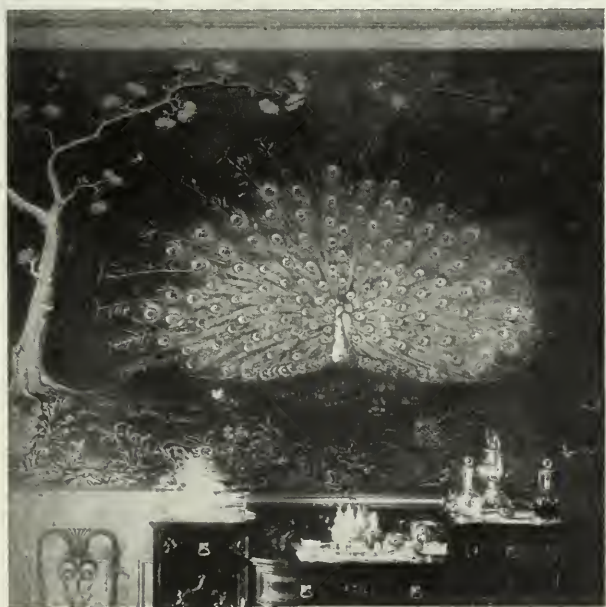
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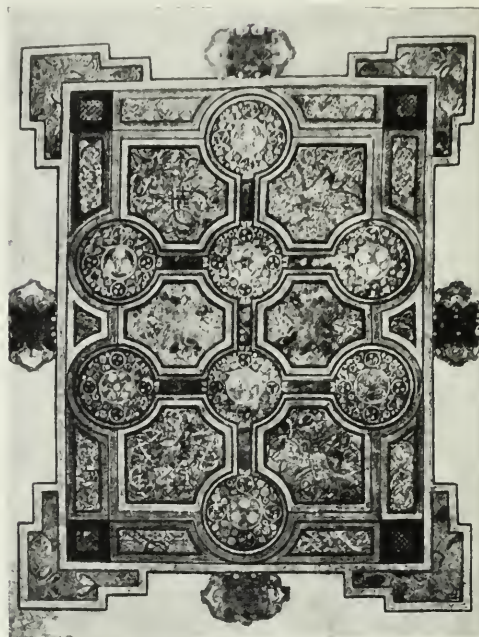
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cated themselves to the work in the spirit of true endeavor, and the result was the outcome of their thought, exactly in the same way that much of our modern work is the outcome of modern thought. No one who has seen the west front of Yorkminster (or, indeed, who has studied mediæval workmanship in any branch of art) will remain long in doubt as to the truth of these statements. The value and beauty of the result is commensurate with the purpose and earnestness of thought behind it. If we set out to make a few pounds profit through the work of our hands (whatever that work may be), irrespective of the work itself, so much the worse for the work. It may serve its purpose; probably it will do so, but the less said about its beauty the better.

craftsman of Italy—the violin maker, whose work has never been equalled—has been credited with the possession of secrets in connection with varnish making, in preparation of wood, in methods of construction, in knowledge of air-space, in tone value, and in a hundred and one other directions, created only by the imagination of men who were not earnest enough to tread the road which Stradivarius and many another genius has trodden—the road of patient endeavor. They will not pay this price, and talk of secrets to explain that which they do not care to struggle sufficiently to find out for themselves. No doubt, so far as illuminating and binding are concerned, materials suffered less from adulteration in those far-off days, and this certainly was so as



The Eight-Circled Cross from the Book of Kells

And so we find in these beautiful manuscripts the colors clear and pure after four hundred years of exposure to the light—the despair of modern artists—standing as mute witnesses to the earnestness of purpose behind their creation. It has been stated that so minutely exact are some of these manuscripts that the lettering may be magnified considerably without any discrepancy being found in the size of one letter from another, and yet their natural size is just sufficient to read comfortably and no more. And this evenness of lettering is one of the characteristics of good work, even among modern illuminators.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked of secrets possessed by the early workers, secrets in connection with colors, preparation of varnishes, etc. There are no secrets, unless it be an earnest striving to produce the beautiful for its own sake, and that is secret enough for some moderns. The same thing has been said of most arts. Stradivarius, the master

far as binding leather is concerned. But that only proves the case, for adulteration is only used as a means to over-reach for the sake of profit, and so we stand just where we did before. The mediæval illuminator—clerical or lay—did not adulterate his colors. The object for which he unceasingly strove was purity. And so we have the result of his striving, and many modern workmen wonder how it was arrived at.

When we take in hand the examination of mediæval bookbindings, we find still further evidence of the earnestness and thoroughness of these old craftsmen. For instance, in sewing the sections of the book together, the modern workman glues a piece of fancy cloth on each end of the back for a "head-banding." It has no strength and very little beauty, but it is cheap and easily executed. The books bound in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries were sewn right through and over the headbands, and this method strengthened the work immeasurably.



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Again, modern leather—binding leather—is almost without exception useless for the purpose of heavy and long continued wear. The old methods of tanning by the aid of sumac, alum and oak bark tended to give the leather additional toughness as it became older. Modern methods of tanning with sulphuric acid (employed to free the color) are ruinous to the fibre of the skins. The Society of Arts Committee, examining and reporting upon binders' leather, found that almost every variety of modern leather was severely damaged in the tanning process, and the best of them all, or at least one of the best, Niger morocco, was prepared for the English market by the natives of Nigeria, who, needless to state, used no sulphuric acid.

White pigskin (tanned by the aid of alum), sheepskins, red morocco (tanned with sumac) — all Fifteenth Century skins—were found to be in good condition. The Society's report upon the causes of decay states that bad tanning, the want of proper ventilation and the manipulation of leather to make it appear something different from its real nature, are among the chief causes of modern binding leathers.

In fact, it may be stated that our methods of binding, and especially our materials, are not in any way to be compared to those of the mediæval craftsmen. Neither in strength, quality of leather, nor even in the paper upon which the work is printed can we compete with these old craftsmen. So far as the best of the workmanship is concerned, it is very doubtful if there are half a dozen firms engaged in the trade today who can even approach it. Of course, here again we have the same story. Modern books are made for profit. They are cased into the covers (i.e., glued in) without any strength in the binding, gold blocked in a machine, often in execrable taste, and turned out by the thousand, nay, by the million. Perhaps this is good from the standpoint of trade, or of the spread of education, but so far as workmanship is concerned, it is deplorable.

There are books bound in leather, in the King's library of the British Museum, three or four hundred years old, and the colors of the binding, the texture and strength of the leather, are practically as good as the day they were bound. The same story is to tell—conscientious and painstaking labor—thought, care and skill, as opposed to the modern system of turning out the greatest possible quantity, at the least possible cost, in the shortest space of time. We have gained in commercialism at the cost of art and beauty; in fact, modern commercial binding is not binding at all in the sense of the work of the old craftsmen. Of course, modern work serves its purpose, and the average buyer cannot afford to pay for the better class work. It is a question of

profit, pure and simple. But it is owing to this very system of profit that the fine touch of the artist, in almost every department of art, is lost.

Now, these may be somewhat partial statements of a wide subject, possessing many angles of view, of which only one is dealt with here, and a few words of explanation are necessary before concluding. Previous to the discovery and application of printing in Western Europe, there was no other means of communication (except, of course, that of speech) between communities. It is natural, therefore, that these arts, which bore directly upon this method of communication by means of written scrolls, should attain a high degree of excellence, and illuminating and binding were no doubt brought to their high state of perfection chiefly on this account. But apart from this aspect of the case, there was undoubtedly high endeavor behind the best work, combined with great skill. This especially applies to work such as that of the Book of Kells, where the finished manuscript was not intended for general handling at all, but was rather the result of the call of duty, the performance of a religious office.

As printing made its way forward, these twin arts of illuminating and binding gradually sank into comparative obscurity, and it is only in the salons of modern experts, or in the great religious houses, where any work equal in quality to the mediæval workmanship may be found, and so far as illuminating is concerned, not always there.

The march of commerce and the cheapening and adulteration of materials have also contributed in no small degree to the decay of this high purpose of art for the sake of art. The old Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century trade guilds were concerned chiefly with the production of the finest possible work (within the membership of their own bodies) and were very jealous of their reputation in this respect. There are evidences today that men are beginning to realize the loss we have sustained by the decay of this high spirit of craftsmanship. Several great souls, Morris, for example, have endeavored to show (successfully, it would appear) that it is possible to reach again the high level of art in conjunction with craft. The Kelm-scott productions and the tapestries in the Birmingham Art Gallery, executed under the direction of William Morris, show what can be done by the genius of an earnest man with good ideals.

And perhaps, ere long, we may have others who will follow in the footsteps of Morris and give their aid towards the production of gems of binding and illumination—not in isolated cases, but in general craftsmanship, which will be worthy of comparison with the workmanship of the binders and illuminators of the Middle Ages.

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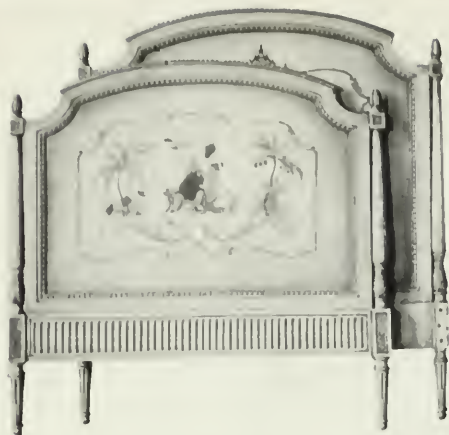
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The Russian Revolution and Her Artists

(Continued from page 13)

Schlussemburg, to be kept prisoner there all his life. After having been for six years in solitary confinement in this fortress he was exiled to Tomsk, whence, four years later, he escaped to Japan, America and finally to London. But a year thereafter he joined the Italian revolutionists and almost started a revolution in France, from which country he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. In 1864 he met Marx in London and discussed his theories of socialism. Though Bakunin considered himself a socialist, and organized the "International Union of Social Democracy" in Switzerland, he was never an orthodox socialist of Marx's type. Bakunin in his revolutionary essays declared that he considered himself an atheist and desired the absolute abolition of classes, and stood for the political, economic and social equality of all individuals of both sexes. He advocated that the land, factories, mills, railways and public utilities should become the collective property of the community. In the eyes of Wagner, Bakunin was the most wonderful spirit of the century, and he dedicated to him his opera "Rienzi."

PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN was the next most interesting figure among the Russian Bohemians to devote himself to the cause of the people. A son of the most aristocratic family of Russia, educated with the grand dukes and a functionary of the court, he was more interested in literature and art than he was in his brilliant political or diplomatic career. At the age of thirty, in 1872, he resigned from all official functions and went to Switzerland to study the activity of Bakunin and observe the European social conditions. Upon his return to Petrograd he joined the *Narodniki*, organized by Tchaikowsky for the purpose of educating the peasants, and was deeply absorbed in the work for a year when in 1874 he was arrested and sent to the solitary cell of the fortress St. Peter and Paul. He escaped from the military hospital by the help of a group of artists and writers, and particularly of a celebrated violinist who gave him code-signals with his music, as he played at the open window of a house opposite the hospital. When the proper moment was indicated by the violinist, Kropotkin made a dash for the gates, outside of which his friends were waiting for him in a closed carriage, and fled to London. Here he began to write literary essays and revolutionary pamphlets, smuggling them into Russia with the help of sailors and business men. Like Bakunin, he participated in the European revolutionary movements on a larger scale. In 1882 he was asked to

help the strike of the French weavers in Lyons, and he came to France to lecture for their cause. The French Government arrested him and sentenced him to five years' imprisonment. An appeal signed by Victor Hugo, Zola, Herbert Spencer, Swinburne and other prominent artists of France and England had no influence. Ultimately he was released in 1886, and since then he has made London his headquarters. Prince Kropotkin has written a number of brilliant books, essays and the memoirs of his life, most of which are published in English.

Next to these two celebrated leaders of Russian revolution, we could name at least a hundred or more heroic figures, all of whom have been either journalists, artists, novelists, dramatists or scholars. Not one of them is a professional politician or leader of a labor organization. Take, for instance, Nicholas Morozoff, whose books on chemistry, physics and mathematics class him with the foremost scholars of Europe, and we find that he was kept for twenty-five years a prisoner in solitary confinement in the fortress of Schlussemburg, for his active part in the revolutionary propaganda with Nicholas Tchaikowsky. Morozoff was still alive in 1917.

The participants in the Russian revolution were not only men but also women-authors, women-writers and women-artists. Miss Vera Figner and Mme. Vera Sussulitch were the most popular figures. While Mme. Sussulitch published a remarkable book on the life of the exiles in Siberia, for which she was persecuted and arrested, Vera Figner was the sister of the most celebrated opera singer of Russia, and an artist herself of great talents. Young girls when they began their crusade, they were arrested and kept in solitary confinement, the former fifteen, the latter seventeen years—and then they were sent to Siberia, where they were kept until they were aged, gray-haired and broken in health. Mme. Catherine Breshkowskaya, the so-called Grandmother of Revolution, and Maria Spiridonova are the two next more or less conspicuous women figures of similar type.

TAKEN as a whole, Russia has been thrown into the prevailing agony and chaos by her artists and authors, students and dreamers, but not by any precalculated plans of politicians; thus she can be saved from further sufferings by the same kind of minds and efforts, as perhaps the immediate future may prove. Out of the ruins of the past traditions may yet rise new life and new art, as art has been always such a vital force of Russia's national culture for so many generations.



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Random Notes from the World of Art

The New Symphony Orchestra

ARTUR BODANZKY, in preparing for the rehearsals of American music with which he expects to stimulate the activities of native composers, has given recognition to the importance of feminine influence in orchestral and other musical circles by inviting three women to become members of the committee which will hear the compositions played. These women are Miss Katherine Wright of the music staff of the *Tribune*; Mrs. Sigmund Spaeth, of the *Evening Mail*, and Mrs. Grena Bennett, of the *New York American*.

Three rehearsals of the New Symphony Orchestra of the Musicians' New Orchestra Society, of which Mr. Bodanzky is conductor and which next season will be known as the National Symphony Orchestra, will be set aside for the hearing of works selected from the great number submitted. These rehearsals will be held in Carnegie Hall some time between April 16 and 25. It is said enough compositions worthy of a hearing are contained in those offered to occupy twenty rehearsals, but since only three were allotted to the purpose when the competition was announced, only selected compositions from this smaller number can be presented.

The masculine members of the committee are Fran Damrosch, Lawrence Gilman, Rubin Goldmark, Maurice Halpern, James Gibbons Huneker, Charles D. Isaacson, Fritz Kreisler, Frans Kneisel, Alexander Lambert, Leonard Lieblich, Francis Macmillen, Daniel Gregory Mason, W. Percival Monger, H. V. Osgood, O. G. Sonneck, Jacques Thibaud, Albert Wolff and Edward Ziegler.

National Museum Exhibits of Value to Designers

THE United States National Museum at Washington contains many collections and exhibitions rich in interest and value for the designer working in textiles, costumes, arts and crafts, and in other phases of decorative art. The economic value of museums in this respect is coming to be realized more and more by designers as the demand increases for unique and unusual designs. In the National Museum the forms of decorative art shown cover geographically practically every part of the globe, and in point of time, from crude prehistoric beginnings of art down to the present.

Decorative designs of the Orient are beautifully shown in a collection of real Oriental rugs. Large collections showing native applications of decorative art in various parts of the world are full of suggestions of unusual and original designs, especially those from Scandinavia and the Balkans. In the

latter region, where art is practically universal, we find preserved the designs of the ancient world.

A large display of laces, embroideries, brocades, silks, etc., show the widest range in color and design. These fabrics made up into costumes worn during the various periods of our country's history, from the early days down to the present, make up another collection rich in interest to costume designers. Finally, the largest collections of all, and those which contain motives and designs of truly American origin, are the unexcelled exhibitions of American Indian weaving, basketry, and pottery. There is an increasing demand for a native American art in decorative work, and this is furnished in the widest variety of form and color in the work of the native American Indian.

The Turkish Boudoir of the Palace of Fontainebleau

THIS charming room, which has rested almost unknown to the visitors and students of Fontainebleau, can be dated probably about 1768.

The author of the wood-carvings was Antoine Rousseau, who repeated some of the *motifs* ten years later at the Opera of Versailles. The decorative paintings were the work of François Vernet, while Gouthière executed the remarkable bronzes of the fireplace.

An English Author on the United States

HUGH WALPOLE, who has been lecturing for some months in this country, urges Americans to send their authors to England to lecture, as the English writers have been coming over here in large numbers during the last two or three years. He says that he has reaped three great rewards from his trip: "The first is a sense of America's size, the second an experience of America's kindness of heart, the third is a composite picture of the American. I shall never, until I die, get America out of my blood. Part of America is now in me; I can love her and hate her and be loved and hated in return, but I can never again be entirely a foreigner."

George Moore Again

WE have not yet received our two-guinea copy of Mr. George Moore's "Awards," but we have the English *Review's* word that it deals neither with muslin, women, sculpture nor dogs. Under the heading, "Mr. George Moore Abdicates," the *Review* echoes the report already heralded widely in America that "now and hereafter Mr. Moore is a monk dwelling in the monastery of art."

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What America Is Doing With Silk

(Continued from page 25)

silk designs may be taken. To avoid a copy of the silks of other days is one of the ambitions, and to reflect instead the art movement of the day.

With this in mind, came the idea of copying the wonders of stained glass as a design for printed silks of the lighter kind and the gauzy fabric commonly called georgette. The inspiration came from the window of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, from which was copied the procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims as they ride forth on their quest. The strong lines of the leading are all included, and therein lies the strength and daring of the adaptation. These eccentric lines of correction give character and keep the pictorial element from too great prominence, also they give a startlingly modern effect of futurism to the pattern.

Interesting it is to note that France is now beginning to use as motifs for silk designs the remains of glass from her shattered cathedrals. But we did it first, say the triumphant designers of America.

Upholstery velvets as made by the Cheneys are wonders of weaving. To the uninitiated, velvet is simply velvet and not a bewildering material of glossy lights and silken shadows, a material that can hang soft as wood nymphs' tresses or stand heavily alone, dignified as the Doges who wore it. It is a fabric of an infinite subtlety in weaving, all the more so when unmarked by any pattern. In the ancient velvets which are copied today there is the Sixteenth Century velvet, as luxurious and magnificent as the times in which it was made, the pale golden tint of the web glowing beneath the rich pile. As though to show better this golden tint, the pile is longer and sparser than that of more modern make, with a delightful irregularity of spacing that announces the fact that it is hand woven.

This is the velvet with which old palaces and cathedrals were hung, and which we associate with glowing shades of ruby and rose. Some of it had the fine irregular streaks of paler color, the weave which we call *strié*, with lines

which seem to have been a fortunate accident rather than a deliberate intent. But that is where the cleverness of the ancient weaver was shown, in getting a play of light and shade on a plain surface. These things, as well as the short-piled Eighteenth Century velvets of close weave and delicious colors, are well imitated in our American mills.

The colorful style of the modernist painter has found its way into a series of printed designs which the Cheneys are producing. The scheme is a new one—to reproduce on a fabric a combination of scenes taken from a picturesque land and to print these scenes in colors appropriate to the art of that country. Spain is depicted with a gorgeous palette, in a succession of views including bull-fighters in the ring, gay Mayas coquetting with fans, groups of ancient Moorish architecture. France displays scenes of a carnival in the Eighteenth Century, gay with garden scenes and pretty toilettes, while over all is sprinkled bright dots of flying confetti. Egypt shows natives of tropic suggestion, palm trees and the sphynx. India reveals the surpassing beauty of her temples and gardens.

Great originality is displayed by the artist, and the treatment has great charm as well as the daring vivacity of the modern school. That these patterns are for decorative purposes it is scarcely necessary to add.

Apart from the field of design, certain desirable qualities are being developed in silks for practical wear. The specialists who work at producing the ideal in the laboratories of the J. A. Migel Silk Company have turned their attention to wash silks for summer sport skirts. Every woman knows the charm of such a skirt; every woman knows the chagrin of seeing it soiled. Under the name of Fan-Ta-Si is to be found a white silk that washes like a handkerchief and can be thrown into the family wash for freshening. Even the achievement of Luther Burbank in making strawberries grow on raspberry bushes, pales before this accomplishment of making satin a silk for hard, practical use.

Can Musical Talents Be Measured?

(Continued from page 29)

in his orchestration? And how would Beethoven have acquitted himself, who, as his sketchbooks show, worked with painful slowness to an ultimate incomparable perfection? Doubtless the author would answer such criticism quite justly by saying that his tests were not intended for the higher faculties, but for the innate gifts, and that in these a Schumann and a Beethoven would be enough above the average to be caught in the

dragnet. But one could wish that he had reiterated and emphasized the distinction as it deserves; for in these days, when all conditions make so fatally against the deeper and more thoughtful element in music, it would be a pity for science to add its weight in the same direction.

Nevertheless Professor Seashore has made a highly original contribution to both the psychology and the philosophy of musical art.

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A Year's Additions to the Public Library's Print Collection

THE annual exhibition of "recent additions" to the Prints Division of the New York Public Library is of the usual and natural miscellaneous character. Its very variety emphasizes the inclusiveness of such a public print collection, the varied interests which it meets.

Important groups are formed by accessions to the Avery and the Cadwalader collections. The latter has been enriched notably by those wonderful woodcut illustrations to the Apocalypse, by Durer, that magnificent and impressive series, "abounding in vitality and dramatic invention," as Campbell Dodgson says. They form an effective centre around which are grouped Durer's engraving "Adam and Eve" and the woodcuts "Virgin and the Many Angels," "Martyrdom of Early Christians," and "Siege of a Town." Other additions to the collection of old prints are: Leyden's "Temptation of St. Anthony," Stimmer's "End of the Jewish Kingdom," J. Van Assen's "Christ on the Cross," A. Spingler's "Creation," a chiaroscuro ("Neptune") by Goltzius, Mantegna's "Scourging of Christ," one of the "Baldini" Dante illustrations, Rembrandt's "Amsterdam" and "Dessinateur d'après le modèle," and Callot's "Tour de Nesle." A group of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century engravers includes Pitau, Van Schuppen, Vorsterman, Hondius, J. Smith, J. Beckett and our own John Norman ("Battle of Bunker Hill"). A number of these are gifts from Cortlandt F. Bishop, Mrs. C. S.

Fairchild, Mr. Herbert Adams, Mrs. A. S. Sullivan and Mr. George H. Sullivan.

To the Avery collection have been added etchings by Steinlen ("Les trois compagnons"), Paul Du Pont ("Workhorses") and F. W. Benson ("The Alarm"); twenty-two etchings by various artists after Delacroix; two woodcuts by Ruzicka, and lithographs by Pryse, Jones and Nevinson. American etching is represented by: J. T. Arms, W. B. Closson, Paul Dougherty, Eugene Higgins, Thomas Moran, V. Pandolfi, C. A. Platt, J. Reich, W. G. Reindel, R. Ruzicka, H. B. Shope, J. C. Vondrous, Emily B. Waite. American wood-engraving by W. Bobett, Helen Hyde (seventeen pieces which form a sort of memorial exhibition), J. J. Lankes, J. J. A. Murphy, F. Treidler (linoleum cut). American lithography by Bolton Brown, W. M. Hunt, Wm. Oberhardt.

One of E. D. French's elaborately fine certificate plates is here, and that famous wood-engraving in the steel-plate manner by Wm. Harvey after B. R. Haydon, "Assassination of L. S. Dentatus." There are book-plates by C. Bragdon, A. J. Brown, G. W. Edwards, W. E. Fisher, E. H. Garrett, N. Hurd, A. N. Macdonald, Ruzicke, W. P. Schoonmaker, S. L. Smith. Other specialties include a selection from a lot of one hundred Eighteenth Century line engravings, colored, of the kind used in the "peep-shows" of old, of interest not artistic but historical. The sporting lithograph of other days is also seen.

For the Music League of the People's Institute

UNDER the impetus given by the arrival of spring weather the Music League of the People's Institute and the committee associated with it have redoubled their efforts to prepare for the series of concerts to be given in the Lewisohn Stadium of the College of the City of New York by the National Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Henry Rothwell. They will begin about June 15 and continue ten weeks. It is estimated that not less than 350,000 persons will hear the programmes, and the number may exceed half a million, basing figures on the growth of audiences there during the last two summer seasons.

Sub-committees of the general committee have been formed and are meeting daily under the direction of their chairmen. The large committee includes Mmes. Winthrop Chanler, Newbold LeRoy Edgar, Charles Dana Gibson, Charles S. Guggenheimer, Arthur M. Reis, Francis Rogers, Arthur Sachs, Charles H. Senff and Willard D. Straight, Miss Helen Love, Miss Florence MacMillen, General T. Coleman du Pont, Artur Bodanzky, John W. Frothingham, Lawrence Gilman, Adolph Lewisohn, Clarence H. Mackay, Edward F. Sanderson and Felix M. Warburg.

Help in Decoration by Correspondence

THE editors of ARTS & DECORATION invite correspondence from any of their readers who may be in doubt concerning matters of furnishing and decoration. Little doubts as to color, fabrics and furniture often arise which our experts would be glad to discuss, if the matter is laid before them

through correspondence. Such letters would have the attention of our experts. It must be understood that this relates to minor problems, and that in the case of larger and more important matters we would refer the writer to decorating firms of unquestioned ability.

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The Golden Orient on the Western Stage

(Continued from page 32)

Richepin, Boucicault, Silvestre and Moreau, Max Reinhardt, Knoblauch and the rest have yet achieved. There must be plays in "The Arabian Nights," in the grand legend of Gautama Buddha, and above all the amazing tale of the strange, bloody Indian mutiny. I know of two attempts, at least, to deal with Buddha which should appeal to Broadway managers. And "Jessie Brown" was but a fingerpost to point the way.

HEYSE and Maeterlinck, and many more, have written plays about the Magdalene. But they were hampered, like all modern authors, by being forced to keep Christ off the stage. Heyse dared more than most in "Mary of Magdala." "Ben Hur" referred to Christ, at various points. But one bright ray of light was all we saw. The prejudice against the use of Christ as a stage character is not, in the full sense, a Christian prejudice. Most Catholics find nothing odious or irreverent in the stage presentation of the "Saviour's Passion." While once, at least, Christ actually appeared in opera—and sang (or, to be accurate, intoned) one vital episode. This happened about twenty years ago, in a lyric drama known as "Il Battista." The composer (and librettist) was a priest (Dom Fino), and the late Pope (a good and pious soul) approved the work, which he would have much liked to see performed here.

The East in opera. It is "to laugh." If Western drama has distorted it, what crimes, what cheap and rank inanities, has opera not committed when it meets the East? From "Achebar, Roi de Mogol," the dull lyric tragedy of another priest, the Abbé Mailly, produced close onto three centuries ago, not in Rome or Paris, but at Carpentras, to the "Semiramide" of Rossini, the "Herodiade" and "Roi de Lahore" of Massenet, and the "Samson et Dalila" of Saint-Saëns, most operas "inspired" by Eastern themes have been conventional, theatric, meretricious, vain and shallow.

In Italy composers frankly used such dramatic figures as Semiramis and Mahomet as handy pretexts for their trills and florid airs. The Salome and Herodias, heard in Massenet's often sweet and pleasing opera, were vehicles for unblushing Western sensuousness. French Orientalism is, at most, conventional. Even Henry Hadley (whom we could not call a genius) caught the trick of it in his most recent work.

The choruses in "Samson et Dalila" were not really Eastern. Nor did the ballets in that effective composition more than suggest, in a most artificial way, the modes and rhythms of real Oriental dances. They were as far away

from Palestine—from Asia—as the delightful songs of Sullivan's "Mikado," or the love duos of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," are from Nippon. Saint-Saëns may know much about the East, for he has lived in Egypt. But what he knows he does not put into his scores—he is too wise for that. For, if he did, his music would be scouted. "Salome"? It is hot, and strange and sensual. But does it even hint at Orientalism? The Indra's Heaven disclosed in Massenet's Hindu opera might suit Parisians. But would Hindus not have scoffed at it?

The "Armide" of Gluck was equally absurd though very charming, with its pure suave tones, interpreting enchantments and romance. Gluck did not worry about Eastern modes. He wrote his music as his moods compelled. Nor is the India of our age or any earlier age suggested, even faintly, by Delibes in his engaging, although rather weakly, "Lakme."

At this moment, with the exception of an old *singspieler* known to our fathers as "The Barber of Bagdad," I can remember only one important opera which had at certain points an Oriental flavor: Rabaud's "Marouf," produced with some success, two years ago, at the Metropolitan. In "Marouf" the composer cast away the conventions of French Orientalism. He turned his back on all the French musicians but Félicien David, who, in "Le Désert" (a cantata), had voiced the East.

LIKE many others, he had found a theme to suit him in "The Arabian Nights," in the tale of an extremely wicked cobbler, who, though unfaithful to his wife and a sad liar, somehow contrives to hold one's sympathetic interest. The libretto was unquestionably Eastern, as to its substance and at times as to its form. Moreover, before putting pen to paper, M. Rabaud had studied Eastern music closely. Though not a genius, he was a distinguished artist, intelligent and erudite, but never dry-as-dust. He had dug into the folk songs of Cairo and he had learned the color values of such instruments as Arab drums and hautboys. None who have ever heard those drums and hautboys can forget them. They haunt one.

And, as it is, he has all but attained the end he had in view when he sat down to woo his Oriental muse. In many episodes, his setting of his theme has genuine character. It is not, like the "Herodiade" of Massenet, all make-believe, or, like the "Aben Hamet" of Dubois, purely conventional. But it lacks unity. It harks back, in the last of its four acts, to Richard Wagner. We have not yet had one inspired musician to wed West with East.



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Kiyochika Kobayashi

(Continued from page 34)

It seems that his artistic mind was nursed wisely or foolishly, sometimes by Chingaku, sometimes by Zeshin, and sometimes by Kyo-sai; but his artistically irresponsible roguishness soon made him adopt a vagabond life, now in the snowy North, then on the singing billows with uncouth naked fishermen, when the death of his father obliged him to experience, as the legal heir, official tyranny from the disagreeable contact with his superiors. He was of a Samurai family of some lower class, like the First Hiroshige. When he was wandering in the Northern wilderness, his reckless spirit made him join at once with the feudal army who were fighting against the Imperial flag, only to hasten the Restoration; he followed the last Shogun to Shizuoka. Being called again by a wanderer's freedom, it is said that he formed a troupe of fencers for public performance, with whom he led a lawless life till he arrived at Nagoya by the Tokaido road famous in Hiroshige's color-prints. He was alone in his wandering in Ise Province as his troupe had already disbanded; and it is said that it was somewhere in this province that he saw for the first time a Western picture of a landscape, perhaps a steel engraving or color reproduction, whose extraordinarily strong impression upon his mind inspired him later on to issue the series of the "Views of Tokyo."

WHEN he returned to Tokyo in 1871 or 1872, he found the new Capital with a strange and curious aspect from its sudden surrender to the West; it seems that his artistic curiosity, ever so hungry for a new sensation, must have been well satisfied by those striking changes that the Western winds brought. His sensitive tempera-

ment that had been growing more sensitive from his long wandering made him grasp the flexible minuteness of the Western art which he studied under a certain Wagman for two years; but when he returned again to his original Japanese art, the Western technique which he had learned from his foreign teacher helped it to gesticulate more freely and impressively.

HE called his newly invented art the "Sunlight Picture"; he duly persuaded in 1874 Ohira, then a well-known color-print publisher at Ryogoku, and later on Gusokuya, another publisher in Ningyocho, to issue the said series of the "Views of Tokyo." The prints that were published by Ohira between 1874 and 1876, small in number, now quite rare, show a far more marked Western influence than his later productions, in their coy prudence with the matter of light and shadow, in a suspicious particularity of observation and in youthful ambition; most of them are pictures of daylight. He gradually lost his Western affection in the work he published after 1876 or 1877; it seems that his poetical audacity in using the material limitations of the color-print made him successful, as in the case of the First Hiroshige, in many nocturnal sketches where his art and technique gladly blended in one music. As I said before, the manner of the light's reflection on the ground or river, the various forms of clouds, sometimes with spilled gleam, are an artistic experience that the First Hiroshige never dreamed of; what I want to emphasize about Kiyochika's work is his pictorial expression of the new feeling of the city people of forty years ago, wildly eager for wonder and excitement, therefore restless and sometimes treacherous.

The Profession and Business of Decorating

(Continued from page 26)

said: "An artist, whether in music, painting or literature, is a shopkeeper in disguise. He hides his shop, and pretends it does not exist, but he is essentially a shopkeeper, and none the worse for that trade alloy. In like manner the professed shopkeeper has often a touch of the artist in him, which he tries to conceal in his turn. To-day the artist and the business man are like matter and mind. In each there is an alloy of the other."

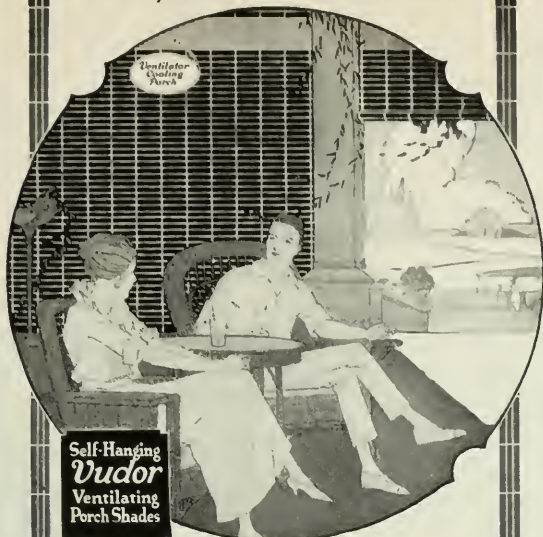
There is no more reason why sound business capacity should be foreign to the artist, whether he is a painter or an interior decorator, than that artistic ideals should be foreign to the business man.

Perhaps it is the ignoring of business principles which permits the pseudo-decorator with "drag"

to place those of high accomplishments and standing at a disadvantage.

The attitude of the Metropolitan Museum of Art was the subject on which its president, Mr. Robert W. DeForest, dwelt in addressing the decorators. To describe the cordial intent of the Museum staff, he said that decorators would always find everything open to their use, and that could they not find what they sought, they were to ask help from the Director of the Museum; failing there, they were to apply to Mr. Kent; failing there, they might seek him, Mr. DeForest. In other words, the Society of Decorators was to feel that the Museum stood with them, to co-operate in all matters.

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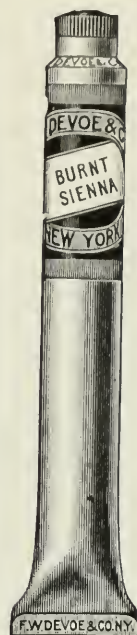
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The Small Bronze

(Continued from page 24)

an Italian table beside the reader in a shadowy library.

It is interesting to know that many of the useful, ornamental pieces are made by student assistants in studios where big work is going on. They are the sculptors of the future trying what the prentice hand can do. It is they who supply the slighter things, the book-ends, fire-dogs, flower holders, and tiny figures which enliven some empty space with their dancing frolic.

The re-discovery of the fountain as a necessity of the garden has brought out a series of gaily inspired figures. Something of the playful side of nature is sure to be shown in them, and much of imagination. This latter quality is evident in the whimsy which sets fins quite nat-

urally upon the pliant sides of the little figure of a cousin to the mermaid, who holds aloft a companion fish, just at the moment of plunging. It is a charming conceit, and need not be always in a garden with its fickle weathers, but would poise with special grace in the small conservatory that finishes one end of a living-room.

Another matter for the garden is the sun-dial. Enid Yandell is sculptor of one with a standard full of sentiment. Dials for walls make one think of spring walks in London's Temple Gardens, or of old country houses with brick façades, yet that which is set on a standard ornaments the lawn or garden, and that is a matter for consideration.

Lucy Perkins Ripley exhibited recently at the Milch Gallery a half archaic figure which she has named The Inner Voice. It is frankly modern, yet it carries the mind back to very early plastic art in Greece. Such a figure would be a charming addition to a well-drawn fountain.

Looking through the Museum, where much antique bronze is gathered to tell of life in Rome's gold-

en days, one sees that the sculptor felt it a part of his mission to beautify the necessities of living. Our sculptors of today emulate them to the end that the homely things about us shall keep us in constant touch with art, and that the straight line of duty may be embroidered with the curved line of beauty.



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Music and the Movies

(Continued from page 36)

WITH the steady advance in artistic photography, the screening of "grand opera" in general must be considered a development of the very near future. Already we have had "Carmen" and "Thais," each with its most famous operatic interpreter in the leading role, Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden. The film possibilities of "Pagliacci," "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohème," "Tosca" and "Louise" cannot long be overlooked. As for Wagner, many of his stupendous dramas might actually be made more impressive on the screen than on the operatic stage. One can imagine a highly realistic "Siegfried," "Valkyrie," "Rheingold" or "Goetterdaemmerung" in celluloid, without the necessity of seeing physically distorted gods and heroes, or of listening to explosive voices of the guttural Teutonic type, with a great orchestra and magnificent natural scenery supplying an inspirational interpretation that no operatic conventions could possibly equal. It has already been suggested, and with reason, that some sort of motion pictures could well be utilized for those portions of "Parsifal" that demand extraordinary scenic effects, but are actually devoid of singing.

Will the motion picture eventually offer a field for composers more fertile than that of opera or absolute music, and can the great musicians of the world be expected in future to develop seriously a form of art whose significance is not yet universally appreciated? It seems more than probable. The operatic composer has always been hampered by the necessity of writing within the limits of the human voice, and of keeping his orchestra subdued whenever important words had to be projected over the footlights (not that this made much difference to the perpetrators of operatic enunciation). The creator of symphonies and chamber music has perpetually faced the handicap of having to express abstract ideas without the concrete help of words, colors or forms to make them inevitably clear to his audience. With the motion picture all such barriers are automatically removed. The composer may write as high or as low, as loud or as complexly as he pleases. He may put skyscrapers and railroad stations and the Stock Exchange into his music, with the knowledge that the pictorial accompaniment will make his meaning clear.

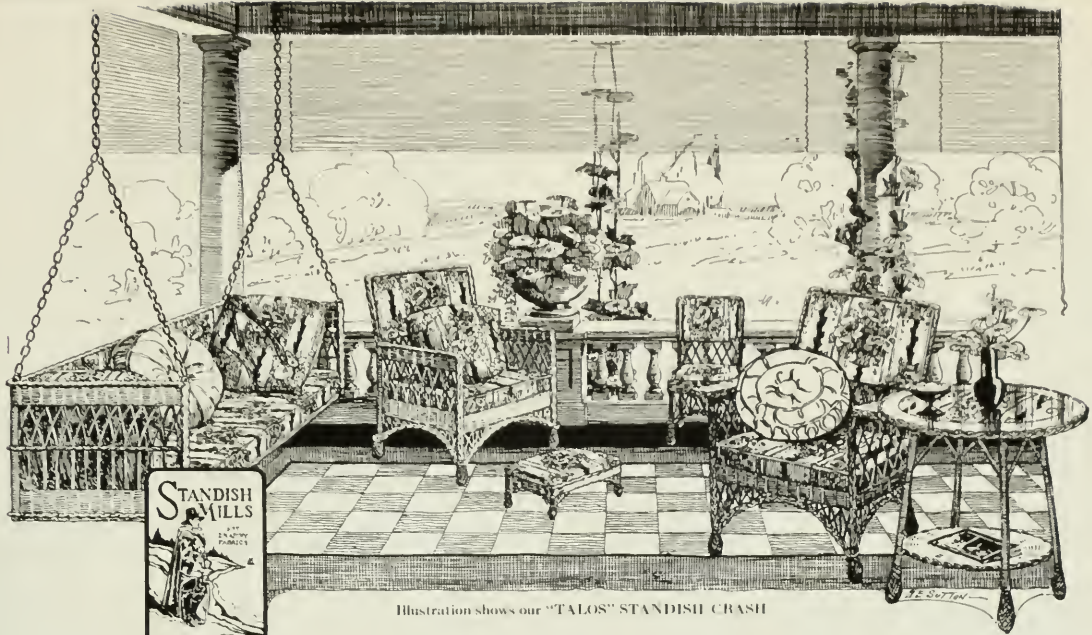


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Hunt Diedrich's Art

(Continued from page 22)

ment, and on these he places a tracery of vines and birds in marvellous grace, as on the jardinières owned by Mrs. John Sanford.

Thus the case is proved, that Hunt Diedrich, consciously or unconsciously, is an apostle of beauty where it meets human intimacy. It is this constant touch of beauty that ultimately builds in the public mind that elusive quality called taste.

The serious side of plastic art was shown in Mr. Diedrich's recent exhibition at the Kingore Galleries. Two or three words will not suffice to define his subtleties, but sinuosity and strength are dominant. He sees everything in the attenuated lines of youth, almost of adolescence, and both men and animals share this vision. Clean, slim limbs and lithe bodies associate themselves with breeding,

and thus the objects have a patrician air.

The larger group of two hounds gambolling has had a sufficient career to be now a celebrated effort, with the name of the Autumn Salon in Paris affixed, in addition to the fame of its too brief pause in Central Park. The same hand and the same mind formed the "Hounds in Leash," that brilliant impression owned by Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer. Here abound both sinuosity and strength.

Never wearied, always vital and fresh, Hunt Diedrich is one of our most individual artists. He expresses the present, he is original to boldness. Yet in this work one finds a happy flash of the long-ago youth of art, the days of Cnossus and Mycenae. Truly, then as now, this makes for an aristocratic art.

A Book of Clocks

CLEANINGS for the curious gabound in E. J. Britten's book, "Old Clocks and Their Makers," but the volume is a serious one, especially compiled for the collector of clocks and watches. It is not only a history of time-keepers from times almost prehistoric up to recent days, but it is a book of reference whose value cannot be overestimated. In this connection a list of eleven thousand makers of clocks and watches is appended, none of whom are now living, all of whom attained some fame.

Odd bits of information come to one who turns over the pages, such as the fact that the earliest clocks, large public time-pieces appropriately lodged in towers, had no dials. The passing commuter could not glance nervously up to see the minutes, but must await the tolling or the tinkling of a bell which the clock's machinery caused to strike on the hour and on the quarter-hour. Human figures in bronze were arranged to strike a large bell, after the engaging manner of the

men with hammers on the Herald Building in New York.

Those who escape London to wander amid the intricate delights of Hampton Court, and find always the great clock of the first courtyard warning them that tourists' time is fleeting, can learn all about that aristocratic and haughty monitor in the book of clocks. Here also is information about the great clock at Venice near which one browses at book shops, and watches the pigeons of a sunny morning on the big Piazza San Marco. And the great clock at Westminster also has its story told in this valuable book.

French clock and watch makers are exhaustively treated, and students of the J. P. Morgan collection will find here much valuable matter. The great makers of clock cases in France are given a place, such men as Marot, Boulle, Caffieri and Gouthière, whose work on furnishings and bibelots is gathered into museums and collections, together with their hall-marks.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF ARTS & DECORATION, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for April 1, 1920, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph A. Judd, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ARTS & DECORATION, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y.; Editor, Guy Pene Du Bois, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Joseph A. Judd, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Joseph A. Judd Publishing Co., Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.; Joseph A. Judd, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Joseph A. Judd, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1920. E. De Haven, Notary Public Kings Co. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. (My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

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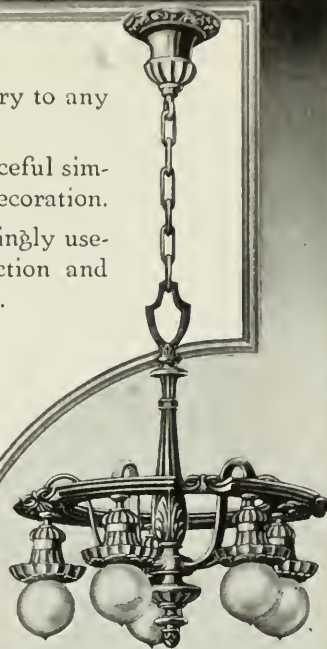
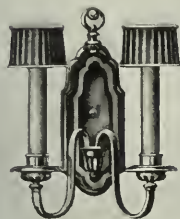
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Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 15)

gates to be opened and of having their credentials inspected by some perhaps untactful lodge keeper. The lodge, however, may sometimes serve to keep out the unwelcome as a scarecrow does in a corn field. There is at least a sense of guardianship conveyed by the lodge even though it is an empty threat.

WHERE no lodge exists the owner will doubtless wish to indicate the entrance of his property by a gateway of some sort. One of the difficult problems which confronts the architect is how to build a gateway without any gates and which is not between walls and which does not look ridiculous. Of course if we have a wall all around a place a gateway is sensible and readily susceptible of proper architectural treatment, but the expense of building a wall around a country place of any size is almost prohibitive and the average American proprietor generally contents himself with a hedge or natural hedge row, reinforced perhaps by a wire fence. Masonry gates in a place of this kind tend to appear somewhat forced and unnatural. It is too bad that walls are such expensive things because there is probably nothing which adds more to the interest of a roadway than a long masonry wall naturally diversified by the changes of grade and by the trees and undergrowth which must occur along a wall of some length. The very great part of the charm of the English and French countryside is due to these long walls built at various times of several materials, of a variety of heights and to fulfill different conditions, but they of course have had many more years in which to build walls than have we. I remember having been told that the small commune of Moret-sur-Loing near Fontainebleau, had over three thousand miles of wall of which at least a hundred miles had been built in the times of the Romans and which had been added to continuously during the succeeding nineteen centuries. And we have had at most but a couple of hundred years in which to build walls, and many of these years were occupied by a struggle to open up fields for cultivation and to build habitations for the settlers.

The treatment of the entrance gates themselves, which are of very great importance because they will determine the whole character of the approach, will depend upon two things—the exterior boundary of the property and the house itself. The materials need not necessarily be similar to those of the house, although it is desirable that they should recall them, so that no sense of incongruity will be apparent. Further, if the approach itself is to be a rather informal drive through woodland, the gates should not be of a character too severely formal.

In general the driveway forming the approach should not resemble a public road. Very many places are

somewhat injured, in my opinion, by overdevelopment, technically, of the road. It is, of course, true that a road should be properly drained and graded so that the surface will not become soft through continuous use, but it is equally true that concrete or brick gutters will probably be more attractive than a level walk. There are, however, places where the straight entrance walk is a very difficult thing to manage properly; as, for example, where the entrance road terminates in a gravel forecourt or where there is a loop directly in front of the door. It is obviously impossible to cross a loop by a path twice, as would have to be the case, and preserve the continuous feeling of a path. In such a case it is probably better to omit the path altogether. Where the distance from the street is great and a foot path is necessary, one preferably not parallel to the entrance driveway, but terminating perhaps at the side of the same entrance reached by the driveway, is about the only possible solution, since where the footpath parallels the entrance roadway, exactly the effect of a public highway with a sidewalk is produced and while this is sometimes admissible, in general it will be found unsatisfactory. In the case of the horseshoe drive before mentioned, a straight walk in the centre of the horseshoe may be very effectively employed, but naturally the footpath will be of minor importance or entirely omitted in all cases where the house is placed far distant from the entrance gateway. The materials for the path should recall those of the house, and while our paths used to be almost invariably of blue stone, they are now usually of cement. Of the two, blue stone is preferable as being the less regular and artificial. A blue stone walk bordered with brick is often an agreeable method of constructing the surface. A brick walk is attractive, especially when fairly rough bricks are used and they are not laid in cement. A gravel path, not of crushed blue stone, but of native material, is cheap and attractive and a path of any type in which a narrow raised border is used is more effective than one without the border.

I HAVE taken up this question of the approach, not so much with the idea that I would be able to prescribe a remedy which would fit every case, as I have with the intention of pointing out the very many considerations which are necessary before the proper approach can be determined. It is hard, however, to lay down any general conditions for the average country house, since we really have no "average" in a thing so variable, but when it comes to determining the approach, the problem is still more difficult because the country house may be of any size and of any type, and on a piece of land of any size and of any proportions.

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(Continued from page 40)

Henry Hadley Warmly in Sympathy

I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Meltzer's views on the subject, and until the Americans wake up to the seriousness of starting such a propaganda we will undoubtedly find ourselves in the same position as we are now twenty years hence.

A movement of this kind has been started and supported by various individuals and societies, but until our Government gets behind such a movement and gives it its undivided support, it is doubtful if any National Conservatory can be put on the firm financial basis it deserves. While it may not be possible to raise such an enormous sum as Mr. Meltzer suggests, the idea is there and with proper enthusiasm could be developed and a lasting monument would be the result.

HENRY HADLEY.

W. J. Henderson Likes the Idea

The subject of a National Conservatory is by no means new. For years lovers of the art of music have sought for some means by which the national Government might be brought into some official relation with it. There has been, and indeed still is, a feeling that the dignity of music and its importance in the æsthetic life of the people should receive some recognition in this Republic, similar to that which is accorded to them in France.

W. J. HENDERSON.

Josef Stransky Endorses Mr. Meltzer

Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer has always been a pioneer for artistic ideals in America, and I think his article, "How Music Should be Helped in America," a splendid contribution to the advance of the arts in this country.

JOSEF STRANSKY.

Charles M. Loeffler Warns Against Foreigners

I have read Mr. Meltzer's article with great interest. Could a school such as he proposes be kept out of politics, away from politicians and grafters? However, I am hardly prepared at this time to express an opinion on the project of founding a National Conservatory of Music. Should the American Government take up this matter seriously, I should like to say this, which I have at heart: Exclude from the directorate (of such a school) all foreigners and foreign-born naturalized Americans.

Among the American-born musicians there are men of lofty aims, of great talent and accomplishments, culture and experience, and catholic appreciation. Let only such men with American ideals become the leaders of the coming generations of our land.

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Victor Herbert Enthusiastic

Years ago Mrs. Jeanette Thuber made most strenuous efforts to make the powers in Washington understand that we ought to have a National Conservatory of Music. Of course we ought to have it! And we ought to have a National Grand Opera House, and a National Theatre, like any other civilized nation.

I am glad Mr. Meltzer has taken the matter up again, and I hope his efforts will be crowned with success.

VICTOR HERBERT.

W. H. Hinshaw Favors More Than a Conservatory

I believe that music in America would be helped greatly by a National Conservatory of Music run on the proper lines, but I think that there are other ways in which music could be helped to a greater extent than by the establishment of such an institution. If in establishing a National Conservatory of Music the Government could institute in connection with it a department for the control and development of music throughout the country that would work under the direction and control of the Secretary of the Interior under the head of education, then a great benefit and uplift could be given to the music of the nation. The greatest need for the help of music in America, to my mind, is to put music into the regular curriculum of study in all schools and colleges and to put it in the curriculum on an equality with other studies, such as mathematics, history, grammar, etc.

The study of music has never been given the proper consideration as a factor in education. Musicianship has been considered merely as a desirable accomplishment for those who are talented and its salutary effects upon the mind and nervous system in the development of the child has never been given serious consideration. To my mind the study of music is quite as good as the study of mathematics for the development of the mind and ability to think.

It is true that only a few possess great genius for music. These few should make a profession of music just the same as those few who possess great genius for mathematics should make a profession of something that requires the working out of mathematical problems, such as finance, engineering.

Now, while I thoroughly believe in the benefits of a National Conservatory of Music, I am quite convinced that this will not bring the greatest good for the amount of money spent that can be brought to the music of America; and I am convinced that the same amount of money spent in the development of music in the public schools under the most expert guidance and superintendence would bring about the greatest help to music in America that could possibly be accomplished.

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Timothy Cheney made wooden clocks. He was the grandfather of the original Cheney

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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 2

June 25, 1920

Reflections of Men and Art

THE EDITOR

Politics and Art

THERE is a tendency to deride all art having contact with the political aspects of the time—no matter in what vague way. Indeed, so virulent is this tendency that whenever an artist is found to have a private interest in government he is immediately slated with those who demean a noble instrument by making a tool of it. It is probable that there is no very enormous difference between a tool and an instrument. But there is no logic at all in the theory or dogma that artists must not “prostitute” their art at the feet of political interest. The likeness between religion and art may explain why this has never been said of that religious interest which, if it was not the basic impetus of the Renaissance, was certainly not an insignificant part of it.

Art has always occupied itself with life in one way or another. It has always, as Taine has thoroughly well shown, summed up the prevailing tide, given the synthesis of the thought of a particular generation of mankind, even expressed the unconscious thought of a generation. To say that art cannot occupy itself with the political trend of a generation is, therefore, somewhat like saying that it must in this respect constitute itself a censor of the generation's thought; and if in this respect, it follows that it must in others also. One abridgement will lead to others. The conclusion of this argument must therefore be that the fulness of the æsthetic revelation or picture of the thought of a period must be thinned by a great many omissions and warped, quite provincially, by the relentlessness of a not small number of prohibitions.

ART is hemmed in by a great many fixed ideas of this type. It does not matter that a great many embryos of artists are destroyed by them. It is possible that in the economy of the terrestrial system no really important artist is lost or unheard. Art will out like murder. It does, however, matter that with the help of such dogmatists as Théophile Gautier, who said, “Art is useless,” it is not uncommon to hear art described as decoration—a kind of figurehead on a ship, having nothing to do with its motive power and nothing whatever to do with its economic

life. Art is the voice of the people, a funnel or a megaphone through which their thought, arranged, condensed, simplified, is given back to them. And it cannot filter the political strain in that thought any more than the religious strain. Both contribute to the æsthetic machine, and it might even be said, by one imbued with the necessary skepticism, that the political thought of this generation contributes more than the religious thought.

Indeed, as we have progressed—if it is progression—from autocratic to republican forms of government politics giving the people more and more reason to spend time considering them, have brought them nearer and nearer to the vital thought or life of the people. And it is out of this thought, with the new visions that it inspires, the new gestures and new relationships, that the new order of composition is formed. Indeed, this is so true that in the modernist art circles the word composition has been displaced by the word organization which came into current use with the founding of trusts and trade unions and which, with the contemplation of the vast war companies, has approached very nearly to the nature of a religion—viz., the block parties.

WRITING freely, we might say that in monarchical times as in religious times compositions were all dominated by a central figure. The idea of hero worship was rampant. Everyone did reverence to one figure or another, and all the reverence, real or affected, ended pyramidally in one figure, who probably, when a mere man, did reverence to the people's ideas on himself. In him there was no uncertain degree of isolation. The world was stopped to make place for him. The lines of compositions led up to him. He was the lonely flower who came to bud and flourished through the care of the millions of gardeners. And in their pictures of him there was no effort to show any but the reverential contact he had with the world. Perhaps this is an exaggeration—but it is, at worst, a very small exaggeration.

Even up to the time of Goya (he died in 1828), who in his life had seen the toppling of more than one kingly crown while the Corsican played with the world, the central figure predominated. But with him a change

begins. The queen is put upon a pedestal in order to be a better butt for the jibes of the populace. Goya does not do reverence. He does a very similar thing. He does the exact opposite of reverence, which is its complement or balance and cut in the same material. It must be understood here that Goya, who was a satirist as great, though not perhaps as palpable as Daumier, that Goya is an example taken at random and with, if any at all, a very general conscientiousness. A meticulous statistician, which the writer has never been, might indeed combat the validity of this example. But it serves the purpose.

BEFORE Goya there had been a home-loving or popular painting in Holland which has produced the world's soundest explanation of the middle-class morality. But it was after Goya that other countries, and especially France, began to take its eyes from the central figure and to look at the things which surrounded it.

Watteau, Fragonard, Boucher do not count here. They painted the fashionable puppets of a world drunk with deep draughts of an intoxicating *parti-pris*, a world which struck an attitude and stuck to it. It was after Goya that Courbet began the humanist propaganda; that realism came to do away with reverence, and that reverence, in the old sense, was to become obsolete. Courbet belonged to the republican party. He could acknowledge no central figure in life, therefore he could paint none. But he retained, nevertheless, the idea of the importance of the individual. If he felt that all figures were worthy of an equal respect, he still could not consider them *en masse*—he was a humanist. It remained for a later political age to consider man by the million, man in the aggregate. Perhaps a still later one will bring back the individual. Russia's government by the masses is probably more autocratic under Lenine than its autocratic government under the Czar.

But cubists, post-impressionists and so forth, dabbling in the political, social and scientific thought of the day, have not bothered even to record the anatomic entirety of the individual. As in the case of Matisse they have made anatomical construction (that landmark of the Academies) in their canvases subservient to

the organization of the whole, broken bones in order to perfect systems, got rid entirely of the potency of the individual, of Goya's satire, of Courbet's humanism. A step further than Matisse is Picasso, whom we found, for a time, using abstract symbols, carrying no suggestion of humanity, in order to portray the actions and reactions of forms, the pull and push, give and take of forces, in which individual will is as of little consequence as a cork bobbing unconsciously on the surface of any literal sea.

Obviously

IN the State of Washington there is a little mushroom town called "Opportunity," most of the citizens of which grow "Delicious" apples. In New York City the latest society of artists is called "The New Society." But England has sinned in the same way and so has established a precedent which our imaginative artists may follow without danger to their reputations. Anyway, years hence, like many another, the name may mean nothing.

Art and Clothes

ALL writers have at some time or other Adwelt upon the psychology of dress. It is as near to the hearts of those who affect to neglect dress as to those who make it the predominating consideration of their lives. Carlyle has rumbled about it through the fog of Germanic English and Wilde chirped with a hint of Irish wit. Swift built a religious satire out of a symbolic Peter's coat. Barbey d'Aurévilly made Beau Brummel the hero of a novel, and the spirit of the Beau himself might be shown to have influenced an entire French school—from Constantin Guys on. Of course, in showing this one must not be over-conscientious. There is an old man who fortunately is not that too often. He started consciousness with the theory that clothes were a negligible quantity and that with man they could be black or white or gray and no other color. He has changed since. The frivolity of his old age has conquered the sternness of his youth. Some day he may appear with a vermilion cravat around the throat of his reputation. But that is questionable, for he has a saving self-consciousness.

This is the place to be honest about dress. It is the one art in which everyone has interest, also it is the one art in which everyone is given the opportunity of self-expression. This obvious statement is also a terrible one to make. John Sloan and the few or the great many others like him will writhe under it. Mr. Sloan, as you will remember, is the president of the Society of Independent Artists, which with him holds socialistic theories and an optimism of pure gold, gold without alloy. Indeed, the optimism of John Sloan will sometimes resemble the idealism of a middle western grandmother. He believes that everyone is a potential artist, that every man, woman and child has something to say worth repeating, despite that he has certainly seen the way men and women dress. But, of course, life knows more repetition than any other thing. We are most of us Oxford or Cambridge students under the sway of an admirer of a Zuleika Dobson. Max Beerbohm was right. We all own, at least figuratively, bottom waistcoat buttons to leave consciously unbuttoned.

MAN covers his body with the insignia of his class. The uniforms of civil life are not fundamentally freer than those of army life. Of course they tattle more. It is a question whether the social spirit or hero worship is their mainspring. But man dresses

rather to be like than unlike his fellow men. Beau Brummel showed that there must be in dress a definite reserve in the touches of personality—a certain impersonality. The truth of that paradox is recognized by business artists, if there are any. When Darwin defined evolution he said the last word in dress. But architects could write about dress more practically. The rules of their profession, letter for letter, are the rules of dress. No getting away from that! Dress is not fundamentally decoration, not any more than architecture or painting or sculpture or literature is. Dress is the most intimate expression of human logic. It is more so since it is so often illogical.

Clothes are man's confession. In his bath it is difficult to define whether he is a plutocrat or a plumber. Certainly he is more naked in his clothes. In them the Bolshevik and the Capitalist are themselves. Without them they are just men. Only the athlete, the thoughtless athlete, is disguised by garments. Carpenter on the street seems aesthetic. He is himself in the ring. His body is in the nature of a garment—it is man-made, it is the creature of a definite purpose. Octave Uzanne's history of clothes is not at hand. But it would undoubtedly not serve our purpose. He has too often been interested in ornament merely as ornament. Clothes are rarely that. Only bad clothes and bad architecture are that. The symbols of clothes are common property. We all understand them. The late Joseph Pulitzer, who was blind, hired and rejected applicants for a position on the evidence of their clothes, we are told in a book on him written by one of his secretaries. We accept and reject friends on the same evidence. Everyone does! The judgment of clothes is complicated by dogmas that are very like superstitions. It is feminine judgment. It is like the judgments of any other of the arts, though these are not so generally practised or passed. Clothes define social position, wealth, even the age of the wearer's wealth. Clothes as a confession are terrible, because they are so often an unconscious confession.

A POLITICAL history of America could be written on exhibits of politicians' clothes. Think of the black campaign hats that have been worn in emulation of the democracy of Lincoln—and the funereal frock coats. No, clothes do not make the man, but they display him. His face is often a masque, his clothes rarely, rarely in America. We are just beginning to be a cultured nation. We are even beginning to reject the disguise of the parasitical rough diamond and of that bland, heavy-witted impersonator, "the friend of the peepul." Mr. Hearst once resorted to a campaign hat. He had hopes then. Mr. Sulzer wore it romantically along with a somewhat Napoleonic lock. Perhaps he was an idealist. But the black hat is slowly merging into the background of tradition. It will be lost in it soon. Intellectual eyes are being trained on politics. Davenport's cartoon of Mr. Wilson in dress suit and pumps could no longer be effective. The people themselves have begun to wear them. When we become as civilized as France we may consent to elect a president who dresses as fastidiously as Monsieur Deschanel. We cannot now conceive a chief executive possessing one hundred suits of clothes. The campaign hats, whether on Champ Clark or Joe Cannon, have thrown a long shadow ahead of them. But it is growing shorter and the symbol for which they stood is dying. Some time kissing babies will cease entirely to be a good bit of political machinery. By that time long cigars—"manly cigars"—will have lost their romantic appeal and an American executive will dare to smoke

cigarettes publicly and to wear a shepherd check suit. Still the last is doubtful. As well imagine a president in white spats!

No crime is worse than fastidiousness in a new and democratic nation. Fastidiousness came with the decay of the Roman Empire. It is a hothouse plant—a product of too much ease. The best or the most carefully dressed man in our republic cannot be its president. Even we will forgive more in kings. They may be as magnificent as they desire—they can never be magnificent enough. The late King Leopold of Belgium made a kingly figure. King George IV has always been too meek.

ON the whole, however, romanticism has gone out of clothes. The period is efficient. Its logic or economy has removed numberless furbelows. It has cut the hair of the musician and changed the painter's cravat. It has almost entirely obliterated velvet from the apparel of man. And gold cords are permitted only on the uniforms of social mariners. The navy has to make a show in foreign parts. A peace army has invariably been more gorgeously attired than a conscripted army. There is the lure of uniforms to counteract the monotony of army life in times of peace. But uniforms are perhaps outside the province of this article. The pseudo-college students of the tailoring advertisements are in real life exaggerated examples of that new temper which is beginning to deride the black campaign hat. In New York City these costumes are worn, for the most part, by East Side bluebeards. They are essentially outside the bounds of the dress ethics of Beau Brummel. They are too unrestrictedly exaggerated. They are almost burlesques. They take an evolutionary step of unnatural and therefore of too great length. Perhaps this is due to the abnormal condition of the time, which some French writer has called "immoral"—meaning rather extravagant. The definition of immorality in France is not ours. The effiteness of the extravagant eighteenth century under Louis XVI would seem to be duplicated in the clothes of the day. Are they the last swing of the pendulum away from the broad shoulders, padded to maintain the effect of manly might, desired when we were more primitive?

The mind's the thing now: man's beauty in his head. He bemeans broad shoulders and big chests perhaps because of their suggestion of manual labor. A prize fighter is not beneath opening his nostrils to the scent of violets, as in the case of Carpenter, nor averse to being depicted in the movies as a college student, as in the case of Dempsey. Indeed, it was found not long ago that Barnard's democratic figure of Lincoln could arouse the anger of the nation because the spirit of baggy trousers pervaded it. There can be no question but that the way a man dresses is dictated by the way he thinks—and if we watch his clothes very carefully we may come to the conclusion that he does not think at all, for his clothes are patterned like sheep in flocks or like fish in schools.

Bill Boards Versus Beauty

MR. JOSEPH PENNELL'S recent attack on bill boards is in line with those reformative movements which, like Prohibition, are natural to a country as young and as enduringly idealistic as ours. As an art paper and in view of the academic conception of artists and art papers, this one should agree with the long Philadelphian. Indeed, though Mr. Pennell has assimilated a great many of Mr. Whistler's radical methods, he never fails to follow to the letter the academic, which is the generally accepted, conception of the

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The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Whitney which are to appear exclusively in the pages of ARTS & DECORATION. In it will be shown the progress which American art has made since its imitative beginnings

and by facts, not theories, that the time for the nation's recognition of its own art as an independent manifestation is at hand. This series will deal in the different installments of Architecture, Painting, Music, Drama and Literature.

OUR day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves."

An American does not have to be instructed in order that he may say America is a great country. We know what America has done and we are proud of it. Nobody worthy the title of American must be told to stand up for his country in matters of government, bravery and uprightness because he knows that his country has a splendid form of government, a courageous people and a great ideal. And yet in art we are continually apologizing for things American. It is almost universal among our people, even among those most deeply interested in our creative arts to take a purely subservient attitude toward foreign arts. Why not realize and be proud of the fact that we have done as much to lead thought in art as in government, business or industries?

When the subjects of government, politics or industrial conditions are mentioned we know where we stand. We do not underestimate ourselves, and justly so, as to our accomplishments. We faced in the last few years momentous questions of life and solved them on account of our Americanism.

A tremendous propaganda on the subject of art has been built up by foreign countries aided by their agents on this side of the ocean, to whom our belief in the excellencies of their products might be useful. If the timid and fearful hand bouquets on platters to the brave, why should not the brave accept the bouquets? Many of them are rightly handed and we are glad that they are deserved, but—the all important fact remains, which I am going to prove, the fact that America has existed as a serious art producer for the past one hundred and fifty years and that every American should know it and be proud of it.

All men are by nature mimics; they quote instead of saying what they think (it is so much easier); they import their views from whatever place may be the Olympus of the moment, and well-known names and well-known forms are their delight. It is so much simpler to let others think for us than to think for ourselves. We have little confidence in our own opinions anyway; it is a torment to face a new proposition. But other countries have cultivated a system of self-advertisement which hypnotized us into complete admiration for whatever they produced. Foreign sculptors, writers, painters, educators and—talkers have been coming to this country and still are coming to instruct Americans. They imply, with a shrug of the shoulders that we are miserable; with a raise of the eyebrow that we are ignorant. In manner I call them suave, in appearance perfect; they have a cult for self-admiration. Probably the word "presumptuous" does not exist in their vocabulary, their glib arguments are to us simple folk indisputable. It is true these countries have a background, and the beauty of it and the genius of their inspira-

tion which came down to them from age to age are phenomena we all marvel at. But—what I find fault with is our reverence for everything foreign. This reverence shows a lack of penetration as well as no discrimination on our part. We accept all foreign pictures, foreign statues or foreign books, operas and plays very seriously, so seriously that we forget our own work. For as a nation we are ignorant of art subjects; our time has been occupied in thinking of practical matters. It was essential for us to be practical, but times change. An older race need no longer concentrate exclusively on one subject; we can now be several things instead of one—we are ready for a new deal. "Events—arise—that will sing themselves."

ELIMINATING the thought of numberless Museums in the big cities of the United States, it was only a short fifty years ago that a few men started with difficulty the Metropolitan Museum in our own New York. And today, under the able management of Americans, the turnstile records show that the Museum does not belong to the few broad-minded men who started it but to the entire city. Fifty Galleries exist and flourish where five were sparsely filled a short time past. We can care about art without being considered highbrow!

Now admitting all the beauty, the perfection of style, the accomplishment of artistic creation in the old world, admitting all this and far more, I want to bring forward our claim to recognition in art. Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, drama and literature.

The growth of the different arts must of necessity be more or less the same throughout the history of a country. Details vary, a higher level is reached in a certain branch of artistic creation, a greater degree of technical dexterity in another, or perhaps a deeper understanding of humanity, but the same faults as well as the same qualities will appear, because art is the manifestation of character. As a nation we may have greater facility for one kind of expression than for another, but it is the essence of our character and our development which makes the limit or infinity of our expression. There is a mystery behind the development of an art which cannot fail to call out our attention, familiar as the phenomenon of its progress may be. And we have given to the world a vivifying force which in the short history of our artistic life has been exactly as constructive to that life as the power of our country toward national development.

Architecture is admitted to be pre-eminent in the arts of America at the present moment. Certainly its progress has been the most obvious in our lifetime. In reviewing the phases through which the country has passed there were first bad copies of English, then academic examples of all styles, though principally French and Italian, followed by a terrific moment of Chocolate Palaces in New York, which we still suffer from, Queen Anne cottages all over the place and—even worse! After this appeared men who combined aca-

demic forms with originality of spirit, men who seem to have been the forerunners of the new in architecture by their suggestion rather than by their actual achievement. Richardson made the Romanesque and Byzantine such a thing of his own as almost to give the impression of his having invented a style. Hunt brought the French and Italian schools to America in their best forms. McKim, Platt and others were carrying on the traditions. If there had been more such men as Stanford White the moment would not so long have been retarded when the American school would have developed. For White, besides being a Beaux Arts man, was an American genius. But there is much good to be said about the Beaux Arts training, for its influence gave many men a taste for pure, if foreign architecture. And though it may not have encouraged the style that was particularly suited to our climate or materials, it trained both layman and architect to a sense of proportion and beauty which otherwise might never have been theirs. It is on these foundations that the new style in America rests.

IF the one hundred and twenty millions of our people could see the recent big productions in France—the country in which our architects had their training, and compare them with the American results—the Metropolitan Tower, the Singer Building, the Bush Buildings—the good old eagle's screams would be so loud that the voice of the foreign propagandist could no longer be heard.

Tell the little foreign talker this when he comes to mould your taste. Send him to see the Woolworth Building. Does he know that American brains are responsible for that creation, that Cass Gilbert designed it and that the steel and the skilled labor with which it was executed came from your country?

A restlessness, a desire to throw off the yoke of precedent, an emancipation was to bring out the new form of architecture. Sullivan, Hastings, Gilbert, Flagg and others must all have felt it.

Many of us can remember when there were no high buildings; we can look back and recollect the shock, the amazed surprise we received when first we saw the Flat Iron Building. Not only was it new, the outgrowth of an absolute necessity, but it was stupendous. It did not need a foggy night, or the worship of originality for originality sake to resolve it into an amazing creation. It was awe-inspiring, and the perfection of the steel industry which made it possible added to its beauty. Out of the growth of architecture, from the development of the imagination came this astounding building, to be followed by many of equal or greater character.

AND yet—architecture having accomplished most stupendous results in America—what is happening today? In our cities, in our towns, in almost every center of building activity we are traveling back to the Renaissance, to the Greek Temple, to the Gothic Cathedral or the Byzantine Mosque.

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Rest on the Flight into Egypt, by Joachim Patinir

Collecting Primitives in America

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

*Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology at Princeton University
and one of the best known authorities on primitives in this country*

THE first "real oil painting" I vividly remember is Turner's "Slave Ship," which I saw in the old Metropolitan Museum, on East 14th Street, about 1878. At that time all well-guided collectors were disputing for Bouguereau's, Baryes, Fortuny's, Meissonniers, and Gérômes. A few were gathering in the canvases of the Barbizon painters, quietly and somewhat under reproach. When I grew to young man's estate, the more defiant amateurs were buying Manets and Monets in the face of all sound opinion. Oddly enough, the moment of the Impressionists about 1880 coincided with the accelerated demand for old masters. People with advanced views and houses of moderate size bought Manets; persons with great houses and settled opinions added to their painters of the Institute the big, decorative and charming portraits of Van Dyck and the English school, with occasionally Italian old masters of the developed type. By the nineties, reckless persons were buying American pictures and many collectors were indulging an illicit enthusiasm for the primitive Italians. Mrs. John L. Gardner showed her colors gallantly and in a way led the new movement. The late John G. Johnson conducted the most deadly of still hunts, the vast booty of which was not realized till about 1905. After this formidable vanguard such predatory light horsemen as Dan Fellew Platt gleaned assiduously and to good effect. By the time the heavy battalions of the new millionaire had realized that the primitive was their objective there were many flankers like myself, obscurely and hopefully beating the bushes at the edges of the *grande chasse*.

Today primitives are perhaps the most wanted pictures in the market. There are not so many entire collections, but everywhere you will find some Madonna or surly saint on gold ground. I never go into a new city without hearing of a lady who owns and

cherishes, as it may be, a Daddi, Botticini, Lorenzo di Credi. No month passes when I do not learn of some new enthusiast who buys regardless of price. There must be hundreds of small collectors who like myself do violence to the family budget for the possession of

their handful of mellow old panels. I should not dare to estimate the number of primitives in America. Of Italian panels alone there must be over two thousand—the quota of five or six big European museums, as against a possible two hundred in 1890.

In default of that comprehensive history of taste in America which we much need, I am going to sketch in crude outlines that chapter which has to do with collecting primitives. Of course, our most authentic American taste has ever been for the various realistic or *soi-disant* realistic schools. There have been good Dutch and Flemish pictures of the seventeenth century in America for over two hundred years, and there has been no time when our collectors didn't want them. Still the taste for primitive painting is of respectable antiquity, as things go here. So far as I know, the first American who cared enough for a primitive picture to buy it was that many-sided statesman, Thomas Jefferson. Presumably during his ministry in France he bought a tolerable replica of Jean Mabuse's very ugly presentation of the long-enduring patriarch Job. Possibly Jefferson, who was a hardy and unconventional thinker, wanted the picture rather because it was a Job than because it was a primitive. The picture is still in the galleries of the New York Historical Society and may be consulted. Whether Jefferson had in mind Job's lofty Deism or Mabuse's aggressive modeling remains an open question.

For nearly fifty years after the advent of Mabuse's Job in America, nobody, so far as my information reaches, bought primitive paintings. About 1860 a remarkable movement begins with James Jackson Jarves and Thomas J. Bryan. Jarves was a nomad who finally settled in a Florentine consulate and conceived the idea of providing for his old age and benefiting his country by collecting a representative series of Italian pictures from the Thirteenth Century to the full Renaissance.



*Adoration of the Christ Child, by an Imitator of
Fra Filippo Lippi*

He accomplished his chief aim with singular success, getting together within ten years some one hundred and fifty pictures, including such masters as Taddeo Gaddi, Gentile da Fabriano, Antonio Pollaiuolo, Sassetta, Francia, Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, Moroni and Leandro Bassano. There were also considerable groups of the pre-Giottesque schools and of the delightful pictured furniture panels (*cassoni*) of Lorenzo de Medici's Florence.

Jarves brought this really notable collection over in 1866, and despite the certificates of numerous European authorities and the championship of Charles Eliot Norton, the venture fell flat. The exhibitions at Boston and New York inspired neither interest nor confidence. People were glad to buy Kensetts in the thousands, but were staggered at the thought of paying a few hundred dollars apiece for Jarves' virgins and saints.

In financial extremity, he pledged the most important hundred of his pictures to Yale and about forty more to his friend, E. B. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio. He let both loans be foreclosed and the pictures remained concealed in the deserted gallery of the Yale Art School and in an equally unfrequented gallery on Mr. Holden's country estate. After more than forty years of relative seclusion the Holden pictures were given to the Cleveland Art Museum and about the same time the Yale pictures were reinstalled, repaired and properly catalogued. Jarves had the misfortune to be about a generation in advance of the taste of his time. It was merely good luck that his pictures were not dispersed, but were kept together for a later age that could appreciate them.

In the fifties and sixties Mr. Thomas J. Bryan of New York conceived the plan of a collection of pictures illustrating the history of European religious art. He eventually got together some thirty primitives, including both the Italian and Northern schools. Mr. Bryan

for a time set up his private museum. Henry James in his autobiography records pleasantly the venerable white-haired amateur and the mixture of marvel and suspicion with which the old pictures were regarded. Though they bore rather absurd attributions imposed upon them by the Chevalier Artaud de Montor, the collection actually represented very favorably both the early Florentine and early Flemish schools. In 1867 Mr. Bryan's pictures passed to the New York Historical Society and were virtually buried and forgotten for a matter of

apostolic succession alive. I preserve for due honor the few names that have come to me. The Fogg Museum at Harvard contains a few good Italian pictures collected in the sixties by the Misses Williams of Salem, Mass. I imagine them versed in their Lord Lindsay and Mrs. Jameson, acquainted with the genealogies of the reigning houses of Europe, and in their later years "walking with Hare" in real lace caps and black grosgrain silk. It may have been a kinsman, Mr. Theodore Williams, a Boston

Man of Letters, who in the seventies acquired the damaged but lovely panel by Filippo Lippi which has lately passed in to the Metropolitan Museum. In the sixties, too, Charles C. Perkins, the learned historian of Tuscan sculpture, had a handful of fine Sienese and Florentine panels, most of which are now in the Fogg, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, or at Fenway Court. Doubtless there were other Boston collectors of the seventies. I know of none except the late Irving A. Shaw, who, while accumulating his remarkable Millets, now and again bought good Italian primitives both in painting and sculpture. The fine critic and connoisseur, Charles Eliot Norton, had excellent Italian pictures. But even the two panels

which he too hopefully regarded as Giorgione's are barely primitives. One, a very brilliant portrait of a Cardinal, is, or was, on loan at the Fogg and is now regarded as a Bartolommeo Veneto; the other, an adorable little Europa, a furniture panel, he gave to Burne-Jones. If any other collector ever gave away what he believed to be a Giorgione, the records are silent as to his case.

In and about New York in the seventies there were very few collectors of primitives. James Renwick, architect of Grace Church and of St. Patrick's Cathedral, has a few pieces among a lot of pictures of later date.

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Madonna with Joos Van der Burch and his Patron. Madonna probably by Rugier de la Pasture, and Portrait ascribed to Gérard David

forty years in the musty galleries of the old building on Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place.

At a better moment the Jarves and Bryan pictures would have started a new movement in American taste. They suffered contemporary suspicion and neglect from a widespread misgiving that a transplanted primitive must be a bad primitive. For thirty years enthusiasts bred in their Ruskin went to Europe to expatiate over panels no better than those sequestered in New York, New Haven and Cleveland.

Alongside of such systematic collectors as Jarves and Bryan, a few individuals kept the



A Stone Age Water Party, by Piero di Cosimo



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY
BY INGRES

A Plea for an Open Mind

CLIVE BELL

A FEW months ago the Louvre acquired for seven hundred thousand francs *L'Atelier* of Courbet. If the Louvre had cared to buy that picture when it was painted, fifty years ago, the Louvre could have had it for fifty thousand or less. Indeed, it is probable that the Louvre could have had it for next to nothing had it made a civil request. The Louvre, however, is a national institution, controlled by the official representatives of art, by bureaucrats and politicians and academicians and eminent connoisseurs, whose attitude toward Courbet was expressed by the official *Salon*, which refused even to hang his picture. All that Courbet could do for his masterpiece was to hire a booth outside, over the door of which he set that strange legend which once made famous the café that confronts the cemetery of Montmartre—"On est mieux ici qu'en face."

A dozen years later came the turn of the impressionists. But I am going too fast. I began with Courbet; I might have begun with Ingres who, in early days, was furiously attacked by the "officials," by the people of power and consequence, who accused him of breaking brutally with the tradition and trying to set back the clock three hundred years. All the world knows how Whistler was hunted by the pack that Ruskin led; and how Ruskin, rising high on the stilts of moral indignation (strange, by the way, that angry and insensitive critics must always turn purely aesthetic questions into moral ones), declared that he (Whistler) was flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public. What all the world does not know is that precisely the same thing had been said of Constable by the Ruskins of his day; neither did Turner nor Delacroix escape the hisses of those patriot geese who imagine they guard the citadel of tradition and the temple of art.

When M. Caillebotte bequeathed his collection of old masters and *objets d'art* to the Louvre on condition that his collection of impressionist pictures should be hung in the Luxembourg, the professors threatened to resign in a body. Unluckily they confined themselves to threats. Everyone knows now that, from a purely commercial point of view even, the impressionist room is by far the most valuable part of the Luxembourg Gallery. Everyone knows it; and yet whenever these proved and convicted duffers raise their voices in protest, as they do whenever they are confronted by something vital and sincere in contemporary art, the public, forgetting all about the past, is willing to believe that this time they must be right, and follows them stupidly into the old slough of vulgar absurdity.

It is not as though the public had no better guides. Always there have been people of exceptional sensibility to appreciate genuine and unconventional artists as they appeared. Ingres, Constable, Turner, Courbet, Renoir and

the impressionists, Cézanne and the post-impressionists, Matisse and Picasso, all had their admirers from the first. They were admired by the peculiarly sensitive, by fellow artists, by writers, by high-brows and queer people generally. Against them have always been arrayed the academicians, the professors, the drawing masters, and the directors of public galleries, the people, in a word, who have an instinctive dislike for what is alive in contemporary art. And behind these you will generally find those important persons, those public characters who have an instinctive dislike for whatever is alive in contemporary life. The jackals, the hack journalists, and writers for the so-called comic papers bring up the rear. And the public once again allows itself to be terrorized and impressed by its ten times discredited prophets, shuts its mind resolutely against the new thing, refuses to listen to the people who have almost always been right, jeers, screams, and threatens.

As nothing could illustrate my thesis better than the relations of the British public with what used to be called "the post-impressionist movement," at the risk of talking too much about myself, I propose to give some account of them. In the autumn of 1910 Roger Fry

cries at the sight of the impressionists. Without a blush they now used Manet, Degas and Renoir as sticks wherewith to beat Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. The first, according to them, was a butcher, the second a *farceur*, the third a disgusting idiot; all were incompetent, all were charlatans, the whole thing was a disgrace and an insult to the public. In public or private there was hardly a celebrity of the official "art world" who did not say something that his friends would now like us to forget. Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Professor Tonks, Sir William Richmond and Mr. Konody, Mr. Ricketts and Sir Claude Philips, Dr. MacColl and Mr. Humphry Ward, Mr. Walter Bayes and Sir Sydney Colvin, all said things which should make it impossible for anyone ever again to take their opinions seriously. But Dr. Borrenius bought for the national gallery at Helsingfors a Cézanne (*La maison jaune*) for three hundred pounds, which I suppose is now worth four thousand.

Two years later Fry and I brought over another collection which included a fine series of works by Matisse, another series by Picasso, and pictures by Derain, Bonnard, Braque, Friesz, L'Hôte, Marchand, Vlaminck, etc.

The officials had learned nothing, but the public, or some part of it, showed a disquieting inclination to keep its mind open this time and judge for itself. Would you believe it, before the end of that show, some of those critics who two years earlier had howled the loudest against Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh were using these very names to beat the newcomers with? And the game goes on as merrily as ever. Unabashed, these discredited mandarins continue to air their opinions and seek to impose them on the public. By this time they have swallowed Cézanne and his contemporaries; indeed, they have praised many meretricious and worthless modern painters for resembling these masters—masters who are in fact the exact antitheses of the pushing young exploiters, the "advanced" conservatives, whom the officials now patronize. But they (the officials) remain constant in their hatred of all that is at once young, alive and genuine.

From these and their creatures I appeal to the intelligent public. Is it not time that we began to profit by experience? Instead of recklessly abusing and ridiculing each new manifestation of unconventional originality, would it not be better to preserve an open mind? No one is asked to welcome enthusiastically the new and unfamiliar. But is there any reason in nature why people should stupidly bar and bolt their minds against it? Surely, in the history of the human race the innovator has been at least as often as not a benefactor.

Yet I agree that it is almost impossible for a man of normal sensibility fully to appreciate at first sight a work of art presented in an

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Portrait by Courbet

and I organized at the Grafton Galleries an exhibition of the works of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh and of a certain number of the younger French artists. The hubbub set up by the official gang and their creatures in the press was appalling. They seemed quite to have forgotten that they, or their predecessors, had only a few years earlier emitted similar

Mid-European Expressionism

The New Creed and Its Prophets

OSCAR BIE

EDITOR'S NOTE

PROFESSOR OSCAR BIE is one of the best known authorities on modern art in Germany. He is the author of "Das Kunstgewerbe," "Du Oper," and "Das Theater."

This is the first of the series of articles on European artists which will appear from time to time in this magazine. Among the others are:—"Modern Dutch Animal Painters," by Frits

Lapidott; "Karl Hodler and the Rhythmic Landscape," by Max Osborn; "The Master of Norse Impressionism: Munch," by Paul Westheim; and "The Altar of Ghent of Van Eyck," which is being reassembled since, under the treaty of peace, the German-owned parts have been surrendered to Belgium. It is sometimes called Belgium's greatest masterpiece.

THE great transformation which the graphic arts have experienced in recent years is nowhere so strongly felt as in Central Europe. Exposed to all influences—French and Italian, as well as those originating in Russia and the East—its artists have surrendered to "expressionism" to such an extent that the younger school is almost wholly dominated by the new creed. In Germany, especially, this creed may be studied in all its various aspects, and the popular question, "What is expressionism?" may best be answered from here. Its contrast to impressionism, which dominated the last generation absolutely, is nowhere so obvious as in the galleries of Berlin.

The sole aim of impressionism was to reflect the impression of nature upon the artist's eye; expressionism, on the contrary, proceeds from the subjectivity of the artist and seeks to form a picture according to the laws of an arbitrary, inner world. In such a world objects are not the principal factor. Reality is too inadequate and too stupid. Within ourselves there lives a strong, rich fancy which may, even if influenced from without, compose an imaginary universe out of complicated optical experiences or the requirements of style.

From the simple imitation of nature, as cultivated by the pure impressionists, the way of development led to the accentuation of all the formal media of observation and representation, and of all the dictates of the laws of organization and construction. The chief guides were the Frenchman Cézanne and the Swiss Hodler, the first to resolve the cosmic phenomena of figures and landscapes into pure esoteric rhythms.

Cosmic feeling is particularly essential in this movement. Its adherents want to construct in the scale of the universe, in the proportions of the spheres. Small and miserable the period that was content to reproduce the externals, the fortuities of nature's physiognomy! A priestly pathos vibrates through the art of today.

Related to it alone is the primitive art of the distant past, when painters and sculptors, untutored and unspoiled, stood amid nature in order to translate its wonders simply and naively but with a glorious, noble breadth. The relation was quickly recognized. The poet Einstein wrote an interesting book on the sculpture of the primitive blacks; the writer Picard published old peasant pictures, both with the obvious intention of establishing the connection between these primitive productions

and the modern desire to be a child again and begin afresh once more.

There is even a religious element in these endeavors. A theosophic tendency is visible



Portrait of the poet, Richard Dehmel,
by Vokoschka

in a whole series of modern works, a striving for the mystic, a new ethical purpose and an adoration of godly things that springs from a profound spiritual experience. Many of

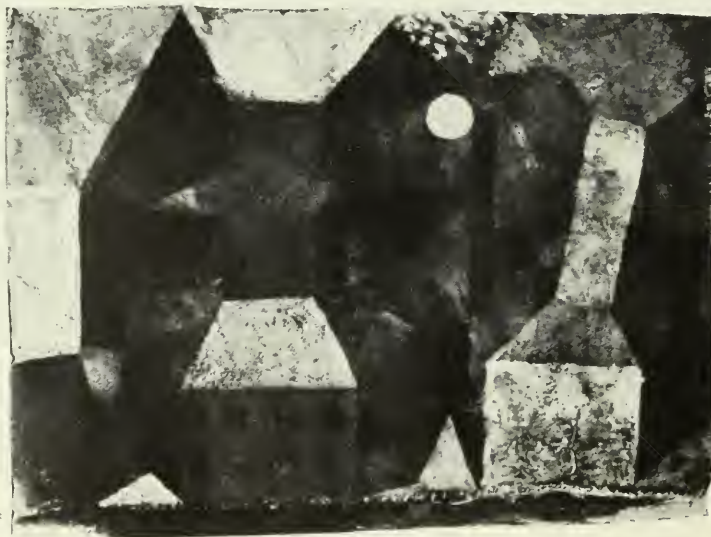
these creators can be understood only when, in contrast to blind impressionism, they are approached from the super-earthly side, and if one recognizes the ethereal or even astral element in this imaginary world.

In this sense the Russian influence has probably been the most potent. Far more than the realistic epoch of western Europe has this new art absorbed the spirit of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Realism is dead; under the debris of the recent explosion of materialistic forces its last remnants lie buried. The new spirit that arises from the ashes bears the image of a higher, less terrible world, and the mystics of the East have left their traces here.

But various influences have been at work. Italy created its futurism, which ignores previous culture without regard, and produces new shapes out of unheard-of combinations of visible motion that correspond to the fantastic dreams of the visionary. Futurism's relapse into the skeptic produced the notorious movement called dadaism, the reverberations of which are reaching across Europe today. But modern French art (Picasso) cultivated the formal elements of futurism into a finished method, whose apex is cubism. In cubism nature is reduced to the mathematics of its phenomena, and with these as the basis the image of the universe is reconstructed.

Besides "futurists" and "cubists," there is a drove of general "expressionists" who are not bound to any one principle, but who gyrate on the various degrees of the scale that arrests the objective and the subjective. The Russian impulses were potent in Central Europe from the very beginning of the movement. They have changed painting and sculpture, and more recently even architecture, so that today all the species of the new genus are to be seen together. They are summed up in the term "expressionist," though their method of expression is greatly differentiated.

Germany had its first contact with the new art through Kandinsky. Kandinsky is a Russian, born in Moscow, who at the outbreak of the war returned thither. In 1918 there appeared an official book which was to interpret his art to the people. At the very beginning of his activity, Kandinsky joined various German "Secessions," and also exhibited in the Paris Autumn Salon. His first works were published in a collection called "The Blue Horseman." Under this title Franz Marc, the late leader of German expressionism, published a collection of modern poetry and



Night, by Paul Klee

drawings, and Kandinsky was his particular favorite. It was a circle of friends in which Alfred Kubin and Arnold Schönberg, the musical expressionist—who also painted—led the arguments.

Franz Marc would have been the maturest of this group, but the war took him as toll. What he has left us has an astonishing certainty of form-invention, power of vision and fantasy. Like an impressionist, he began with descriptions of nature, especially of animals, and to these he remained loyal to the last. But by and by the pure rhythm of the animal motion interested him more than the animal itself. Thenceforward he painted the nature of dogs, of foxes, of horses, and of the fauna of the sea, purely for the sake of the motion, so that one might call his pictures "The Foxsome," "The Horsesome," and "The Steersome," rather than "The Fox," "The Horse," and "The Steer." To him, the steer came to mean strength, the fox speed, and the horse architecture. He built a tower out of horses and painted it blue, simply as a subjective decoration, just as the Greeks, before their period of realism, used animal forms architecturally, and colored them in accordance with an independent decorative law.

Marc's artistic activity, throughout the short space of his lifetime, was centered solely on the executive side. Kandinsky, on the other hand, exercised a broad intellectual influence, as might be expected from this essentially cerebral personality. His book on "The Intellectual Side of Painting," which has also appeared in English, explains very incisively the "inner necessity" of the new art theory—a theory that proceeds, not from the senses, as its predecessors, but from the spirit. Both his art and his theories breathe poetry and music. He writes poetry in tune with his paintings, and a little drama by him is aptly titled "The Yellow Sound."

Kandinsky's paintings register a direct development from the objective to the absolute, so that the indications of houses and trees and people, which he put on canvas at the begin-

ning, were gradually transformed into single items in the play of colors. This kind of picture he called at first "impression," later, more correctly, just "composition." He numbers his compositions as a musician numbers his "opuses," and indeed they are symphonies—brilliant fantasies that speak in impassioned accents of color and movement and light.

Instead of every-day objects one sees, for instance, yellow planes, invaded by furious black strokes. These thicken into balls, out of which again flows a sea of blue-green inks. The sea darkens into red, and runs away in myriad rivulets, only to unite again in a paradise of all the colors of the spectrum. Here they disport themselves gaily, improvise dreams of love, intone dithyrambs of Elysian bliss, and finally calm down into the same yellow

drawn music, rhythmic, gentle and impalpable.

The color, too, is "musical." It does not concern itself with impressionistic adumbrations, but exists for itself, signifies mood and character of the model, and vibrates in a great symphony that gives unity to the picture. Thus he paints portraits, and thus he paints landscapes. Nature, instead of being the subject of some easily receptive element in our visionary sense, becomes a sonorous character, full of individual rhythm and substance in the movement of its colors and the arrangement of its planes. Plane touches plane in almost equal distribution throughout the picture. As a result his canvas has a rather restless, flaky appearance. But this impression gives way, after study, to ideas of soul-searching depth.

Kokoschka's most characteristic pictures of recent date are those in which a group of figures is assembled in interiors or in the open, as for instance "The Friends," cited above, and "The Hunt," or such great emotional experiences as pictured forth in "The Emigrants." Kokoschka, a young man of great vigor and personal charm, driven on in perpetual chase and yearning after life, always searching for strong experiences, has devoted much of his boyhood to chemical experiment. Many pretend to see in his works something of the joy in the wonders of reaction. But a better key for his artistic character may be found in the dramas which he has found time to write between painting. "The Bramble" and "Job" are some of the

titles of these symbolic pieces. They have had a number of performances, staged by the artist himself, with well-nigh fabulous *décor*s, in a radically new style and with perfect taste. Even Max Reinhardt admires him as a "producer." This, perhaps, is the solution of his art. The dramas themselves, full of the boldest combinations and beautifully fantastic figures and scenes, were of course beyond the public's comprehension. Something of a scandal was the result, and only Kokoschka himself, with his indestructible good humor, saved the situation by a humorous gesture.

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Improvisation, by Kandinsky

from which it all proceeded and is pervaded.

All such compositions are grounded in the desire to get absolute effects from color alone, and to such a state of mind the introduction of objects would appear banal and cheap. Such are the legitimate sources of the musician's art. The musician, most likely, prefers his own medium to this of the intruder who wants to walk in his path, and who perchance succeeds only in producing a substitute.

It is interesting to see how many of these modern artists, like Kandinsky, devote themselves to poetry as well. It is an indication not only of the breadth of their culture, but of the fact that the poetic content has become an essential ingredient of their art. They are no longer satisfied to paint things as bare realities, but endeavor to express something deeper, more esoteric, more subjective—things for which painting is in reality only a symbol, for which poetry supplies the true conception or, more correctly, the sound. Kokoschka, a painter who recently came to occupy so significant a position that the Berlin National Gallery acquired one of his most recent pictures, "The Friends," belongs to this group of versatile masters. He does not quite reach the "absolute" stage, like Kandinsky, but somehow always retains contact with the world of reality. This, however, he seeks to liberate from the bonds of external manifestation, by recognizing its inner being, its absolute character, or "soul." He shows this most clearly in his many portraits, which, free from all convention and devoid of all idealism, represent, as it were, a network of the soul's ramifications. He paints it, too, like a filament, like gossamer of finest threads, that symbolizes the mystery of personality. It is



Naiades, by Campendonck



Lady, by Mars Chagall



A bedroom at the Hotel Astor



A sitting-room in the Hotel Astor

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II

Editor Department of Architecture

The Hotel and the Home

THIS is not going to be a scathing indictment of the people who are too lazy to run a house and live at hotels, to the great detriment of the health and morals of themselves and their families, if we can believe the literature of the time. There are plenty of others who have taken in hand that inconsiderable fraction of Americans that live at hotels, and have used up a very considerable amount of time and paper and ink, and made a good deal of money in abusing them. There was "Harvey" for example, in Kipling's "Captains Courageous," who was regenerated by the simple, hearty fare and honest toil on a Banks' fishing schooner. We have even had plays about such people, quite popular plays, in which the hotel was the villain of the piece.

No, quite the contrary is my intention; the Hotel is the hero of my story; not perhaps the homely, hard living hero of old-fashioned fiction, but rather the cultivated and sophisticated man of the world that Robert W. Chambers loves to write about; and the heroine is the poor, plain, unlettered girl from the back woods of Ohio or New York, who learns her first lessons as to what the great world considers taste and elegance, from some hotel, and very often gets lessons that are far more sound and practical than she can get from the "literature of the home" or from books about interior decoration. Further, the lesson she receives is visual and unconscious; therefore the more effective and since all architecture, and especially architecture of interiors, will depend very greatly upon color for its effect, no book or picture can teach a lesson so well as the real object.

It is surprising how many of my clients will quote to me some hotel room as suggesting an effect that they desire for their own homes, and equally surprising how often I find myself suggest-

ing to a client that some particular treatment of walls or ceilings or doors can be studied at one or another of our newer hotels, just as, I suppose, the Waldorf in its time, and the Fifth Avenue years ago influenced the architecture of many of the houses of the people who frequented them. Of course for a long time to say that a room "looked just like a hotel" was to damn it utterly, and for this the hotels themselves were responsible, because for many years in New York the thing the hotel proprietor sought most for was magnificence or the effect of magnificence, at no matter what detriment to comfort or beauty. This tendency still persists to a large extent in New York, and about universally elsewhere, and is, I believe, one of the greatest factors in setting up and crystallizing new standards of bad taste in places where people formerly were unsure of what was good; and had no standard by which to judge.

The hotel, even in its enormous modern development, should approximate the home; and the wisest of our hotel proprietors are coming

more and more to realize this fact. Our earliest hotels were nothing more than big houses of exactly the same type as the private houses of their time; they were furnished with chairs and tables and beds like those of the homes of the period; a little more durable perhaps, but in all respects similar. In searching for Colonial motives to use in our private houses of today we very often find the thing we want in some old "public house," Fraunce's Tavern, for example, or that lovely old tavern in Ridgefield, Connecticut, that is now the home of one of our foremost architects. The influence of such hotels upon the private architecture of our country has been tremendous, and continues to be. The same thing is true of the small old hotels of France and England: the "Peacock Inn" has furnished inspiration for innumerable country houses, both English and American, and the little "Hotel de France et d'Angleterre" at Fontainebleau, with its delightfully furnished rooms, has indubitably opened the eyes of hundreds of people to the possibilities which lie hid in simple materials tastefully combined.

The principal quality which differentiates the small English and French Inns from the great modern hotel (here and abroad) is their "hominess." The food is often as good or better than can be found in the big hotels, the service as good, and the beds as soft; but they linger in mind because of the traveler they convey a sense of mental comfort, the feeling of "belonging" which is not present in our great hotels, however impressive they may be: we may admire a mausoleum without particularly wishing to live there. Fortunately the best, and (perhaps in consequence) the most popular of our hotels in New York do approximate the personal quality of the small old-time inn, especially in their smaller rooms, the bedrooms, the private dining and sit-



Dining-room of the state suite at the Hotel Pennsylvania



A private dining-room at the Hotel Biltmore



Private dining-room at the Hotel Vanderbilt

ting rooms and the like. I suppose that it is too much to expect that the principal dining-rooms, the central offices, the lounges and other big and crowded rooms can ever be truly home-like. The very size of these rooms, and the fact that they must be constructed of materials which are extremely durable and readily cleansed tends to bring about the use of monumental style of the public building, rather than the scale and type of domestic architecture. However, marble, gold and velvet are no longer regarded as the essentials of good hotel design, and in the Ritz-Carlton at least painted plaster has been used for even the principal rooms as well as for the private ones, and the scale of the decorative ornament is distinctly domestic as opposed to public architecture.

Even the big, almost monumental dining-rooms and offices of our newer hotels often contain motives or subordinate features which are eminently suitable to private work, because the scale of the ornament and the type of decoration is domestic; there is also visible a growing tendency to reduce the enormous ceiling heights, formerly thought to be the acme of beauty, to heights more in proportion to the size of ordinary human beings; and in consequence even the larger rooms will contain cornices, panelling, plaster work and varieties of masonry floors which are not only of excellent design and perfect workmanship but are fruitful of suggestion to the man or woman who is thinking of building a house.

The smaller rooms are of course those which are most readily seen to offer examples for pri-

ivate work; the white dining-room of the Knickerbocker is as lovely and simple a Georgian room as the best of the dining-rooms in our big private houses and it can of course be seen and copied by anybody who has the price of a meal there, if there are any such people; and it has, therefore, as an example for study, the very great advantage over any private rooms, that one can actually grasp the color scheme and appreciate the value of draperies, chandeliers and the like, in enhancing the architectural effect, while private dining-rooms, however lovely they may appear in illustration, can only be guessed at, unless a letter to the owner can be furnished by some complacent friend.

Another point where the average hotel interior is apt to surpass any private room for the same purpose, is that the necessity for using wall treatment and furnishings, which will stand hard and careless wear, has led to a simplification of material and a corresponding care in design which necessarily brings about greatly improved results. The old-fashioned hotel, like the old-fashioned house, used for its bedrooms a stock trim for the doors and windows, which might or might not be ugly, according to what the dealer had in his yard, and decorated the walls with a flowered paper, the floor with a florid carpet, the windows with gaudy hangings and the furniture with patterned damask. The result when the room was new was, to a cultivated taste, simply appalling; when old, the dingy walls, the greasy upholstery, the spotted carpets and frayed and dusty hangings created an ensemble which Dickens alone could

describe. Vulgarity at best is unpleasant; vulgarity gone to seed, blowsy, grimy, out at elbows, but still vulgar, is hardly short of dreadful.

The modern hotel bedroom is a different place entirely. There is no wall paper and because plain walls painted need real thought to make them beautiful, simple panels are introduced to ornament them, the door and window trims are carefully designed, good cornices unite the walls to the ceiling, the disposition of openings is given real consideration, and quiet tints take the place of paper on the walls. Really skillful architecture can alone make such a room attractive, and the modern hotel bedroom will in this respect alone surpass the average private house bedroom, or even the average private bedroom in expensive and attractive new houses. Add to this the fact that most hotels are cared for and furnished by really capable decorators; men who perhaps cannot lavish upon each of a thousand rooms the thought and precision of taste that they would give to the rooms of a private house, but must deal with the problem in a wholesale way by purchasing and installing nothing which needs a particular setting to make it effective. There can be nothing of the "stunt" about such decoration, but if it is to be successful (and most of it is surprisingly so) every article must be excellent in itself and suitable for almost any room. Yet even within these limitations the good hotel bedroom will be found to offer a

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The playroom at the Hotel Biltmore



The director's office at the Hotel Greenbrier



The entrance drive grants a view of a generous veranda with columns and then swerves to a circle at the left. Seen from this angle the house shows its great length, running in two directions

Residence of Hobart J. Park, Port Chester, N. Y.



A low wide entrance is flanked with rounded ornamental bushes, and the walls are made fresh with vines climbing on a trellis which is extended at right angles all over this façade



From the garden are seen two angles of the house which, with the shrubbery, enclose a lawn of velvet smoothness. A side door of well-studied proportions opens upon this scene, and a garden bench deep buried in green invites the visitor



Tall cedars used as walls take on architectural value and help enclose this charming room of living green. The brick wall is lightened by arches, and all form a part of the garden plan



The interest of an ancient design carried out in Venetian Point to serve as a dressing for the table

Courtesy of Maison de Blanc

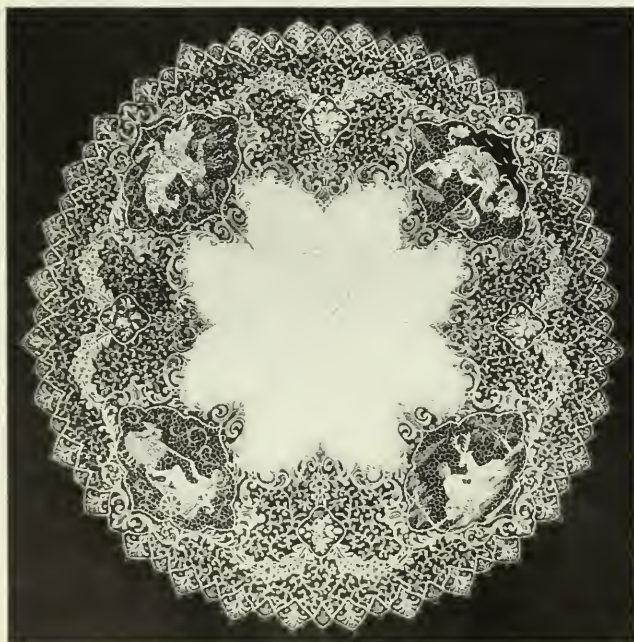
Luxurious Linens and Rare Laces

The Table, the Bed, and the Window, Make of Them Necessities

ANOMALOUS as it may seem, this is an era of luxury, and that luxury extends to every part of the house. The department of furnishings which is alluded to as linens is now full of new beauty. Napkins, tablecloths, towels, sheets, tray cloths, bureau

and stand covers are all more enticing than before the war. And as for lace, either for the table or in the department of laces for decoration, or even antique lace for collectors, that is truly bewildering in its elegance and charm.

The tablecloth is called the tie that binds the family together. Is it the refectory table and the Cromwellian gate-leg table that has banished the tablecloth? It is not banished entirely, for a formal dinner demands it always. The snowy damask cloth means cere-



Venus, Diana, Jupiter and Neptune form medallions after Eighteenth Century models



Pointe de Flanders and embroidered linen make this table center

Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.



Table scarf of Burano lace with center of sheer soft linen

Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.

mony, and is always quietly elegant. Going to a round of teas in Washington the other day, every table was bare, spotted with center-pieces and doilies, until the Cuban Legation was reached. There the long board stretched its oblong elegance under the lights, suave, with linen which hung heavy in its folds, satiny in its high lights, graciously setting off the vessels of gold and vessels of silver that contained swaying flowers and tooth-tickling dainties. No spotty effect of independent laces could equal the stately elegance of that damask-draped table.

And yet, we women have ever a weakness for the *haute nouveauté*, the top of the mode, and we adore showing off our precious laces on our table tops. A table furnishes better this way. Fewer dishes and accessories are necessary, for the decoration of transparent fabrics on a dark ground is enough in itself to furnish a table, added to the *couverts* of silver and glass.

The kind of doilies alters a little every year, just enough to tempt one into buying often to keep up with the mode. The Italians give us our informal table-sets, for the breakfast and lunch table, fascinating coarse things that charm with their coarseness—a sheer hand-woven linen-like scrim, and finished with a sparsely stitched buttonhole border, with little vagrant loops of lace-stitch along the edge and a bit of lace-work in one corner like a postage stamp of *fantaisie*. These are in half-bleached white, which blends so well with an old oak table-top, and are often embroidered in old blue. A set comprises center-piece, either square or oblong, with doilies for plates and smaller ones for glasses, not forgetting the serviettes.

From Italy, too, come the beautiful sets of *pointe de Venise*, and of Burano, than which nothing is more beautiful. Distinctly French are the sets made of lighter laces, introducing much Valenciennes and embroidered motifs worked on organdie. These fairly

smell of old rose leaves, of roses grown in Eighteenth Century gardens where Boucher

way. Whether the laces that compose them be old or not is a secret of the manufacturer, but they bear a lovely tint which we call the yellowing of time.

Novelties always interest. For the table we are asked to buy a wonderful species of filet or drawn work that is the work of fairies, one might say. It resembles filet lace, but whereas filet is made of bobbin thread and set into the cloth like an *entredeux*, this new lace is cunningly wrought in the linen itself. Threads are drawn out where a pattern is desired, and a square mesh is made of the remaining threads.

Parts of the pattern, like the petals of large flowers, are left of the linen fabric, and the square mesh blends and surrounds them. In its simpler forms this new lace (which is always a part of the piece it ornaments and never set in) is formed in table squares and doilies, as a border. But in its highest development it forms large scrolled designs thrown over an entire circular tablecloth. One of its charms is its exquisite refinement; another is the high price at which this

dainty luxury is sold.

Little tables which stand about the dining-room and upper parts of the house call for innumerable covers of some elegance. Covers of fine linen lawn, handsomely embroidered, are always an indication of good taste, and suit a French style of furnishing.

But perhaps the Italian work is more practical. It may cost more if too elaborate, but for all its artistic suggestions of old villas and palaces, it is made of practical stuff, which shows stern endurance in the face of frequent laundrings. The linen is heavy in covers of this style, and therein lies an advantage. The embroidery has great style and dash, and a fine decorative touch is given by the addition of large fanciful tassels fashioned by hand out of the heavy linen embroidery thread, very much like antique upholstery tassels.



Venetian Point as a bed cover

Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.



The decoration of a curtain a la Bonne Femme

(Continued on page 114)



Classic construction and ornament in this furniture reveal the refinement of the style named for the Directoire



Empire mantel of marble and mirror frame of amboyne wood with ormolu ornament in low relief



Empire bed with mounts of Greek design and silk draperies of the period



Classicism in its mellowest invention inspired this antique boiserie carved and enamelled. Courtesy H. Koppman & Son, Inc.

The Subtleties of the Directoire Style and the Refinement of the Empire

Illustration: Furniture from the collection of the Second Consul Cambacérès

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

had spent its fury in France, one after another the men came from hiding and slipped their new and precious wares insinuatingly upon a new sort of public.

A new twist of the hand given by the old artists, and there appeared a novel style for a new monarch, the style Empire. Napoleon stood expressed in decoration, in furniture, in bronzes, and in all those affairs which make habitable both palace and villa.

A new style for a new sovereign was wanted. Napoleon supplies the inspiration with the picturesqueness of his campaigns. Indeed the Empire style is Napoleon, is a history of his high



The ormolu mounts of the amboyna wood secretary might almost be worn as jewelry

IT was the brilliant and able *ébénistes* and *ciseleurs* left over from the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI who set the fashion in perfection for the style of the Empire. It is not supposable that so much of talent and of skill as had been exercised for royalty would long stay idle; therefore, after the Revolution



Amboyna wood secretary, open for the brief note of the drawing room

period of adolescent tenderness, where beauty is full of refinement and of tantalizing promise of yet fuller beauty to come.

Napoleon was still almost a youth, morality was a *sine qua non* of that mob whose roars were still remembered. Are not youth

(Continued on page 132)



Small Directoire table supported on slender columns

years, written event after event in a sign-language plainer than print.

The Italian campaign, is it not writ in the sudden adoption of the decorations of Rome, and of Pompeii? These classic matters run through the entire style. But it is for those who love the revelations hid in detail to discover such additions as the bee of the Barberini and to know thereby the growing weakness of the young general for that aristocracy which his followers had but recently repudiated. Or, to find in ornamental sphinxes, and in the shapes of chairs and beds, the record of the dash into Egypt.

Even as the style Louis XV shows its exquisite forecast in the mode of the Regency, so the style of the Empire is most lovely in the time when Napoleon was First Consul. These early initials are like unto the spring-time, a



Empire fire screen with tapestry, ormolu and carving



Simplicity and fine detail mark this chair of amboyna and ormolu

Americans in Art



Andrew O'Connor

THERE is no more romantic race than the Irish. Andrew O'Connor is an American sculptor with an ancestral memory. His head of Lincoln, shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art prior to its reception into the permanent collections of the Chicago Art Institute, like his figure of Lincoln, which stands before the state capitol at Springfield, does not fail to touch with certain emphasis upon the element of romance that surrounds the martyred president with more persistency than it does other figures in American history. The work through which he has become known to New Yorkers is the Central Porch for St. Bartholomew's Church. His "Boy Scouts" monument was recently unveiled in Chicago.



Mary Garden

JAMES HUNEKER writes, in the recently published *Bedouins* of Mary Garden's "Thais": "You have created a new shudder," wrote Victor Hugo to Charles Bandelaire after the production of his *Flowers of Evil*. The 'nouveau frisson' of Mary Garden is thrilling and must have appalled the well-meaning, stupid Athanael."



Gari Melchers

THE recently elected president of the New Society of Artists is one of our painters who came back to America with a European reputation at a time when to be without a European reputation was to be devoid of any avenue down which to ride to success. His, as every one knows, has been great. His name is one of those best known in the annals of American art and lends a dignity to the society which not even his own very human pictures of Scotch military musicians can diminish.



Robert W. Chanler

TO speak of Robert W. Chanler is to bring up a vision of energy that is duplicated nowhere else in America. He is our most extravagant eclectic and our most individual decorator. He has been known to have a dozen commissions under way at one time, ranging from stained-glass windows to ceilings.



Rockwell Kent

WITH the defeat of Germany there may have died, along with a great many other teutonic conceptions, the one of the superman. It is doubtful whether or not Rockwell Kent's book, "Wilderness," or his tragic grandiloquence, in paint, on the subject of Alaska will help to maintain it here in even an invalid flutter of life. Anyway, William Blake was one of those geniuses who showed, like Carlyle, that the thought of England and Germany could dovetail. And Kent has knelt at Blake's altar. He is one of the American artists who can be listed most appropriately under Theodore Roosevelt's word "strenuous." He is an exceptionally capable architectural draftsman and a theoretical star gazer.



Gifford Beal

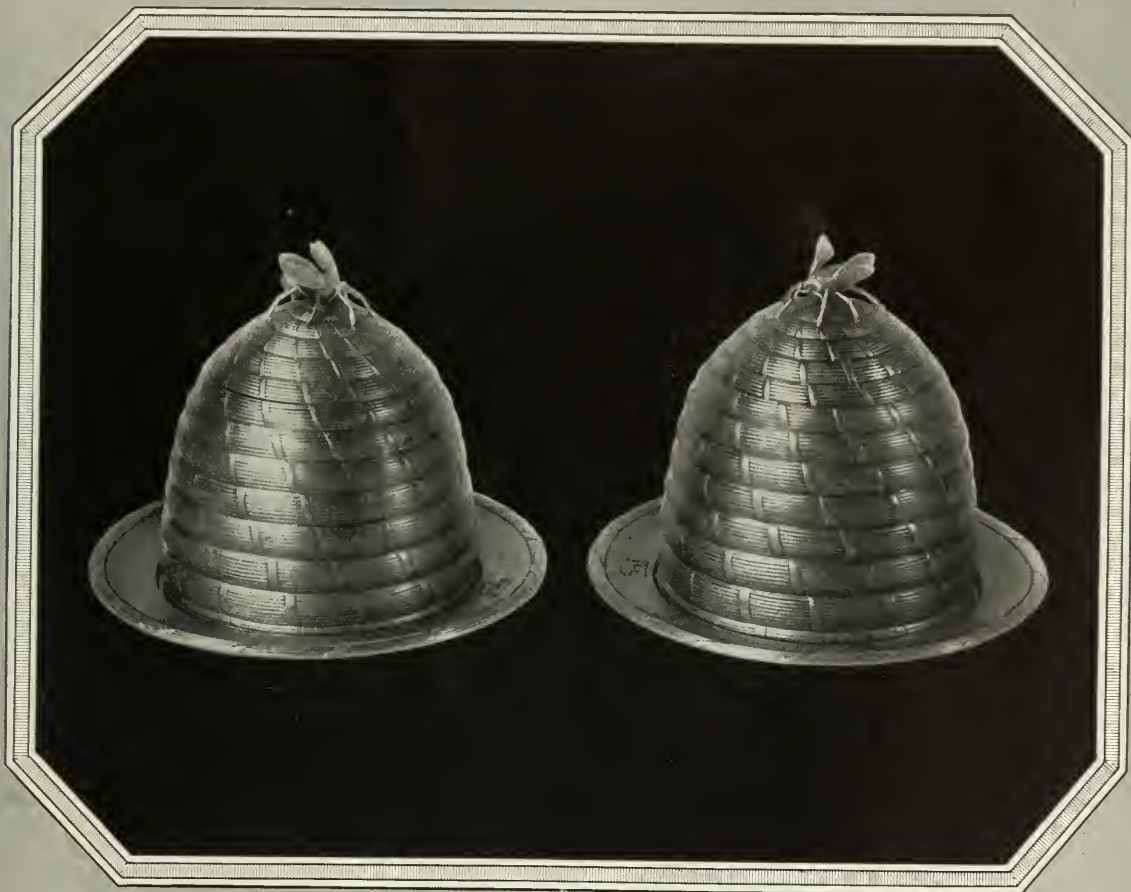
WITH the desertion of Ernest Lawson and Van Deering Perrine, Gifford Beal is the sole surviving—as they say in the newspapers—Hudson River painter. The school died with Kensett, Cole, Doughty, Durand and Bierstadt. Beal resembles none of them except it be in the occasional grandeur of his designs. He is the president of the Art Student's League, sits at the "Bolshevik table" in the Century Club, is the vice-president of the New Society of Artists and a Princeton graduate.



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America Inspires the New Fashions

CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

THE headlines from Paris are read greedily in the ateliers of American designers. Callot speaks for the slender foundation; decorative materials are in vogue for the Summer; a noted demi-mondaine has gone in for raspberry satin; at Longchamps, Egyptian lines pose rigidly against the rhythmic sweep of the coursers; while for the Fall Parisian psychologists announce "long" suits in which the skirts barely fringe the knees, while the silhouette is supposed to be built on soft, yet straight lines.

What, in the name of sanity, is a soft, yet straight line? Neither in the arts of design nor in interior decoration would such an ambiguous and self-defeating phrase be employed. In Fashions all things are permissible; and in the journalism of fashions, everything is plausible.

Another interesting report describes the beauties of Morocco! Since the French designers have borrowed themes from Moroccan shawls, it is incumbent upon us to learn the history, geography, and customs of Morocco. A millinery designer features a Mandarin shape; so we must now delve into the poetry of Li-Tai-Po; the philosophy of Wang-Yang-Ming; and the statistics of tea production in China. Thus, instead of culture influencing fashions, fashions influence culture.

In but one of the letters received by us from Paris, is there any mention of the dress ideals which once influenced French genius, and that reference, strange to relate, concerns the costume worn by an American woman. An humble stranger, not quite as diverting as the Moroccan native, but resplendent in a simple dress, of straight lines, in which the white lace was draped about the black tulle skirt, in such an art that it seemed to enhance the beautiful lines. Other gossip reports that all the Parisian dressmakers are featuring short coat suits for America, but American women have not been heard from yet on this point. Similarly, skirts are to be longer, on which subject American women spoke incisively and decisively last Fall.

Over the Parisian world there seems to have fallen a twilight of exoticism, and the designer seeks to outdo the archaeologist, instead of trying to interpret the life around him. It is fascinating, no doubt, to imagine "a symphony of perfumes," or an Oriental magnificence of coloring that will surpass the sunset; but that designer errs who believes that he can improve on the blending of colors in Nature, and it is well to remember that Rembrandt achieved a chromatic gold in his portrait of a Rajah, by the restrained use of color.

IF America is seriously to influence Fashion ideas, it must be in a direction diametrically opposed to French excesses and along tendencies that conform to our nature and to the surroundings in which we live. Against the confusion of styles and values to be found at the European resorts, the picture of America out-of-doors is an instructive contrast. Sport clothes in this country represent the first step in our self-expression in dress. They have a swing, a naturalness, a sort of physical "chic" which is the antithesis of Parisian "chic." The first is a fine poise of the body, an easy, natural grace of line; while the second is accomplished coquetry, an affectation and a sophisticated pose. One is embodied in the American girl on the golf links, at tennis, on horseback, or

driving; the other is incarnated in the exaggerated walk of our manikins, in their sybaritic talent which obscures their deficiency of mind. *False chic demands tricks of the body; true chic gives a spiritual charm to natural lines.*

In our first article we emphasized the forecast of Fall Fashions the development of a silhouette that will adhere more closely to the natural line, with a swing borrowed from sport attire. A rapid glance at our outdoor fashions will throw light on this forecast. At Piping Rock, Newport and Magnolia, as well as in Western and Southern resorts, one finds a slender silhouette, which is not a forced contraction of the figure, but a line flowing from the figure. We distinguish between art in dress and ephemeral fashions by this important nuance of *naturalness*. A Callot, a Lanvin, a Poiret, assume the credit for creating what nature silently fashioned millenniums ago, and we would not quarrel with this assumption if they were content always to work within natural lines. It is when they impose Egyptian geometry or Turkish architecture on the woman of the Twentieth Century that Paris is likely to lose its claim to being the "Capital of Good Taste."

REGARD the light summer clothes for the shore or the country; the trim blouses with jaunty collars; the skirt free of attachments, puffs, excessive embroideries or any of those elaborate superfluities that Paris decrees for skirts, while "corsages may be simple." In the simplicity and strength of these American fashions, our outdoor frocks lend dignity to the most prosaic materials, and linen in rose, tan, white or navy, becomes a "smart" fabric. So with gingham. So with the skirt of white gabardine, which is most attractive with tucked slit pockets. Equally attractive for Summer afternoons is the frock of soft wash silk with youthful frillings and a graceful sash. Nor are our bathing suit styles without natural chic, and this season there is a tendency toward true grace in these days.

Time was when this form of costume and outdoor costumes in general were noted for severity rather than charm. Today the bathing suit is *designed* not merely a patched-together material, without conception. We are learning to regard even the useful and the commonplace as proper subjects for artistic treatment. Whether it is the one-piece bathing suit unadorned, or the fragile abbreviation chosen only for the beach sun bath, it is well thought out.

There is a general tendency to get away from skirt encumbrances or anything that will restrict freedom of movement in swimming. Women insist upon wearing the least amount of weight and the Annette Kellerman suit is in vogue both in silk or woollen jerseys.

Much discussed is the type of one-piece suit which is in effect, a miniature dress. The bathing skirts reach above the knees, the tops of the arms are sleeveless, the necks are extremely low. And the variety of materials from which these suits are made is astounding—including even cloth of silver and gold and velvet. Sardanapalian riots of gorgeous colors against the saffron gold waters at the beaches! Likewise the trimmings in these newer suits follow the lines of dress trimmings and fea-

ture those that offer the least resistance to water.

IN an amusing little playlet on dress, Miss Rachael Crothers shows us how an intelligent woman succumbs to the ridiculous through the persuasion of the dressmaker, the model, and a "disinterested friend." The dialogue is a running commentary on our theme of good taste.

Says the friend to the lady: "It takes nerve to be chic. What you must do is to *dominate* your clothes."

To which the lady replies: "Go on, do something. Cut it down. Cut it down."

At this point the dressmaker delivers herself of the following oracle: "Madame must have nothing at all in the back, in order to balance the front. Don't worry, it will be all right. I know you are very conservative, but madame must not get afraid in the back when she has so much courage in the front."

The moral in this squib is that over self-consciousness is a bar to dressing correctly. Instead of aiming to achieve unusual effects, your personality should be expressed naturally and without any forcing. In following common sense lies the essence of good taste, and all the prescriptions of dress artists are absolutely futile without this first principle.

A correspondent asked me how the new mania for reducing prices will affect Fashion ideas in the fall of 1920. May I respectfully remind my readers that there is nothing new in this mania? Just two hundred years ago—in 1720—there was a parade of English women in calico and denim in protest against the high price of wool; and the paraders were hooted from the streets. Human extravagance has a tendency to repeat itself, but the development of creative ideas in fashions cannot be checked by superficial attempts to reduce high costs. The answer to pessimism in the dress industry is increased production and new ideas. That there is at least one creative designer in this country not affected by hysteria is indicated in the recent announcement that he has created a new silhouette for the Fall, from which he will make models for the trade, in order to help the dress industry. This designer is going in for Greek lines, with which ideal we cannot quarrel, since the Greeks were the first to embody in their art and drapery the just proportions of the human figure. But I am afraid he will have to relieve the symmetry of the lines in accordance with the forecast I have made that the Fall silhouette will embody something of the American genius for outdoor life.

AT this time when it is commonly assumed that women are more interested in lower prices than in new styles, we must call attention to the false psychology underlying this viewpoint. Human nature will not change through advertising schemes or merchandising sales; and the beautiful in dress will always appeal to women, if only to a minority of women of good taste.

In my next article I shall write of Batiks and their influence on the new fashions. My readers will be fortunate in having on this subject the views of no less an authority than Joseph Urban whose stage productions for the Metropolitan Opera House have made him an outstanding figure in the arts of design.



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From Opera-Comique to Comic Opera

A Hint to the Composers of America

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

"DO not strain talent," says the wise French adage, which most of us would do well to remember. Beside the mighty there is room for the less mighty in the world of music; for Massenets, Puccinis, Gounods, Sullivans as well as Wagners! A work which charms one in its special *genre* may live, although it does not rank with "Tristan." To millions Wagner's works seem unendurable. Puccini, for example, once confessed to me that it was hard for him to hear more than a single act of "Parsifal" or "Siegfried." All music lovers have not the same ears. Some can absorb so much. Some crave for more. And yet they may be all in tune with art. Ears are not dull because grand opera tires them.

I have no patience with those narrow souls who would let nothing but the greatest live in music. They are akin to those who would destroy the snowdrop, because it lacks the glory of the rose. We bow to Beethoven and Bach, to Gluck and Wagner. But can we not still cherish minor masters? For my part, I love many kinds of music. The gracious and the grand delight me—both. Away with the fanatics who damn Sullivan because they perceive the splendor of "Die Walkure."

If you were, let us say, John Alden Carpenter, would you not pause before you tried to compose a rival to the Wagnerian "Nibelung's Ring"? If you were able to write pleasing songs, like Cadman, would you lock horns with Gluck or Meyerbeer or Verdi? There is common sense in the much quoted phrase, "*Ne forçons pas notre talent.*" Do not strain. We cannot all do the colossal things. But some of us may none the less do well.

Musicians do not live by art alone. Like common folk they have to earn their bread. What they compose may be a joy to them, and to their friends as well—who may have heard their works. But if those works are not produced? "Ay, there's the rub." There may be one or two Americans already who can write

operas, really grand, and music-dramas. Not one of them, however, has yet proved his power to do such things. Our musicians are still mastering their technique—all but a few, who so far have learned nothing else. There was at least a touch of truth in what an English critic said some time ago. With an exception here and there, not yet revealed, our musicians are too plainly largely imitators.

Some borrow inspiration. Others steal not only forms but also actual themes. But, of the number, not a few are young! Mozart himself at first owed much to Haydn. And Wagner borrowed more than once from Weber. All music is a gradual evolution, to which, from time to time, some genius gives new meaning and a sudden impetus. It took the Italians little less than three full centuries to produce such

opera-comique and opera proper is drawn when spoken dialogue is replaced by recitative. "Carmen," in Paris, is an opera-comique, because words are spoken there, though very seldom, between musical episodes. Transfer the same work to the Paris Opera House and it would, automatically, be classed as opera. For the spoken dialogue would instantly, in accordance with tradition, be discarded and recitatives be substituted.

Aside, though, from this technical distinction, by opera-comique the French have come to mean a more piquant, dainty, delicate form of opera than that of Verdi or Meyerbeer. The *genre* was first introduced, more than a century and a half ago, by Monsigny, a prolific composer, and by no less a personage than Jean Jacques Rousseau, who, when not penning his "Confessions" or writing social treatises and romantic novels, invented music, some of which is not yet dead. The earliest opera-comiques worth mention were "Le Déserteur" of Monsigny (it is still in the French repertory) and "Le Devin du Village," of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Both were agreeable little works, quite well worth hearing, disfigured if you will by sentimentality but light and graceful. In the cases of both the composers I have named the orchestration was not only thin but poor. It was at best a very tame and trite accompaniment to the melodies, which very frequently were sweet and winning.

Before the appearance of "Le Déserteur," Monsigny had been much impressed and pleased by a performance of an Italian opera-buffa sung in Paris, "La Serva Padrona." So, in a sense, it may be said that the French owe their own opera-comique to Italy. But, while Italian opera-buffa, as we know from "L'Italiana in Algeri" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," was frankly comic, French opera-comique, at first, and for long years thereafter, depended chiefly upon grace and sentiment. By way of

(Continued on page 122)



Maggie Teyte as Mignon

works as "Falstaff" and "Otello." It took the French quite half as long to lay the foundations of their national type of opera, which is not opera of the "grand" and stately style, but opera-comique.

It is from France and from French opera-comique, I think, our composers might learn most they need just now. They are not ripe yet, as a mass, for tragic opera; for the sublimities of Wagner or the nobilities of Gluck and Rameau. But, having conquered their technique, they could compete, without shame or fear, with Massenet and Hérold, and with Auber. I am not suggesting anything like plagiarism, but merely the adoption of a *genre*. What really is this opera-comique of which we read so much and hear so little? Not, as some fancy, Gallic comic opera. It may be comic or it may be serious, graceful or sentimental, even thrilling. It need not be too confined in classic moulds. It may be free as air, or follow ancient styles. The technical dividing line between French



Geraldine Farrar in "Manon"



Gabriella Besanzoni in "L'Italiana in Algeri"



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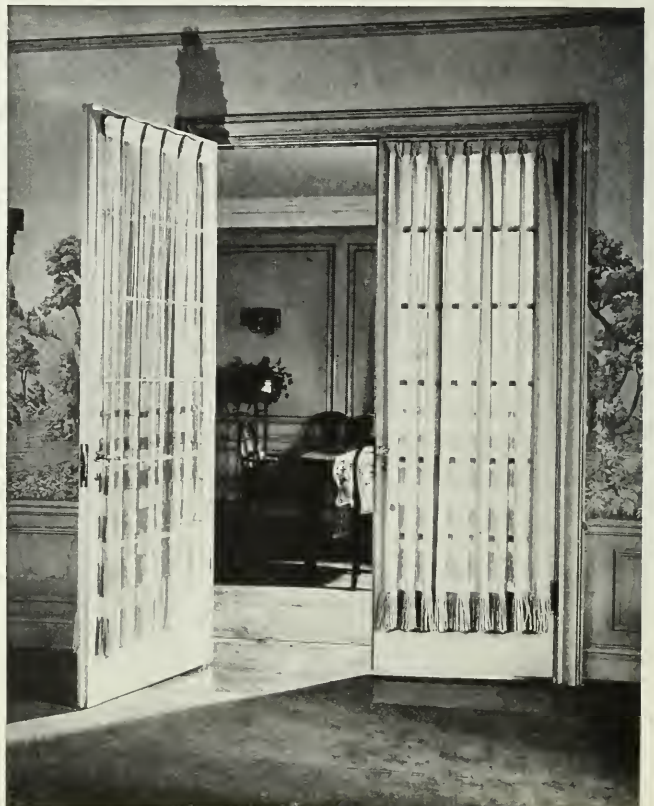
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Psychoanalysis and Music

The Submerged Anglo-Saxon

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE application of the new science of psychoanalysis to the criticism of the arts promises to yield in the next few years novel and fascinating results, perhaps nowhere more fascinating than in music, which seems to be almost more than the other arts, if that be possible, a welling up from the subconscious, only slightly and indirectly affected by conscious processes. A beginning of such application, none the less suggestive for being unsystematic, fragmentary, and tentative, has been made by Mr. Paul Rosenfeld in his brilliant first volume, "Musical Portraits."¹ Take for example the case of Rimsky-Korsakoff, in one aspect one of the most picturesque and colorfully Russian of composers, whose "Scheherazade" is a musical counterpart of the barbarically opulent "Thousand and One Nights" on which it is based, and in another aspect a dry-as-dust professor, who, as Tchaikowsky said, "worshipped technique" and was "full of contrapuntal tricks and all the signs of a sterile pedantry."

How could one and the same man write music superficially as richly Oriental as that of any Russian, but fundamentally empty, dry, and hard, devoid of deep expressiveness? Mr. Rosenfeld has ready the psychoanalytical answer. "He was, after all, temperamentally chilly. 'The people are the creators,' Glinka told the young nationalist composers, 'you are but the arrangers.' It was precisely the vital and direct contact with the source of all creative work that Rimsky-Korsakoff lacked. There is a fault of instinct in men like him, who feel their race and their environment only through the conscious mind. . . . It was not that Rimsky was pedantic from choice, out of a wilful perversity. His obsession was, after all, the result of a fear of opening the dark sluices through which surge the rhythms of life."

IN dealing with Richard Strauss Mr. Rosenfeld is even more ingenious and searching. Others before him have described the strange decadence that sets in at about the time of the "Symphonia Domestica," making such a work as the "Alpine Symphony" seem almost a parody of earlier masterpieces like "Till Eulenspiegel" or the "Hero's Life," and have suggested a cause for it in the composer's prostitution of his art for money and immediate notoriety.² Mr. Rosenfeld goes deeper. "In the end," he says, "it is as the victim of a psychic deterioration that one is forced to regard this unfortunate man. The thing that one sees happening to so many people about one, the extinction of a flame, the withering of a blossom, the dulling and coarsening of the sensibilities, the decay of the mental energies, seems to have happened to him, too. . . . No doubt the love of money plays an inordinate rôle in the man's life, and keeps on playing a greater and a greater. But it is probable that Strauss's desire for incessant gain is a sort of perversion, a mania that has got control over him because his energies are inwardly prevented from taking their logical course, and creating works of art."³ . . . He has rationalized his unwillingness to go through

the labor-pains of creation by pretending a constant and great need of money."

NOT the least inspiring result of such analyses as these is that they serve to bring sharply home to us, as will always be the case when the deeper purpose and method of psychoanalysis are grasped, the superficiality of all explanations of artistic failure in terms of environment, however specious, and to trace it relentlessly to attitudes of the individual conscience and intelligence. Mr. Rosenfeld is admirably loyal to the search, through and past all the easy false explanations, to the difficult but true one. "There is, no doubt," he says in his cruel but just paper on Mahler, "a curious coincidence in the fact that in each of the four chief German musicians of the recent period there should be manifest in some degree a failure of artistic instinct. The coarsening of the craftsmanship, the spiritual bankruptcy, of the later Strauss, the grotesque pedantry of Reger, the intellectualism with which the art of Schoenberg has always been tainted, . . . the banality of Mahler, dovetail suspiciously." But he refuses to stop at this coincidence, gratifying as its contemplation might be to a narrow nationalism. "And yet," he continues, "it is probable that the cause lies elsewhere, and that the conjunction of these four men is accidental. There have been, after all, few environments really friendly to the artist; most of the masters have had to recover from a 'something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and many of them have surmounted conditions worse than those of modern Bismarckian Germany. The cause of the unsatisfactoriness of much of the music of Strauss and Schoenberg, Reger and Mahler, is doubtless to be found in the innate weakness of the men themselves rather more than in the unhealthiness of the atmosphere in which they passed their lives."

There then follows a discussion of just what this weakness was in the case of Mahler, in the course of which the principles of psychoanalysis are applied not only to the personal but to the racial mind, and there emerges the most significant general truth of the book:—that just as the highest achievement in art is attained through a "sublimation" that is racial as well as personal, so the deepest defeat, the most complete sterility, is that which avenges a suppression, not only of personal but of racial instincts. Mahler, the argument runs, born in the Austria of the 1860's, "a society that made Judaism, Jewish descent and Jewish traits a curse to those that inherited them," was like many of his fellow Jews, the victim of "an unconscious desire to escape the consequences of the thing that stamped them in the eyes of the general as individuals of an inferior sort; to inhibit any spiritual gesture that might arouse hostility; and to ward off any subjective sense of personal inferiority by convincing themselves and their fellows that they possessed the traits generally esteemed."

BY this unconscious desire a conflict was set up within him. "In the place of the united self, there came to exist in him two men. For a while one part of him demanded the free, complete expression necessary for the artist; another sought to block it for fear that in the free flow the hated racial traits would appear." Thus torn between "the desire of self-expres-

sion and the fear of self-revelation," he developed an eclectic, featureless style, devoid of true individuality and real power. He is thus the type of Jew described in Wagner's famous pamphlet, "Das Judentum in der Musik," the Jew who "through the superficial assimilation of the traits of the people among whom he is condemned to live, and through the suppression of his own nature, becomes sterile." This sketch of one of the most tragic and pitiful of modern artistic failures should be compared with the study of Ernest Bloch, who, thinks Mr. Rosenfeld, has the "intelligence, sense of reality, real overwhelming spiritual strength" that Mahler lacked, and in whose music he finds "a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that inform it."

IF Mr. Rosenfeld is right in thinking that the suppression of racial traits in groups submerged in an alien environment results in divided personality and artistic sterility, his argument has a curiously unexpected application to our musical life in America. For here at least one group of our racially diverse nation, the Anglo-Saxon group that, in Colonial days almost synonymous with "America," is now but a "drop in the melting pot," is steadily becoming so submerged. The German domination of a generation ago, it is true, has passed with the war; but a French domination just as alien has taken its place. The Hebrew influence, too, has gained year by year, by leaps and bounds, until today it is distinctly more potent, at least in New York, our musical metropolis, than any other, even the French. Thus we get a situation like that described by Mr. Rosenfeld, except that the part played by the Jews is reversed: submerged in the Vienna of 1860, they are dominant in the New York of 1920. That "Semitic pomp and color" have become accepted ideals in our music, sharing the honors with the modern French ideals of vague subtlety and nuance. The barbaric sensuousness of the Hebrew temperament vies with the over-civilized, effete sensuousness of the French *précieux* in setting our standards.

Now in such an environment, the Anglo-Saxon temperament, with its sobriety, its plainness, its fondness for clear meaning as against vague suggestion, its dislike of luxury, extravagance, exaggeration, its passionate moderation, its reticence, and its humor, is a stranger, and finds itself more and more crowded out of its ancient home. A composer of such temperament is constantly tempted to suppress it, to try to emulate the opposite qualities more generally admired, in short to embark on precisely the path of "eclecticism" and self-betrayal that led Mahler to ruin.

Most of our young composers are imitating Debussy, or Rimsky-Korsakoff and Stravinsky, or Bloch and Ornstein, more or less cleverly. Few are trying to grope towards their own light, to find their own speech, to accept with courage the stigmata of their own temperaments. Especially is the Anglo-Saxon group submerged because its sobriety is at the pole from the over-emphasis and sensuous luxury that are *à la mode*. But

(Continued on page 114)

⁽¹⁾Harcourt, Brace, and Howe, New York, 1920.

⁽²⁾See, for example, the essay on Strauss in the writer's "Contemporary Composers," and Mr. Ernest Newman's "Richard Strauss."

⁽³⁾Cf. Bertrand Russell, in "Why Men Fight," on the relation of the possessive and the creative instincts.



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Madonna with Four Saints, by Lorenzo di San Severino

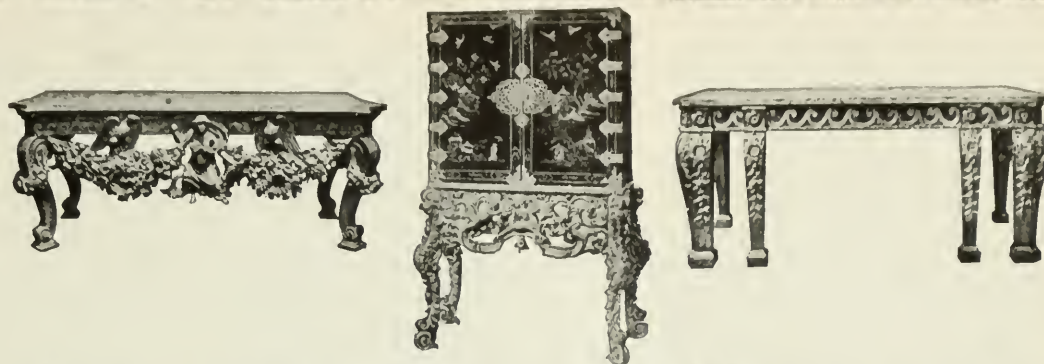
Collecting Primitives in America

(Continued from page 85)

William T. Blodgett, who bought at his own risk the first old masters owned by the Metropolitan Museum, owned a good *cassone* panel which he bought through Jarves. Probably some of the late Robert Shaw Minturn's early Italian panels go back to the black walnut era. The versatile and delightful Clarence King also had Spanish and Flemish things of primitive sort. Doubtless there were other modest amateurs of this sort. American artists living abroad naturally loved to adorn their studios with the glory of tempera on old gold. But neither Elihu Vedder nor Charles Caryl Coleman brought their treasures home. The completely forgotten but very powerful landscapist, Thomas Hotchkiss, owned at Rome the two amazing panels of the *Life of Primitive Man* by Piero di Cosimo which are now chief attractions of the Metropolitan Museum. They lay for years disregarded in the storage room of the museum until a British dealer discovered them and brought about their reluctant exhibition, some twenty years ago. The episode shows strikingly what a slowly cultivated taste was the love of the primitive in America.

So much for our feeble beginnings. What caused the rush for primitives from 1890 was in part the new connoisseurship. After Giovanni Morelli's pioneer studies, the christening of anonymous

primitives became a favorite indoor sport and there was as well a wholesale de- and re-christening of panels traditionally ascribed to great artists. Museum catalogues were no longer regarded as speculative and uncertain. Collecting gained the fascination of an extra hazardous pursuit. Amateurs react to this rechristening process with various degrees of equanimity. At first the curators of galleries regarded the itinerant Morellian with the horror befitting a mover of landmarks. Some collectors let themselves be sorely worried. Twenty years ago in certain very costly houses I used to be warned that the labels were to be regarded as beyond question. So enlightened an amateur as the late John G. Johnson, however, took a humorously cynical pleasure in the diverse opinion of visiting experts concerning his pictures and each other. It brought an element of comedy into a very serious life. He used to say that it was easier to get good attributions than good pictures. This seems the reasonable attitude—to love one's primitives for their more than feminine variability and mutability. I have, for example, a grim little St. Jerome standing beside his scarlet cap, with a tawny, kittenish lion, and an adorable background of dove-colored crags under a gold sky. For the greatest connoisseur I know, who has, to be sure, seen only a photograph, it is Siennese, a



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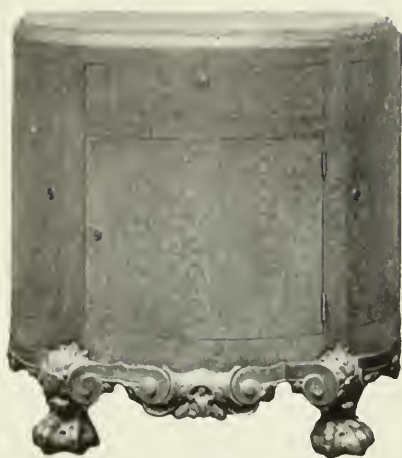
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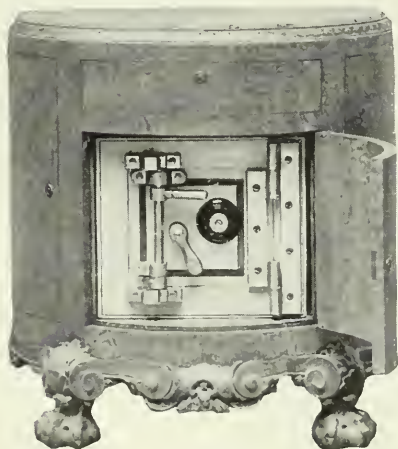
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School Piece of Filippo Lippi

Sassetta. I feel myself lucky to have an example of that most poetical master. But an almost equally great expert, who has seen the panel, opines it is a Domenico Veneziano. Am I not even luckier to own the handiwork of the inventor of oil painting? Withal, a most competent American scholar, Dr. Richard Offner, thinks my St. Jerome is a fine Masolino and has published it as such. Shall I not rejoice in the possession of a work by the master of the great Masaccio? As for myself, who am, after all, only the owner, I am convinced that the picture is a most characteristic Masaccio. It is the case to sing—

"Never the same, Darby, my own,
 Never the same, to your old wife
 Joan."

Does not such possession combine with the economy of monogamy all the pleasures of polygamy? What truly imaginative person would not want primitives? They are less messy about a house than a chameleon and equally diverting.

Of course the attribution-mongering gave to what were considered and inexpensive trifles the lure of costliness. When I first went to Italy the price of an anonymous primitive, generally designated as "School of Giotto," was about thirty dollars a square foot—and I didn't have the thirty dollars. Now there are almost no anonymous primitives. Virtually all have perfectly good names and must have attained imposing local habitations. How should they fail to get names? It works this way. A nameless little panel is worth five hundred dollars for its decorative quality. The great X—, for a trifling pittance of \$200, writes on the back of the photograph, "The Original of which this is a photograph is an authentic and fine example of *Compagno di Qualcheduno*." Immediately the panel is worth \$5,000 as a most interesting C.D.Q. Everybody concerned is pleased.

It is not much to own a name-

less old thing on gold ground, but to possess a C.D.Q. is to be somebody. One is visited by itinerant connoisseurs and mentioned in exotic journals. Of course, many attributions are sound enough. Even C.D.Q. may have been somebody else in his day. But the commercially available attributives are largely unsound. Their audacity makes them all the more interesting and keeps the game going. They soothe the collector—until the next attribution—and they make the critic great. For purposes of fame the thing is to make many attributions. The worst ones are the best—they are more discussable than the good ones.

There are few human affections so strong as that of a guardian of a beloved decrepit person. Here is another reason for our tenderness toward our primitives. They are unlike modern pictures in constantly requiring delicate and costly attentions. They blister and go to a specialist for relief. Their worm-eaten panels warp and crack and have to be cradled. We keep them alive by constant pains. We are never quite easy about them. They are on our minds and hearts. They have phases and symptoms in a climate not their own, like some exquisite invalid surviving hazardously at an untoward health resort.

A bad but quite obvious reason for wanting primitives is that they are scarce. If you have one, you keep a lot of other people who want it from getting it. Much lavish collecting is due not to loving the pictures more, but one's rival less. The lever of irony will be pleased to reflect that these celestial Madonnas and serene saints which were painted to inculcate love and humanity among Christians, are today become the occasion of envy, hatred and malice among collectors and dealers largely Hebraic. Of course, these sinister grand passions are only for the great collector. The modest amateur pursues his quest sustained by hope and relatively untroubled by competition. In fact, the slightest competition makes the game im-



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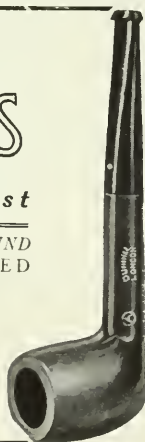
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possible for him. He is the child of luck and occasion. Some of the best of my few primitives are incidentally monuments to friendship. Somebody who wanted the picture but couldn't at the moment afford it, tipped me off to it rather than let it pass to a stranger. I suppose they felt as Petrarch did when it came to bequeathing his little Madonna by Giotto, that "few could perceive its beauty."

Wherever primitives go, whether acquired out of love or competitive vanity, I believe they eventually produce their true impression. They are loved for their difference from our own art—their quietude, grace and traditionalism. They are fixed points of rest and conviction in the wealth of relativity in which we live. Then in an age of blatant experimentalism and aggressive ugliness in technique these

creations in flame-like colors of tempera on gold represent an assured and lovely craftsmanship. Even in the slightest work there are no rough approximations. Everything is coherent and modestly accomplished. Often the painter is thinking of nothing but how to get a fine blue or crimson or yellow green or red. Guided by traditional ideals and recipes, he almost never fails to make a radiant thing and into the slow, patient processes of grounding, guiding, and manipulating the refractory tempera generally creeps something of his own humble ideality. For his absence of self-assertiveness and freedom from the aggressive artistic temperament, your primitive is the most likeable of housemates—even though he be only some vague *Compagno di Qualcheduno*.

Mid-European Expressionism

(Continued from page 89)

Another important Russian influence is that of the painter Marc Chagall. Chagall already has a wide following. His beginnings were made with representations of the life of the Russian folk, painted with the ingenuousness of a peasant artist: charming, many-colored little houses, or the interior of a room, with the stiff, awkward movements of people who live in sweet innocence of the soft atmosphere of impressionistic culture. Gradually a spirit of deep mysticism penetrated his work, which receded more and more from reality, so that the objects of nature were employed only as symbols of a higher comprehension of universal law.

Animals are this painter's favorite material, and the people he paints are not beyond the dullness of instinct life. There are nocturnal landscapes which combine a maze of remarkable occurrences into a veritable riddle of the Sphinx. Shadowy Russian rituals are transformed into expressions of modern theosophy, and sometimes—especially under the influence of the French expressionists—his symbolism reaches heights at which it appears to congeal. The life-work of this artist, of the importance of which one has the merest presentiment today, will constitute the most significant contribution to the cosmogony of the new art.

The schools which follow these leaders are many and large. Many other influences, also, are at work, like that of the Norwegian Munch, who reveals an enormous power in his first conception of a pictorial impression. Then there is to be felt still the strength of Van Gogh and the innocence of Gauguin. A whole series of German artists, like Kirchner, Nolde, Heckel, and—most talented of all—Pechstein, must be considered among these last effusions of impressionism.

In Kokoschka's environment Meidner is the most conspicuous figure. Campendonck, of Dutch extraction, approaches Chagall with his mystical apotheosis of the things out there—the country inn, the stable, in the forest and with the fishermen. Another, Feininger, has applied cubism in a special method to city skylines; and Gerhard Rohlfs, much talked about, follows the changes of style with more adaptability than fundamental creative impulse.

Two names remain to be mentioned: George Gross and Paul Klee. The first draws the motioned life of the people and the city with childish pleasure and without restraints of time and space; the other conjures up visions of super-earthly landscapes, built out of little trees, stars, roofs, flying machines—city folks' fantasies of another planet, with touching accentuation of the details with which he happens to fall in love, without regard to the trivial laws of nature, of gravitation, of order, causality, sense and purpose, so that all this Lilliputian loveliness, the finely drawn and tenderly colored world may celebrate its feasts in the blessed nowhere or anywhere—even in the face of man.

As a whole, this new art has made a great stir in the world. It has found its echo in literature, to which it is so closely allied. It has found poets who celebrate and analyze it—not in a descriptive, impressionistic manner, but in the style that is peculiar to the art itself. To know this art one must read how Theodor Daeubler, born in Trieste, half Latin, half Norseman, relates these things. He speaks of colors and lines and rhythms, in order to bring the artist's work to us, and not of a reality whose illusions he wants to render convincing.

(Translated by CÉSAR SAERCHINGER, Resident European Editor)

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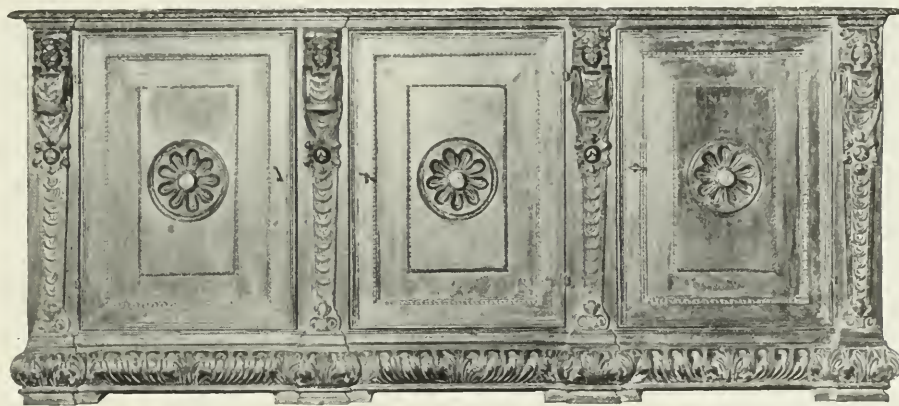
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Psychoanalysis and Music

(Continued from page 106)

unless, in spite of all unpopularity, of all delay and doubt and disappointment, they can learn Emerson's lesson of self-reliance, they will remain sterile, they will be our Mahlers rather than our Blochs. And after all it does not take psychoanalysis to teach us that.

Years before Freud, Robert Schumann, then a youth of twenty-nine, wrote to his future wife: "I want to be ten times less than other people, and only be worth something to myself." Some such sentiment accompanies all real artistic power.

Luxurious Linens and Rare Laces

(Continued from page 95)

A cloth for throwing over the tea-table in the library or on the piazza must have the virtue of being lightly decorated all over so that it suits any table. It is too large a square to be elaborate, after the manner of a center-piece, or to have merely a border. In its most satisfactory ornament it is alike all over, that is, made entirely of squares of lace and cut-work, or made of linen of soft heavy quality which is drawn in double hem-stitch at intervals all over its surface to form an all-over of three-inch squares. A narrow Venetian point edges the whole.

house-furnishings. First of all, the appearance of the house is considered, its outside appearance. We do not build in haphazard fashion; we select a definite dominating note in architecture, that he who motors by knows how to classify. Then should the windows be equipped with appropriateness. An old English farmhouse must have its frilled and draped sashes like a rosy maid in her kerchief, while a Louis XVI chateau and an Italian villa must have elegant and sophisticated lace panels to keep out the gaze of the curious.

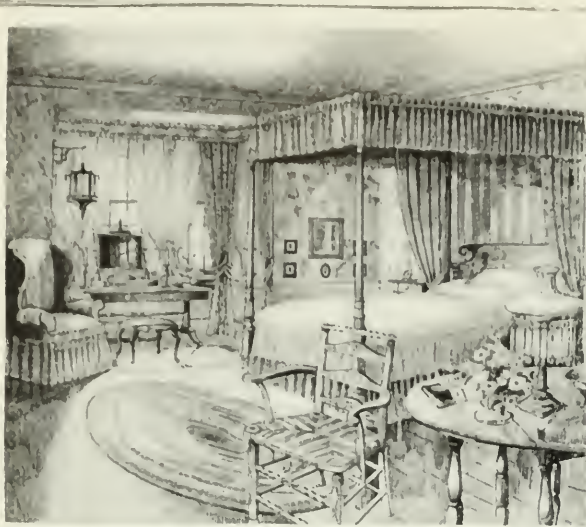
The frilled curtains are to be had anywhere; the lace panels must be sought among the finest dealers, as must also the old heavy Italian laces for the Italian house. These are matters to thrill the buyer thereof, and place curtaining the window among the fine arts.

A regulating fact in choosing curtains is the location of the house—if it be in town or country. If the former, then the main object is to preserve privacy and to admit light, unless one is high on the way to the clouds in a sky-near flat. It is for town dwellers that the simplest of sash curtains are made. Plain bobbinet without spot, stripe or pattern is the smartest thing one can have. But to make these desirable they must be of a dainty fineness, must be voluptuously full and edged with a narrow real lace that is not noticeable but replaces a hem. From outside they are simple and piquant as a bridal veil, suggesting beauty; while inside they accord with any expression of taste, and let in all possible light. These are not for any particular story, but for all that the house front may be as uniform in its window-dressing as in its architecture.

But who shall restrict the joys of opening the window to the garden with its flowers or snow, to the world of trees and birds, if the house is out of town and neighbors are far? Then hang but a parted frill or a delicious rag of ancient lace to soften the square, but let the joy of God's world of sunlight and greenery be yours as you gaze through almost uncurtained windows and feel your nearness to the out-of-doors.

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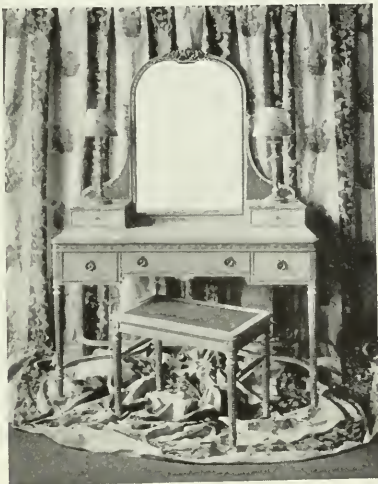
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Random Notes from the World of Art

An Unknown Play by Chapman

THE Princeton University Press will publish a literary find of the first importance, a hitherto generally unknown play by George Chapman, famous contemporary and rival poet and playwright of Shakespeare, but whose fame in later ages has rested more upon his translations of Homer. The manuscript of the play was found in the British Museum in 1912 by Franck L. Schoell, an Alsatian by birth, who was then working in the Museum on his thesis for the Sorbonne, dealing with the comedies of Chapman.

It is anonymous, but bears internal evidence of having been the work of Chapman. The title is "Charlemagne; or, The Distracted Emperor," and its theme, dealing with a magic ring, is apparently a bit of folklore handed down in one of the letters of Petrarch. The manuscript was in hand for publication by the University of Louvain when the city was sacked and much of the university burned by the Germans in 1914.

Opening of the Palestine Museum

PLANNED fourteen years ago, the Palestine Museum at Jerusalem has finally become an actuality. There were amply sufficient reasons for such a museum and as many reasons why artists and sculptors of all nations should be eager to contribute to its success and fulfillment. The number of exhibits already totals three thousand.

X-Rays Reveal Bogus Art Works

AHOLLANDER, Dr. Heilbronn by name, of Amsterdam, is authority for the statement that bogus art works may be detected by X-rays. Later additions to the works of the original artist may also be revealed. The application of this newly discovered test to ancient manuscripts will, it is predicted, probably lead to some interesting if not sensational revelations.

Found—A Gainsborough

AN English artist in Yorkshire, after removing one face and six necks from a woman's portrait, has at last got to rock bottom and discovered a Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Graham, whose family is immortalized in Scott's "Marmion." It pays to "fossick in ancient middens."

Negro Art

M. PAUL GUILLAUME, the enthusiastic discoverer of negro art, has just sold a collection of thirty fine specimens of negro antiques to Mr. G. B. Gordon for the University of Philadelphia. Last year M. Guillaume organized a negro gala at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, which was a great success and did

much to stimulate a fashion which had been latent for some time and is now in full sway.

Permanent Boston Opera

THE possibility of organizing a permanent opera company for Boston has again come under consideration. The project was under way several years ago, but was abandoned because it was believed to be inopportune, on account of conditions brought on by the war.

A number of influential Bostonians are now said to favor the revival of the plans. The sentiment of the organizers at present is for opera at popular rather than metropolitan prices. Considerable equipment in the shape of scenery and costumes is already on hand, a suitable theatre is available, and if the necessary funds are forthcoming performances could begin next autumn.

Judge Frank Leveroni, one of the original organizers; Isadore Braggiotti and Arthur Hubbard, both prominent singing teachers of Boston; Agide Jacchia, conductor of the Boston Symphony "Pops"; Hugo Sherwin and Robert Jordan are among those most interested in the idea.

"Parnassus" à la Caravan

THE coming summer will see the practical realization of Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels," when the Caravan Bookshop tours New England. The Caravan Bookshop will be a Stewart motor, gay and attractive, with a "bookish" air. When it drives up to hotel or village green it will spread its table of books under cool awnings, where one may dip into the current literature at one's leisure, or step inside the car and browse about the shelves to be filled with nearly a thousand volumes, specially selected to make the sojourner in New England a book owner.

This original adventure is being sent out by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, which itself was a pioneer a couple of years ago in the field of bookstores for children, under the able direction of Miss Bertha E. Mahony. The Bookshop is maintained by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union as a branch of its social and educational activity. The publishing world is watching the venture with a deal of interest and solid encouragement.

While the route is not fully planned, it is expected that the Caravan will start early in July to do "The Cape," working its way up the coast to Maine and probably covering the Berkshire and White Mountains.

The Caravan will be in charge of Miss Mary Frank, superintendent of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library.

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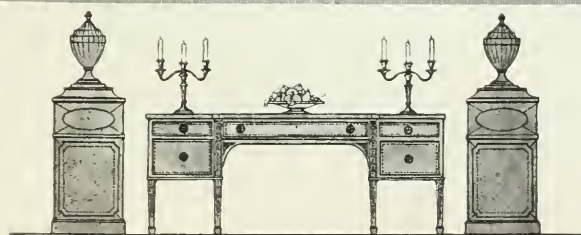
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Reflections of Men and Art

(Continued from page 82)

artist. He is constantly armed in defense of beauty, as though beauty were some fragile thing always in danger of desecration by vulgar desperadoes. That he will not be taken for one is almost certain. He speaks with the cold, stern, forbidding frown of righteousness. He strikes puritanic attitudes. Beauty must be undefiled. It must have the clarity and innocence of youth.

Perhaps he does not practice his preaching, for while he can and does lament the desecration of nature which he declares is accomplished by the bill board, nevertheless we find him lauding in endless strings of lithographs the scarring and scrapping of nature accomplished by such progressive enterprises as the digging of the Panama Canal. Here he is on safe ground, since such men as Courbet, Millet and Meunier, accentuating the dignity of labor, have given it a place within the realm of art and made a precedent for Mr. Pennell's pictures of war work, etc.

THERE must be some beauty in the signs of civilization's advance in other directions. Man is a social animal. He does not live in a pure, undefiled wilderness. His being there destroys that possibility. He may even at times be caught liking the crackerbox in the forest path. It is an evidence of the presence of another like him, it is a lien to the city where he lives. The shock of familiarity it gives him is not dissimilar to the one he feels on encountering his own flag in a foreign city. It is like the sight of a ship at sea, or of a house after miles of barren desert.

The crackerbox is ugly in itself, but there is an unquestionable beauty in the thing for which it is the symbol. Man has passed here, and, having passed, has lent a more human, a less austere, a less forbidding aspect to virgin grandeur. It may be that, in spite of Mr. Pennell or of the academic thought to which he is only another handmaiden, the bill board is not dissimilar to the crackerbox.

It can be ugly as a fact and remain beautiful as a truth. It is an advertisement, a commercial enterprise, anything you will. But it is quite possible that in attacking bill boards Mr. Pennell seeks to erect symbolical ones for himself. He has built many of these and out of a language certainly no prettier than the ones he derides.

Moreover, we have seen in France how such artists as Chéret and Steilen, devoting themselves to posters, made them things of beauty, and how, more recently, within the last five years in fact, American posters have been steadily advancing toward a higher goal. There are things which the academic puritanism of Mr. Pennell shuts its eyes before. It is a dogmatic puritanism. It proceeds on an *à priori* conviction which no amount of data or no amount of evidence can blast. It is built before the fact and remains ever resolutely and wilfully blind to the changes in it which an unbiased examination of the fact might bring out. Furthermore, it would be rather foolish to believe that advertising designs made to catch and hold the eye of the people would be made in a taste inferior to the people. It is even possible—though this is aside from the argument—that advertising pictures are the most popular ones exhibited today.

Industrial Art in America

THE Industrial Art Department of ARTS AND DECORATION, aware of the part played by the American producer in our national industrial art development, is making a comprehensive industrial survey, the results of which will appear in the next issue.

Mr. W. Frank Purdy, the editor of this department, and his staff, are getting the "angle" of representative American business toward our industrial art problems. The early, gratifying results of this survey, conducted through personal contact, lead one to wonder how much longer it will be before America stands pre-eminent as a producer of beautiful objects.

L. C. Tiffany Foundation

EIGHT students have been accepted at the Louis C. Tiffany Foundation at Huntington, L.I., and are prepared to show an interesting exhibit of sketches, etchings and paintings. The art gallery, containing modern American, Spanish, Japanese and Chinese paintings, is open to students, as well as the art library. Mr. Tiffany's collection of bronzes, ceramics and Oriental carpets is also open to the students, who are not hampered by academic rules in studio work. Each may express his talent in his own way. Artists of established reputation will be

asked to visit the school from time to time to advise and criticize the students' work.

The first period of the school will close on August 1 and the second will continue from that date to November 1. No student will be accepted for less than three months. The period may be extended to six. Only men are received but during 1921 provision will be made for women. The resident director of the school is Stanley Lathrop, formerly connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and until recently lecturer on fine arts at the American Academy in Rome.

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From Opera-Comique to Comic Opera

(Continued from page 102)

contrast, humorous passages were now and then interpreted in romantic episodes. The themes were often, though not always, rustic. Brightness and charm, simplicity and piquancy were earmarks of the early school of opera-comique.

With Hérold, whom we know here by his "Zampa" overture, French opera-comique took on new forms. "Zampa" and that much finer work of Hérold's, "Le Pré-aux-Clercs," might charm us now, despite the prodigious growth of modern music. "Le Pré-aux-Clercs" abounds in melody, not of a cheap and antiquated style, but fresh and pure. The leading parts in it would be a test for the most famous artists. That may account for its neglect so long by successive managements of the Metropolitan. It takes a soprano of rare voice and skill to sing the rôle, for instance, of the heroine. And all the singers must be polished actors, trained in a school of art too much ignored here. The most accomplished of composers living has something still to learn by studying Hérold. His music puts to shame such stuff as "Marta." It holds its own beside good modern works.

BOIËLDIEU, far famed by "La Dame Blanche," which Heinrich Conried gave us at the Metropolitan; Maillart, whose "Dragons de Villars" was once announced for performance in English here, at the Park Theatre; Adam, composer of that "Postillon de Longjumeau," which the man who is now Mr. Hohenzollern preferred, they say, to all the German operas; kept opera-comique alive in France. Then Auber, with a score of his bright, heartless works, renewed its hold upon the gay Parisians. Saint-Saëns has more than once lent the resources of his art to the old genre. Massenet and Poise, and many more composers, have given us gracious and beguiling works of the same kind. As time ran on, though, poetry and drama were more and more put into what was still called opera-comique. And with his "Carmen," Bizet reached a point at which, except as to that one trifling detail of spoken dialogue, the earlier *genre* became opera proper.

"Werther" and "Manon," both by Massenet, the "Lakmé" of Delibes, the "Roi d'Ys" of Lalo, were all examples of an intermediate school, to which our composers, of the Carpenter and Loeffler types, might, with advantage to themselves and us, devote their thought.

Not, heaven forbid, to plagiarize those works, or even to attempt pale imitations. But to derive from some useful hints as to the limits they should set their art and style.

French opera-comique, I may repeat, is miles removed from the grotesqueries of Italian opera-buffa and differs, both as to its aims and style, from *opéra-bouffe*, of which the "Belle Hélène" and "Orphée

aux Enfers" are typical, from operettas, like the vivacious "Fille de Madame Angot" of Lecocq, "La Mascotte" of Audran, and the "Cloches de Corneville" ("Chimes of Normandy") of Serpette are brilliant instances. It has little in common with the Gilbert and Sullivan "operas" and with that base form of art which we have come to know as comic opera.

The purposes of *opéra-bouffe* are to burlesque and guy. The gods themselves were mocked by Offenbach. In operetta, on the other hand, the composer usually fell short of poetry. The light, bright works of Gilbert and Sullivan again were ironic comedies, satires on life and people, set to tuneful music. Our comic opera is a hybrid form, combining farce with jingles, music with romance. It often sinks to vulgar clowning. It rarely rises to artistic heights.

At moments, when he had given reins to his great talent, Victor Herbert has won laurels both in the field of operetta and, with "Madeleine," in the less facile *genre* of opera-comique. Hadley had tried his hand, too, not unskillfully, at something which might almost claim relationship to opera-comique and opera-buffa. His "Bianca" (sung once at the Park Theatre) bears out this statement. De Koven's works—the best—were operettas. Among them "Rob Roy" and the still popular "Robin Hood."

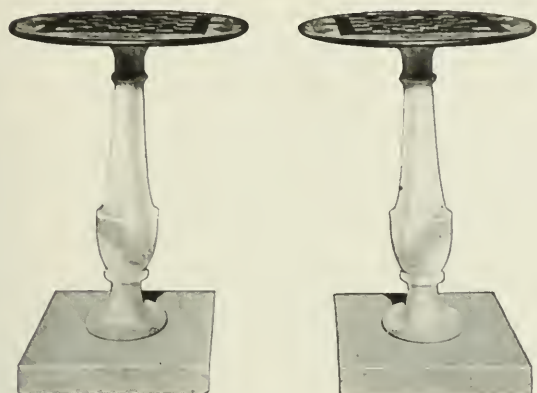
I am sure that, if he could but rid himself of his deep-rooted and, to me, amazing dread of honest English words, John Alden Carpenter might write good opera-comiques and even operas proper, of the "lyric" kind. And so could Loeffler, who is now engaged on a new lyric comedy or drama—theme unknown. Both these composers have just the right qualities required to wed good texts to fine and fitting music. To both the setting of a play to music may seem a perilous and bold adventure. But why not dare? Most great composers have produced some failures before they conquered fame with some great work.

IN opera-comique, above all *genres*, American composers would find ample scope for the expression of the sentiment and humor, dash and drama, most favored in American plays and novels. We are not tragic yet—we have been too fortunate. Nature and life, till lately, have been kind here. Another generation may some day spring up which will respond, more readily than ours, to tragedy. The drama of today we get on Broadway is not so deep as in most foreign lands. To some extent at least it gives a hint to those who might devise our lyric plays.

We may invent new lyric forms. It is possible that some day our composers—going back to Rome and her old mime musicians—will give us lyric dramas, without uttered

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words. Dumb plays expressed with eloquence by orchestras. This thought, perhaps, haunts Carpenter and others, who now shrink from venturing into opera. The human voice, indeed, is strangely eloquent. But we might learn in time to do without our singers or they may be merged in the orchestra. Why not? They dominate the lyric stage too much. Composers and librettists know how true this is. And if we did, in some new form of art, dispense with those high-priced and pampered singers, the librettists and composers would not suffer. Librettists would still have to contrive scenarios and write words (not to be sung). Composers would still have to make their scores.

This is sedition. Some may call it blasphemy. But, fifty years from now, it may be truth. The world is full of change. It shifts and moves.

"American opera when it comes," said a composer whom I will not name, some days ago, "will be something different, not only in form but in content, as compared with the sophisticated and thoroughly efficient European models."

I can but guess at what these cryptic words implied. They may have meant what I have said of unsung drama with a musical accompaniment. They may have been an expression of unrest, a protest against old and worn-out forms, a suggestion of the hope of something new. But to create new forms is very much harder than to invent good works of an accepted type. So, till dumb lyric drama—or what not—establishes itself upon our stage, American composers need not turn away from the old forms of opera. And they should study, chiefly, opera-comique, rather than grand opera.

The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 83)

Of course the originals are splendid, are as beautiful as their inspiration was great, but what have they to do with today? The great schools of architecture are evolved from details of the preceding styles; and so must our own school of necessity be. But there is a danger which has ever been present in the growth of America, that which hounds our development, the danger of merely copying what has already existed. There is room for endless origination in the old styles, but how often we only reproduce that which was beautiful in its own surroundings and in its own epoch and which in other lands and under other skies becomes absurd.

In architecture we have brought forth something unknown in the

history of the world. When before has such a silhouette as New York existed? Out of the necessity for space, with the facility rendered by steel and the genius of our people, has come into being a form of architectural design unknown in past worlds. Buildings fantastic, amazing and beautiful, the outcome of centuries of growth in architecture, but new, ingenious and our own have come into being. And yet Americans apologize for New York. They talk about the beauties of Washington, the Such-and-Such Building, the So-and-So Square. It is appalling!

We are afraid to admire that thing which is our own but for which we have not the sanction of the ages.

(To be continued)

Grainger and Musical Reciprocity

IT is far from surprising, says *Musical America*, that at the present moment Percy Grainger, the man who re-discovered Greig for some people, who preaches Delius and looks ever to the vast horizon of promise with its illimitable potentialities should occupy himself with a task highly characteristic of his mental outlook. He is endeavoring to introduce American composers to the wide world and British composers to the American public. The movement which he has set on foot should do good. Countries are separated from one another by oceans and channels and mountains. But no oceans or channels or mountains are so deep, so wide or so impenetrable as the ignorance which often divides one group of men from another. So, with the enthusiasm which is part of his charm, Grainger sets about the Marconi-like problem of annihilating distance; which is to say that he scorns remoteness and

would take J. A. Carpenter to London and Balfour Gardiner to Chicago—in an artistic sense, of course. From the two sets of writers, American and English, he looks for a substantial contribution to the musical thought of the future. To put it otherwise, he detects symptoms which are very healthy and seem to him to say that the American and English musicians will have a large voice in the next great development.

For many of the works from British and American pens Grainger has a high regard. Delius, Cyril Scott, Elgar, Balfour Gardiner, Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Holst and Bax among the former; Carpenter, Rubin Goldmark, Howard Brockway, Nathaniel Dett, Will Marion Cook, D. G. Mason and Alexander Steinert among the latter, he feels can be neglected only where stagnation and paralysis exist.

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The Making of a Mezzotint

THE exhibitions—"Making of an Etching," "Making of a Lithograph," etc.—which have already been held in the Print Gallery of the Library, have all been well attended and apparently useful. That is partly due, perhaps, to the fact that what was aimed at was not merely a dry exposition of technique. A complete description of the process was given, with the aid of printed matter, tools, plates, or any other exhibits serving the natural interest in "seeing the wheels go 'round.'" This was illustrated by the best procurable specimens of the art, thus emphasizing the old truth that technique is a language, and that the important thing is its application.

A similar course has been followed in arranging the exhibition "The Making of a Mezzotint," to be on view in the Print Gallery until fall.

First, the manner of production is made clear by tools and materials—copper-plate, rocker, scraper—with descriptions and illustrations. Then, in a number of fine examples, drawn mainly from the collection bequeathed to the Library by John L. Cadwalader, the peculiar nature of mezzotint, imposed by the process by which it is made, is well and fully illustrated. An art of tones, of masses of light and shade (instead of lines, as is the case in etching or in engraving on copper and steel), mezzotint, with its soft outlines and gradations, was peculiarly adapted to the reproduction of paintings. For this it served particularly in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century in England, where it was inextricably bound up with the development of that brilliant group of painters including Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Romney, Lawrence and the American, Gilbert Stuart. Moreover, these mezzotints can hardly be considered apart from that life and art and period of which they are the outcome. They reflect that period of British history so well that the interest of subject is an important factor in their appeal to collectors. They bring before as an imposing array of persons, a gallery of royalty, nobility, statesmen, soldiers, authors, actors, artists, with an especial grace and distinction devoted to the ladies.

In translating into black-and-white the notable achievement of this national school of portraiture the mezzotinters developed an original energy creative almost. As one looks over these plates by Smith, McARDell, Jones, Dean, Dickinson, Fisher, Watson, Green, Dixon, and others, the individual expression and style become apparent.

Mezzotint served also to preserve records of the *genre* painting of the day by George Morland and others. Not a few of these pictures of rural life and sports appeared in color. Caricature was another specially served by the "black manner," as the French call it.

A noteworthy application of mezzotint to landscape design is found in J. M. W. Turner's monumental "Liber Studiorum," most remarkable in its range of light and shade. And Lucas offered masterly interpretations of Constable.

In our own day there has been considerable revival of mezzotint, by T. G. Appleton, R. Josey (translator of Whistler), and others, and especially in color-prints, S. Arlent Edwards being prominent in that specialty. Mezzotint lacks the appeal of comparatively easy production which has made etching so pre-eminently a painter-art, a process for original work—an appeal and quality which have indeed their drawback in leading weaker individualities to facile and inconsequential activity. But mezzotint has nevertheless been wooed by the experimental maker of original prints.



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The War and American Art

CHANGING standards of art in America as a result of the war are reflected in the courses in architecture to be given at Columbia University in the summer session. The architectural school, which this summer offers more than twenty intensive courses, has adopted many of the army methods of training men in both theory and practice for practical work.

The courses have been so arranged as to be of particular value in view of the evident portent of the coming building boom which will make a great demand for practical architects. H. V. Walsh will be departmental representative for the work, which will count toward the degree in architecture for students who have satisfied the entrance requirements and are open to all qualified students without examination.

The elements of freehand drawing, lettering, drawing geometrical figures from dictation or diagrams, ornament forms in outline, simple architectural details, isometric projections, outline sketching from flat casts and from models will be taught by George Marcus Allen, instructor in graphics at Columbia, in a course which covers the requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board in freehand drawing.

Prof. Charles A. Harriman will give two courses in the elements of design, in one of which he will be assisted by Mr. Allen. Courses in elementary design, intermediate design, and advanced design will be given under M. Maurice Prevot and A. E. Flanagan.

For students beginning the study of architecture a course in architectural drafting covering drafting as seen from the architectural point of view, visualization, use of instruments, alphabets and lettering, standard drafting practice, symbols and indications of frame, brick and stone construction, materials and fixtures, working drawings, large scale drawings, architectural and structural details, sizes and space allowances for fixtures will be given by Mr. Allen.

Prof. Harriman will give courses in charcoal drawing, pen and ink drawing and pencil drawing, and Joseph Lauber will give an elementary and advanced course in water color drawing. Courses in shades and shadows and perspective will also be offered. Surveying courses to be given at Camp Columbia, Litchfield County, Connecticut, will be open to students in architecture.

The courses at the university, which begin on July 6, are part of the group of more than a thousand courses to be taught by several hundred teachers which Columbia will offer in the twenty-first summer session.

Sales at Pittsburgh

SALES of paintings in the International Salon now on at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, have passed records of previous years. Some forty-six pictures and six of the Rodin bronzes have been disposed of. Among the pictures sold are seventeen of the twenty-two by Menard. About forty-five of the works in the exhibition are not for sale, having been loaned by galleries or collectors.

Other than the Menard pictures, those sold are by M. P. Bewley, Olga Boznanska (two), Paul Chabas, Paul Dougherty, Florence Este, Alice Fanner, W. R. Flint (two), Walter Gay, Maurice Greffenhagen, Albert I. Groll, Juliet W. Gross, James Knox, Sydney Lee, H. Lerolle (two), Henri Le Sidaner (two), Menet, R. I. E. Moony, J. W. Morrice, F. H. Newberry, Julius Olsson, R. X. Prinnet, Alexander Roche, John S. Sargent, George S. Watson and T. Williams.



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A Plea for the Open Mind

(Continued from page 87)

unfamiliar form. On the other hand, it is almost certain that if he keeps his mind open and gives himself a chance, sooner or later he will get from it most of what it has to give. Taste can be educated, and should be educated. To illustrate that point, may I cite my own musical experience?

I get exquisite pleasure from music; yet my musical sense is far from being first-rate. Indeed, it is horribly unsure; and, had I not been willing, many years ago, to trust someone with more natural taste than I possessed, it is possible that I should never have appreciated music—real music—at all. I might have been one of those (and there are millions of them) who firmly believe that no one really enjoys any music other than popular tunes, who are persuaded that the people who go to classical concerts are as much bored as they would be who have no idea what musical art is, and, naturally, assume that those who seem to enjoy what to them is incomprehensible are charlatans and liars. I might

have been one of these; and if I had been, I should have lost one of the great pleasures of my life. As it is, I must hear three or four times a complicated and unfamiliar piece of music before I can get the hang of it. At first not only the subtleties escape me, but the form itself. However, I trust the judgment of someone in whose sensibility I have reason to believe; I keep my mind open; I listen again and again; and in the end, if I do not appreciate the work completely, at least I enjoy it genuinely. Would it be asking too much of those who care for visual art, but are not perhaps inspired appreciators, to ask them to bear my case in mind? Do not, I would say, decide too quickly, nor be too easily discouraged. And instead of always questioning their good faith, why not occasionally trust those critics who have so often lighted the way to unlooked-for pleasures? Above all, before the complicated and unfamiliar let us all try to preserve an open mind.

The Subtleties of the Directoire Style and the Refinement of the Empire

(Continued from page 97)

and aceticism exquisitely conveyed by the artists of the budding Empire style to which we give the name of the Directory—although it was dominant in the five years of the *Consulat*.

Every style has its tentative period, a timid statement of its intent, and then its full flowering. After this the base imitators make common the salient characteristics. Thus to many the Empire style means furniture of highly glossed dark wood on which is displayed showy incrustations of metal ornaments with a gold finish. And to the prejudiced and the purblind the style is almost without charm.

True artists, however, were responsible for the style, and the Greek was their first inspiration. Nothing goes far astray under such fathering. A study of furnishings made under the *Consulat* will reveal the use of other woods than mahogany—the lovely amboyna, for example—polished with a finish far from brilliant. Forms represent Greek beauty adapted to modern living.

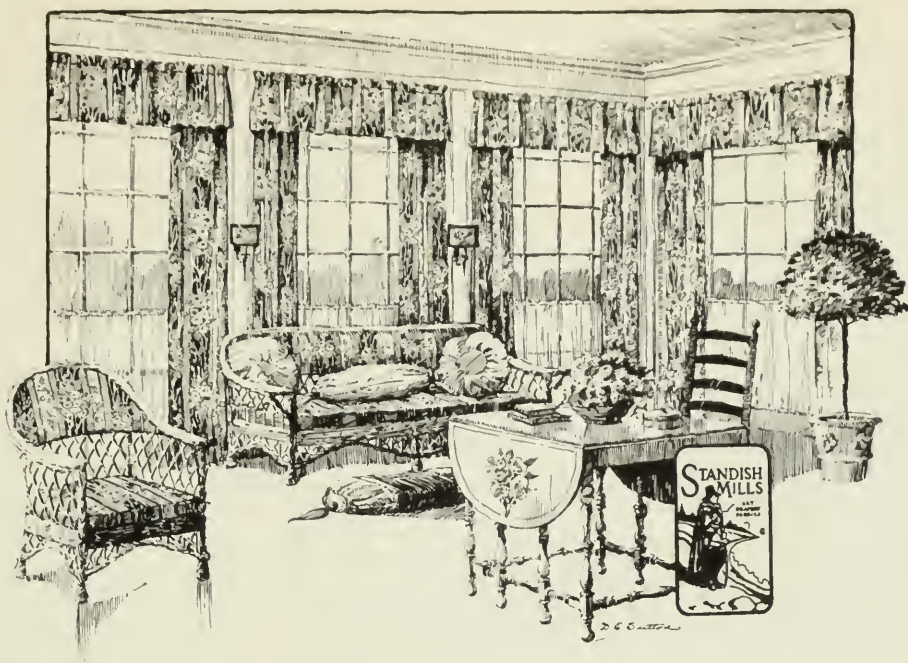
But the crown of the style is its work in metal. This is ever redo-

lent of classicism. Whether made as applied ornament to furniture, or made in vases, clocks or other *objets d'art*, it is chiseled with a skill that surpasses that of all other times. The *ciseleurs* were men of great talent, nor hesitated to employ that talent as lavishly on the mounts for a cabinet as on the precious ornaments which were to be shut behind the glass doors of a vitrine.

Therein lies the reason—if we must have a reason—for the charm, the exquisite allure of the pieces of the Directory; they represent perfection of workmanship added to the artist's conception.

David, court painter of exquisite women, struck the classic note after his first essays, and gave to his sitters a reflection of the delicately languid days of the ladies of Pompeii. But those who devoted themselves to pure joyous Greek decoration were such artists as Charles Percier and Pierre Fontaine, whose accomplishments fill with beauty and intellectuality that most exquisite period when ornament became almost as lyric as the poems of Sappho.





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Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 91)

standard of taste both in architecture and in decoration that is far beyond the average in the United States, and which has opened the eyes of many and many a woman to the value of simplicity.

The possibilities which the small public rooms of our modern hotels possess as store houses of ideas for our own homes are literally unlimited. It is obvious that our hotel proprietors are willing to expend any sum, reasonable or not, to develop some scheme which will attract clientele by its quaintness, its charm, its novelty or its beauty; and even permanence is unnecessary. The "Far East Gardens" of the Vanderbilt were one of the most brilliant pieces of imaginative architecture that I have ever seen, a perfect fairyland of lights and colors both dim and gorgeous. Executed in materials so transient as to give the appearance of extreme fragility, it conveyed a feeling of coolness on the hottest night. Often we find that while the picture as a whole pleases us, it falls apart when we examine the detail; here the contrary was the case; the wonderful ensemble was built up of a multitude of exquisite details, some of old and familiar motives, some so strange as to be grotesque, but never ugly, the grotesquerie of a Japanese fantasy, not that of a German lithograph. I have heard that Walter Hopkins was the designer.

The "Far East Gardens" were transient, ethereal; the tap room of the Prince George is a different story: solid, durable and useful, it has nevertheless the quaint charm of Pickwick Papers; and here, too, the architect has built up of a simple material and in an awkward space a room which is ideal for its purpose and is highly suggestive for any domestic dining room, library or study. Of course this room, like many other hotel rooms, is worthily furnished, and not ruined by the additions of extraneous and confusing objects. Many private

houses, well designed and in the main well furnished, have their quality destroyed by the introduction of bad lighting fixtures, bad hangings, or the like; the hotel room does not as a rule suffer from this, either because the manager does not feel a personal interest in the objects and leaves the selection to his architect or decorator or because he knows too much to include them.

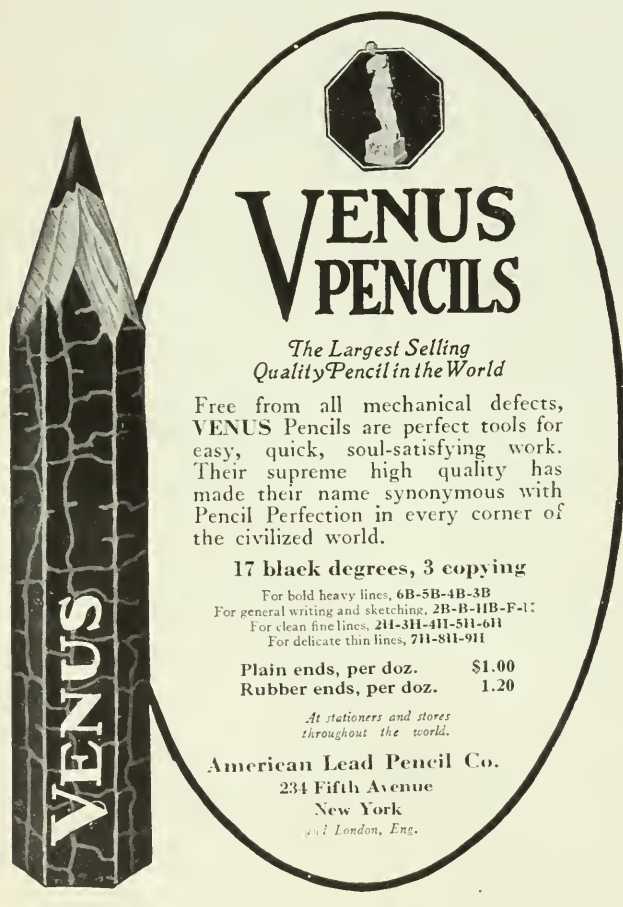
I OFTEN wonder if those managers and proprietors of hotels who really take care of the design of their rooms realize what a splendid missionary work they are doing with the American public. There is no question but that many of them take a real personal interest in their hotels, just as we take a personal interest in our homes, and while much of the decoration is done with a view, and a perfectly proper one, to attracting custom to their hotels, yet I cannot but believe that much of the work is done because of the pure joy of doing it. Our hotel business is a great and prosperous one: I suppose that good food and good beds, even in an ugly environment, would bring the public to any hotel, but that it would attract the best or the most desirable is no longer true. Our American public is beginning to demand beautiful surroundings at all times and to discriminate between what is beautiful and what merely expensive. I have often thought that if some hotel proprietor were wise enough to do away with all "grandeur," and use every effort to make his entire house unpretentious, quietly elegant, but unobtrusively so, he would attract the best clientele in America. The Ritz is the only one which has made a real effort in this direction and it certainly has not suffered by it; on the other hand the Biltmore has held to monumental design and permanent material for its main rooms, while simplifying the private rooms as much as possible.

Art Directors' Convention

THE annual convention of the Association of Art Museum Directors of the U. S. and Canada was held recently with two days' sessions at the Worcester, Mass., Art Museum. The sessions were mostly in the form of round-table talks for the discussion of problems in the administrative affairs of the museum. At the first session the subject was "The Relation of Director and Staff to the Governing Board," and the discussion was led by Mr. W. G. Fox of Brooklyn. The second session was devoted to the question of "Exhibitions for the Coming Year." Other topics were "The Museum in its Relation to the Contemporary Artist," on which the leading address was made by Clyde H. Burroughs of Detroit and "Shall the American

Museum Emphasize Contemporary Art or the Art of the Past?" with remarks by L. Earle Rowe of Providence, R. A. Holland of St. Louis and George L. Herfle of Rochester.

The two subjects discussed the second day were "The Relation of the Art Museum to the Various 'isms' of Modern Art," led by Eric Brown of the National Gallery, Ottawa, Canada, and J. Nilsson Laurvic of San Francisco, and "Possible Sales and Sales Commissions," led by Mrs. Cornelia B. Sage-Quinton of Buffalo, Dudley C. Watson of Milwaukee and Reginald Poland, director of Denver. There was also a discussion of the "Encouragement of Local Artists," led by George W. Eggers of Chicago and H. H. Brown of Indianapolis.



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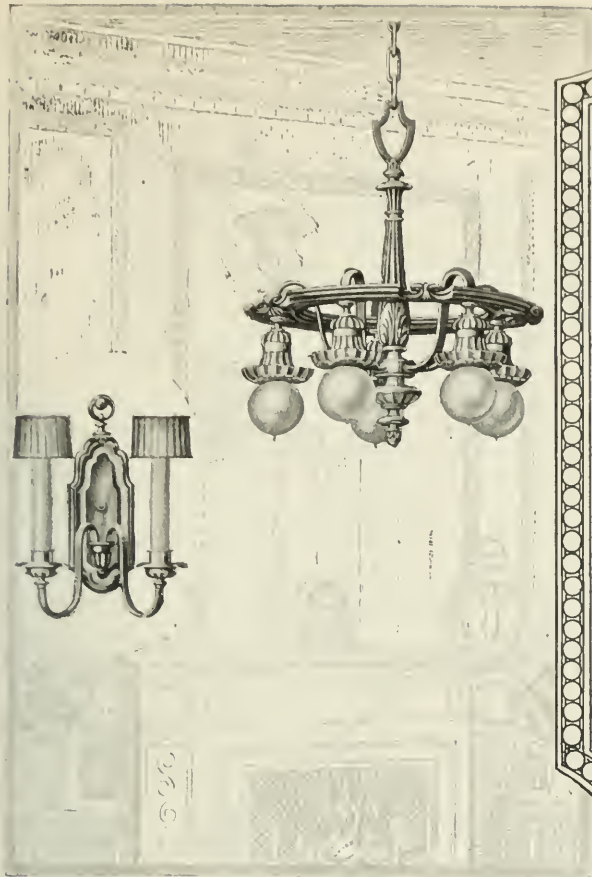
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Book Reviews

CONSTRUCTIVE ANATOMY. By GEORGE B. BRIDGMAN. EDWARD C. BRIDGMAN, Pelham.

THE many students, past, present and future, of George B. Bridgman will welcome his recently published book, entitled, "Constructive Anatomy." But the uninitiated, in need of precise outlines will find it helpful to consult also the more definitive anatomical maps of Richter, Rimmer, Fau or Dunlap.

In addition to the book's classroom value, the copious illustrations afford a much needed aid toward the student's exact knowledge of the elusive leverage and interplay of muscles—however rather unpleasant his drawing may be on occasion.

Not only do certain illustrations suggest mangled or writhing amputations, but his economy in coarse shading together with contortionist outlines in small drawings cause a momentary hesitation in the identification of the part depicted.

As for Mr. Bridgman's basic ideas, such absence of stress or reiteration is there, they are almost needles in a haystack. In his introduction he once for all lays down the rule that the conception of the mass comes first, the conception of the plane second and of the line last, while the idea of the wedging of the bones and muscles should never be out of mind. Important also he considers the block system of constructing mass and plane, which many have already found sound and helpful and which the author exemplifies exhaustively in his drawings of the head.

Anatomy has always been a dry subject, even to art and especially to medical students, but it does offer some stimulus to the imagination when considered from the point of view of character, beauty or anthropology. The veriest unmotivated average reader has only to consult the unique and fascinating Dr. Rimmer to discover with what illuminating interest and with what exactness the subject may be treated.

Mr. Bridgman offers no personal reactions in words, although—another needle in the haystack—one sentence does mention that the facial angle bears some relation to mentality. And he does let himself go so far as to indicate certain architectural analogies to be found in the body. He speaks of the doom of the head, the arch of the foot, and the pillars of the legs. He also calls the toes flying buttresses and likens the knee-cap to the stopper of an ink-well.

But Mr. Bridgman does not intend to be imaginative. He doubtless intends only what he has so well accomplished: to furnish a text book for his own and other students.

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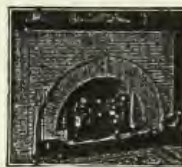
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DYNAMIC SYMMETRY is the name given to the principles of design found in the architecture of the human frame and plants. "The work which has resulted in 'Dynamic Symmetry,'" writes Mr. Hambidge, "was begun by me when, as an art student, realized that design, to be recognized as such, must conform to certain principles, whether the artist was aware of the fact or not. . . . Further investigation led me to differentiate between two types of these design principles. For my own convenience I invented the terms Static and Dynamic Symmetry. In nature, which I first studied, the Static is observable in crystal forms and angular patterns. The Dynamic type seemed to be the symmetry of growth and is observable in the cell and the phenomena of leaf arrangement. After formulating what appeared to me to be the general principles involved in these symmetry types, I was delighted to find in design a parallel to natural forms. . . . Dynamic symmetry in design depends upon certain simple subdivisions within the areas of certain rectangles. Practically nothing is known to-day about these subdivisions or rectangles."

The explanation of the fundamentals behind these rectangles and subdivisions is the task Mr. Hambidge has now set himself. But two peoples, the Greeks and the Egyptians, have known of the dynamic symmetry in design. Mr. Hambidge has therefore given much of his time to the study of Greek and Egyptian forms. The results have been startling, for he has shown that the same ratios of space to space underlie the arrangement of the seeds in a sunflower, of the ribs in a maple leaf, of the features in a Greek carving, and of the ground plan of the Parthenon. This secret of the Greeks was early lost. Vitruvius, the great Roman architect, being unaware of it, fell back to the medieval system, and has misled designers ever since. This secret Mr. Hambidge has rediscovered.

Dynamic symmetry has been widely discussed in England. The story of Mr. Hambidge's victorious march through the ranks of skeptical specialists in art and science makes absorbing reading. His present status may be indicated by the following statement from Mr. Walter G. Raffe, A.R.C.A., F.R.S.A., who is chairman of the London Federation of the National Society of Art Masters:

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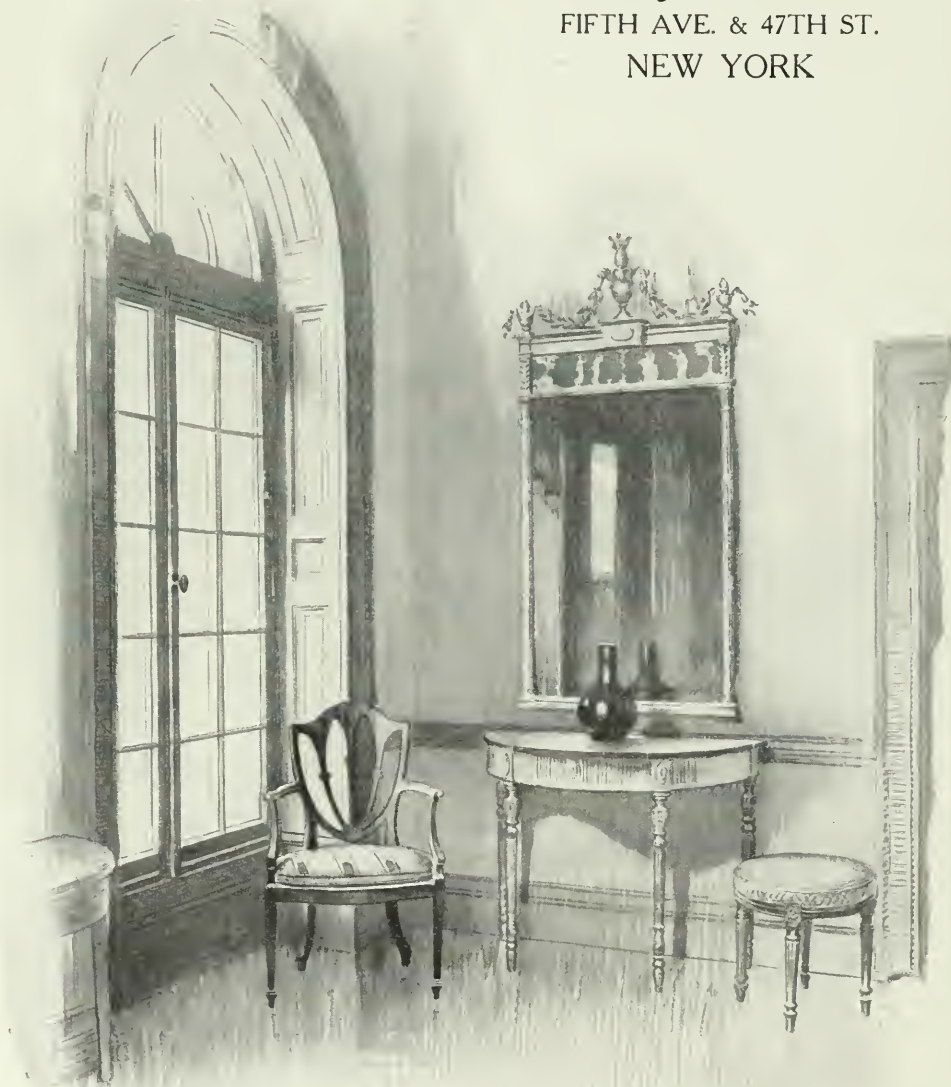
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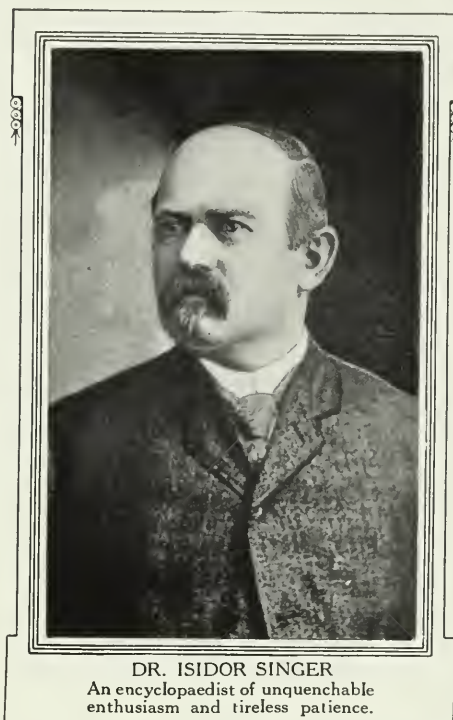
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VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 3

August, 1920

The Barbaric Rouge Pot and Civilization

THE EDITOR

THE state superintendent of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union announces that the time has come for women to wash off cosmetics and return to nature." This line is taken from an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, which concludes, "there is little beauty in the powder puff and rouge pot and neither is there mystery. Powder that is more than visible and paint that garishly proclaims itself can add nothing to charm. The woman who seeks to gain the appearance of youth may be excused perhaps; but the girl who hides her youthful skin with layers of talc deserves only pity. She will need thicker paint and heavier powder a few years from now." Behind both these proclamations is considerable innocence. It is in the most civilized states just as in the most barbaric states that artificial aids are brought to personal adornment. For it is in both these states that idealism is apt to reach out beyond the natural faculties of its people.

The use of paint and powder in America is a proof of greater consciousness, which is to say a proof of greater civilization. Moreover, it is not time yet for American women to "return to nature," for they have in no sense deserted nature. They use paint as a first aid to nature. They use it to cover nature's failures, to show nature at its best. We have not yet reached—nay, we are a long way from—that state of civilization which, calloused by the variety of its natural experiences, must go beyond the natural in order to be given the stir of a new sensation. The almost naive innocence of American books, the frankness of American men, the directness of American women, the almost literal realism of a school of painting which can boast at best of but two symbolists of renown (Albert P. Ryder and Arthur B. Davies), the want of subtlety in our congregational affairs, all point to a most unusual simplicity, which is to say a most unusual health in the conduct of our public and private lives. No, America has not gone so far in civilization nor rested long enough in barbarism to be accused of a need to conduct a "return to nature." She is heart and soul with nature and so healthy that the sight of ill-health is a blot upon her happiness. Indeed, it is so formidable a blot that the most sensitive, which is to say the most feminine of her women, assume the dis-

guise of health in order that this health, the most fashionable tenet of the time, shall seem to have sway over the entire nation.

HEALTH is one of our (if not the) strongest traditions. We are an athletic nation, a fact which could be proved, all other signs failing, by the world supremacy of our designers of sport clothes. It is, moreover, the opinion or taste of the majority which creates a style. Those who cannot circumvent it by fair means will be in the minority and will thus be led to resort to artificial means, for to be in the minority in a republican state is to be wrong. A government by a majority is a government which makes a level which all must meet, whether the meeting means an ascent or a descent. And the ugly ducklings of our day are those who do not possess a full allotment of health. Civilization is an intellectual plant, and as such must be nurtured in educational hothouses. It is to some extent artificial. And bred under artificial stimulus, it is natural that it should hold the love of artifice at its finger tips.

It is a conscious growth, a growth which, as it lives longer, becomes more and more accustomed to cerebral acrobatics. It can, anyway, be ruled by ideas. It can conform to them, it can meet them on their own ground. And when it is confronted by the idea or the ideal of health, as in America, it will meet that idea or that ideal physically when possible, but intellectually in any case. In France, which has had Baudelaire and read the *Fleurs du mal*, we shall find that civilization has gone through the idea or the ideal of health and is now reaching in a more rarefied atmosphere. The makeup of French women is the exact antithesis of the makeup of American women. There, faces are white and lips carmine scars beneath the blue shadows of eyes made to seem hollow, given aspects of the mystery of a worldly weariness. Health is the province of children and the province of youthful nations. It is the handmaiden of innocence. In sophisticated people it incites either envy or boredom, or if you have no faith in humanity, boredom as the disguise of envy. But that is questionable. Alfred de Musset is more popular in France than his English contemporary, Alfred Tennyson, can ever be.

INDEED, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union might better be on guard against the coming of the painting which will simulate an exotic physical condition and might better do everything in its power to promote the continuance of the present fashion. The present fashion is a proof that the idealism of the time looks up to health. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union should do everything in its power to keep it there, for, if we observe very carefully, we shall find signs of a weakening of that ideal. Particularly will this be found to be true in art, among our modernist painters, sculptors and musicians, who for the past ten years have been looking with no negligible intentness upon the *raffinements* of the exotic East. No longer do these seek with healthy love of nature to make hair look like hair, to render the bloom of pure young cheeks and the simplicity of uncomplicated rhythms. They are in the throes of a new idea or of a new ideal which, not at all incidentally, was the idea or the ideal of an old civilization at the period of its decadence. Where there is smoke there is fire. No artist works without an audience. Indeed, it is most obviously safe to conclude that where there is one artist expressing a decadent "opinion," or any "opinion," there are ten admirers to agree with him.

Ten admirers or, as these become, fanatics! In American art we shall find that the most decadent works come out of the studios of Hebrews who, in a great many instances or most, are ashamed of being Hebrews. Their appeal is made to lovers of the precious, of the rare—to those people who actually or fashionably have become tired of the monotony of the beads in the normal string, who can find romance only in strange ports, and excitement only in the perversions of the normal vision. They are those we should guard against.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had better take more intelligent care of its barrel of apples, for it is inhabited by a worm far more dangerous than the one against which it has arrayed itself. Indeed, the latter is a fiction born out of the superstitious continuance of an outworn moral, and the first a very real and a very malicious importation, as real and as dangerous to the surface aspect of the country as the Bolshevik is to its political aspect.

The End of America's Apprenticeship

American Influence on Foreign Sculpture

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

IF I had been asked why Washington with its beautiful Greek and Renaissance buildings irritated me and not only me but clever and wise men, I used to wonder how I would answer the question. It could not possibly be because the buildings were Greek and Renaissance. I am as great an admirer of those periods as any true lover and student of art. So I told myself on a visit to the capital that I would find the reason for my irritation, or that if I could not find the reason I would dismiss the thought as a prejudice of which I had only cause to be ashamed.

I instructed my taxi driver to take me to all the grandest and especially to all the newest buildings in the city. And as I drove I thought. Greek buildings in Greece are beautiful beyond compare. A beautiful thing should be beautiful in any place. But it is not. Why? What did Greek art express? Of course Greek life. What was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life?

Just then I noticed a large white marble building in front of which we were passing whose lines suggested many ancient and excellent works. With its heavy columns projecting in the correct manner beyond the actual building it was a most imposing sight. What a perfect arrangement for a temple, how well thought out.

There is a mystery in the small differences of proportion which constitute the perfection of Greek architecture. Of all the arts this one is the most material and practical. After the engineer appears the artist, who carries on the work one step further, but (and here comes in the importance) its beauty is based on function.

I was struck by the fact that a blaze of light was streaming from the interior, and I asked myself why. Out of each window a glow was thrown and in the glow I could easily see the bent heads and sloping shoulders of hundreds of clerks at their desks, carrying on the business of the Blank Department of Blank. It was morning and the day beautiful. The building had been built for the purpose for which it was being employed.

Suddenly I could no longer see anything beautiful in its Greek perfection. It was utterly absurd.

We as Americans have been taught distinct principles; we have been given a conception of life and that conception has been brought about by our racial qualities. All of America's great minds have taken part in this task.

HAVING to solve my problem I began to think again of what was the distinguishing characteristic of Greek life. I began to think of the big artistic architectural movements of the world. The greatest force in Greek life was the intellect. Probably intellect pure and simple. How different the development from the development in the East where emotion counted above all things and dominated life and through life—art. In following this idea I came to the Renaissance which, reviving the Greek, had also been an exposition of intellect carrying on the forces of the mind to their logical conclusions.

My taxi came to a stand-still in front of the X Building. Here was Greece and Greece could not have been hotter, but for all the heat I was left cold. What precision!

How amazing the exactitude of its proportions! And as I looked I wondered at the frozen perfection which stood out just as the perfection of long ago, but how differently! In the old days such a creation was right, fitting its place, expressing its inevitable necessity, an essential then—but now, today its limitations to our needs, its inadequacy to the moment were to me pathetically apparent. I faced instead of a perfectly exquisite building—a huge disappointment. I said to myself, we have changed, we have expanded, we are a different people from the Greeks. They knew in certain ways much more than we know, but our civilization is not the same and so our needs are not the same. I remembered Greek statues: how cold they leave us. Beautiful and exquisite they are, probably more so than any others, but they leave us after looking at them, with a feeling of a lack of something. Just as we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance statue today, we feel the lack in front of a Greek or Renaissance building. Our civilization is not theirs, our development not theirs; we have expanded and changed since those wonderful days. They wanted one thing, we want another. Greek and Roman art do not satisfy the aspirations and desires of present-day wants. No art can still live when the thought which it stands for and expresses no longer is sufficient to the needs of its people.

NOW in sculpture a very unusual thing took place in the progress of our art. When the early American sculptors Powers, Ward, Brown, Greenough, Story and others disappeared they disappeared totally, and instead of their followers carrying on the canons of sculpture laid down by the preceding generation, which is what usually happens in the development of any school, the genius of one man brought into being an entirely new vision of art.

Classical work had been handed down through various phases in slightly modified forms and was up to this moment flourishing in every country. It was the art of the day. In France it was a strong art for it could boast such men as Rude, Du Bois, Chapu, Falguère, Mercie, Verlet and many others. There had been added to its classical form a pretentiousness characteristic of the French people of the period, but in no sense a new note. It was a florid style, but the men who practiced it had great possibilities. Perhaps their work might be designated as elegant and charming, certainly it was well trained, but it held all those "tricks of thoughtless cleverness" which are far removed from the "beautiful integrity" of the man who made the statues produced at the moment look hollow and pretentious. This man gave to the world a new vision which was the expression of his own genius. He saw a new thing and expressed it in new form. And the man who did this was an American.

Saint-Gaudens passed his youth in New York. He studied, too, in Paris and in Rome, but his viewpoint and feelings were such that he never imitated the French or the Italian work with which he was surrounded. He did not come home with a ready-made style fitted to him like a ready-made foreign garment; he absorbed just so much of their in-

fluences as were sympathetic to himself, but his feelings, his purely American feelings, supplemented by his brain and his vision brought into life that statue which was to revolutionize sculpture.

It was a shock to the initiated, when at the Salon of 1880 they saw for the first time the Farragut Monument. They were faced by a figure of stern dignity and of a realism such as they had never known. The ugly clothes were handled in a broad way, so broad that they became beautiful. This in itself must have been a revelation to those masters of technique—the French. Saint-Gaudens' manner of handling realism proclaimed the great artist. It was a new and astounding feat which was shown to the world and he had accomplished among many great things the subordination of his technique to his subject. This was a rare quality and practically nonexistent at the moment.

In the same Salon in which the Farragut appeared were exhibited a number of Saint-Gaudens' medallions. The great French medallion makers of the time had learned their lesson from the Italians, but they had learned it badly. They sacrificed strength for what they assumed to be delicacy. The great American combined strength with delicacy and subtlety. His insight penetrated so that it was more than the mere sensuous beauty of the theme which he represented. He seems to have interpreted the unseen; but this spiritual quality did not take away from his realism, and here was the basis of his genius. Probably no low relief in the world has called forth as much praise as the portrait of Bastien-Lepage.

And now there happened that amazing thing which few of us realize to-day. During the following twenty years not a medallion was made which was uninfluenced by Saint-Gaudens' medallions, and there was not a portrait statue executed which was not directly traceable to the Farragut Monument.

When the Romantics came into power they ousted the Italian Renaissance and searched for their inspiration in Gothic times. The culmination of this movement was to be found in Viollet-le-Duc and Fremiet.

THE next great force was Rodin. Rodin is directly the pupil of Donatello. The closer he approaches his master the finer is his work. As a model no one can excel him; he is skillful, subtle, quick and sure, but he has not advanced the art of sculpture. Saint-Gaudens developed something new, a realism beautiful and sincere, a modern American style. Rodin followed in the footsteps of mediæval Italy, with a love for the human body and a splendid power of rendering it. Saint-Gaudens' reliefs stick in our minds—we are bowled over by, but forget, Rodin.

In 1905 the Lawton statue by Andrew O'Connor made its appearance. It represented a radical step in the art of portrait monuments. This statue attains perhaps more fully the ideal of the art of generalization than any which I know. The plan is a daring one and the "grand style" in which it is carried to its simple, sincere and logical end called forth the admiration and subtle flattery of imitation in the French.

The year preceding its exhibition the three

Two Works by Americans Which Influenced French Sculpture

*We have often heard of the French Influence
on American Work, but rarely of American
upon French Work*



In 1905 the Lawton statue by Andrew O'Connor made its appearance. It represented a radical step in the art of portrait monuments



In the Salon of 1880 St. Gaudens first exhibited his medallions, which influenced all French medallions for the following twenty years

most noteworthy French sculptors, Jean Boucher, Landowsky and Bouchard had exhibited respectively: "Ancient and Modern Art," a purely classical work, "The Sons of Cain," under the influence of Rodin, "The Accident in the Mine," directly taken from Meunier. In 1906 their style underwent a remarkable change. Boucher produced "Victor Hugo" and "Fra Angelico," works in no wise similar to his "Ancient and Modern Art," but which in matter of technique and viewpoint showed a direct similarity to the Lawton. Landowsky's "Monument to the Reformation" made for Geneva, has points of resemblance so noticeable to the Lawton as to be almost a copy. Bouchard, after his change in style, made "The Architect" and "The Sculptor," which caused all those who had followed his career and were unaware of the Lawton to be surprised.

The development of the technique of sculpture is of course always progressing. A well-trained artist under the influence of genius may execute a good statue in the style of his master. It is the man who saw the vision, who interpreted a new rendering, who stamped it in a new form, it is that man who is the genius, for he has pushed his art onward and upward in its development through the ages. Such men are the seers, and America has had a few seers in sculpture.

In passing through the intricacies of these thoughts I come back to the simplicity of my theme. We have especially two things to fight in ending America's apprenticeship. One the traditions built up by foreign propaganda, one materialism. Today those countries which have suffered by the war infinitely more than we have, cannot deny our commercial and material prosperity. So in order that they may have the satisfaction of feeling there is something in which they excel, they will be prone, now more than ever, I believe, to belittle even to a greater extent our intellectual or artistic achievements. We are rich and prosperous, we are the great financial success of the day—but, in questions of culture or intellect (so we shall be told) we are barbarians.

It may be that the impetus of the war will give us more seers. The question has been asked many times: how will the war affect art? Possibly in this way—war obliterates the non-essentials from life. It makes us realize life's structural necessities.

In the Great War we fought against a physical enemy, but we fought, too, for a spiritual hope, and in ending our apprenticeship why should we not do the same?



The Jazz Artist by George Luks

IF one were to put down at random some of the ideas which the word American suggests to the popular European brain they might run a little like this: the rate of exchange, cocktails, jazz, skyscrapers, machinery, millionaires, the unsigned peace, President Wilson and family, prohibition, and, above all things, the great and only American dollar! We may all make out such haphazard lists and doubtless no two lists will agree; but certainly he who should include *art* in his list would fall under serious suspicion as to his mental status, for rarely indeed is the idea of art associated with the idea of America in the European's brain. This is due partly to the European's prejudice, partly to his ignorance of American art, but chiefly to the fact that with few exceptions our artists have only hinted at the potentialities of America. American art is just beginning to grow up. It is a healthy child, the son of a French father, coming of age rapidly and threatening to declare its independence. This child has already performed feats worth noting and promises to develop into a very powerful young man, in spite of the fears expressed for its life by some of its closest relatives, who are most anxious to keep it eternally in swaddling clothes made in France.

No country has more representatives (ex-

The American Art Exhibition in Venice

FORBES WATSON

patriated artists and saint-hunting spinsters) actively misrepresenting her than America. These expatriates find solace for their uprooted lives and for their inherent lack of vitality in repeating the half truths of 1875 as if they were the whole truths of 1920. Since the generations to which Whistler and Mary Cassatt belong the expatriates have produced no one who matters much. But it is to such as these that a Léonce Bénédite turns when, for political reasons, he drives from the Luxembourg Gallery a Max Weber while shedding crocodile tears for a John Alexander. Is it surprising that American art is misrepresented in Europe? The European is not even give a chance to find out whether there is such a thing as American art. (By art, of course, I refer to the living production, not to a commercial transaction between a dealer in banal works of art and a tired old painter of pot-boilers, the puppet of a clever dealer.)

There is a certain type of European who finds consolation in the thought that, although the exchange may be in our favor, at least we are still barbarians in all things aesthetic and spiritual, just as there is a type of American who likes to dismiss Frenchmen as "Frogs" and Italians as "Dagoes." So common, in fact, is the type in every country that the jingo can always find an audience, and nearly always block, or at least deflect and mar, a fair exchange of ideas between nations. However, there is one power against even this rock-like ignorance—the power of art. To the literature of England, to the art of France, to the music of Germany, to the plastic genius of Italy—in short, to the race expression in one art medium or another, each race owes those



Buffalo Dancer by Randall Davey

permanent friendships based on apprehension and enjoyment.

"Art is made for all the world, but all the world is not made for art," said Alexander Archipenko, and this thought may save us from a too provincial insistence on the miracles performed in our own province or little quarter of the globe. It may be very painful to hear or read the boastful bleatings of our busiest academic landscape manufacturers about the complete supremacy of the American landscape painter. But, after all, are these honest citizens more provincial, or limited, or timidly dull than that great mass of artificially-cultivated individuals who are afraid to acknowledge the genuine achievements of American art because the proper books have not yet properly rated and classified these achievements? The "authorities" are not yet fixed and the most orthodox must risk an eye, so that the only safe course is to assume a vague and patronizing attitude, from which one may retreat at the right time without having committed oneself to any opinion which is not perfectly correct.

Can it possibly be true that the American is too timid to give the encouragement to his own art without which it can never attain its full growth or its full glory? It is hard to believe that the inhabitants of "God's Own



Castalias by Arthur B. Davies

Country" (as Californians and some others call it), who, according to many of our most prolific writers, are full to overflowing of a substance known in the fiction magazines as "good red blood," should be so afraid of themselves that they dare not encourage their own art just because it is their own. Yet there is evidence that the American artist has to contend with about as timid a public as any artist ever had to contend with. This strange, uplifting, arriving, tremendous and timid public, or medley of publics, has built for itself with astonishing speed and unevenness vast reservoirs of information and demands that it be informed. It is a long time now since the gentleman from Chicago remarked that "we ain't got round to culture yet, but when we do we'll make things hum." Things have begun to hum, but the humming will be more sustained and powerful when our budding esthetes learn to rely a little less on "being informed" and a little more on informing themselves, or learn to use their ears little less and their eyes a little more.

For the present they are so intimidated by European opinion, so frightened in the face of it, that perhaps until Europe does begin to take some serious notice of our art we may continue to fail to do so ourselves. Let Arnold Bennett write about Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," and it is not only revived but becomes a success. That happened some years ago, but the same sort of thing happens frequently. Let almost any distinguished French visitor exclaim about the amazing beauty of New York to almost any distinguished American lady and the next evening at dinner you will hear about how appreciative the French are and how beautiful New York is! She has heard Americans say the same thing a hundred times, but it made little impression on her until it was said by a Frenchman.

A certain number of Europeans know that there was once a man named Whistler and that there still is a man named Sargent. They know also that there is a lady named Mary Cassatt, and the names of a dozen lesser painters who have either lived or habitually exhibited in Europe ring in their ears with a slight tinkle of familiarity. But Albert

Ryder, John Twachtman, Thomas Eakins, Weir, Hassam, Davies, Glackens and a long list of other artists are practically unknown in Europe. Whether our artists become known in Europe may or may not be of direct consequence to them. It is, however, of great consequence to us, since nothing brings countries into more sympathetic and intelligent relationship than the mutual understanding of each other's art.

Nowhere is the current of creative art running stronger today than in America. But this current is not so powerful that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped by a public too timid to encourage its own artists, a public afraid of its own spiritual life, a public which, if always content to hear itself referred to as being commercial and material, is likely to

sort. Since then at least two American architects have received important commissions in England and France respectively, an American symphony orchestra has successfully toured in Europe, and Gertrude V. Whitney, at the invitation of the directors of the Venice International Exhibition of Art, has taken upon herself the difficulties and hazards of sending to Venice a selection of fifty-odd American paintings, which at present occupy a pavilion at the International and form an interesting, small, retrospective exhibition which is calculated to augment the average European's knowledge of American art. To such generous and courageous acts in behalf of her fellow artists Mrs. Whitney owes her position, unique in quality, as a vital factor in the advancement of our artistic production.

The American artist is then once more modestly stepping out of his sensitive shell and facing a foreign audience. What has the foreign audience, the Italians more specifically, to say of this venture? I tried to find out by the simple method of asking, and, of course, being American, and the Italians being very polite, the rewards of my simplicity were not staggering in extent. But some truths did leak through the pretty veils of politeness. It can be said, without exaggeration, that Italy did not declare a national holiday after the Venetians had seen the works of Theodore Robinson, Thomas Eakins, Albert Ryder, Alfred Collins, Twachtman, Weir, Hassam, Lawson, Tucker, Davies, Glackens, Henri, du Bois, Thayer, Speicher, Burlin, Bellows, Chatter, Cushing, Sterne, McFee, or the others whom they saw.

Italian opinions fell roughly into two classes, the official and the unofficial. The official Italian artist is perhaps the saddest of all contemporaries. He is like the son of a genius—overwhelmed by the power that preceded him. With the advantage of the finest models in sculpture painting and architecture ever before him, he has also the paralyzing knowledge that his race has already expressed its tremendous genius with dazzling power and richness. He strives frantically to continue the spell which his ancestors cast upon the world and at the same time to escape its

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Easter Morning by George Bellows

end by thinking of itself as being merely that. It can be enormously strengthened, moreover, by that interchange of ideas between nations which exists only when each nation intellectually respects the nation with which it is exchanging ideas. In this respect nations are like individuals.

However, it is not necessary to cry any longer. The tide is turning. Several significant events have taken place. The ill-fated Luxembourg exhibition, so badly mismanaged by Léonce Bénédite, as he himself ingeniously explained in an article on the exhibition, was none the less an event of a



Columbus Day in Washington Square by William Glackens



End of March by Allen Tucker

Portraits from the Venice Exhibition of American Painters



Portrait of John Jay by Alfred Q. Collins



Portrait of Mrs. K. by Henry McFee



The Golden Shawl by Eugene Speicher



Portrait of Fay Bainter by Robert Henri



Eugene Allen Noble

Americans in Art



Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey



Charles Hamilton Sabin

DR. NOBLE was recently appointed secretary of the Juilliard Musical Foundation, established to foster musical education and to promote a more general appreciation of that art in America. The foundation is to work in co-operation with schools of music. Dr. Noble, born at Brooklyn, in 1868, is well known for his work in educational fields. A graduate of Wesleyan University, he has received honorary degrees from the University of Pittsburgh and Dickinson College. He was at one time President of the latter as well as of the Woman's College of Baltimore, now Goucher College.

MR. SABIN has added to his numerous other activities service as a member of the board of trustees of the Juilliard Musical Foundation, where he sits with Frederick A. Juilliard, George W. Davison, William Jarvie and Charles A. Peabody. Mr. Sabin is better known as President of the Guarantee Trust Co. and as a director of a number of other companies. This is his first appearance in music. Contemplating the board of trustees on which he serves, a great many music lovers are wondering in what way the Juilliard Foundation funds will be spent. Nothing definite has as yet been done.



Mrs. Donald Pratt



Walter Damrosch



Charles Dana Gibson

AS a member of the Department of Pageantry and Drama for the Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Pratt has carried the idea of amateur theatricals to many known and unknown corners of the United States. She gives practical demonstrations of her method on a stage model, which is part of her baggage. She has had wide experience in dramatic work, was director of the miracle plays given under the auspices of the Episcopal Church in Ohio and staged for the children of the miners of the Consolidated Coal Company a number of fairy pantomimes. As a member of Alfred Kremborg's Poem-Mimes company she gave a number of recitals and was at one time associated with the Provincetown Players.

HAVING turned her eyes covetously upon our pocketbooks, Europe now turns them admiringly upon our musicians. The New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch, on tour over there, was greeted with a tremendous ovation.

MR. GIBSON is shown here not as the new owner and editor of *Life*, but as that pen and ink draughtsman whose mastery of his medium has been compared to Sargent's. Before Mr. Gibson there was Du Maurier, with his social satires in the elegance of which could be discerned that the artist's petting of society was somewhat more sincere than the snaps at it which he took like a terrier. A satire intrenched in foot notes, this one. But Mr. Gibson has generally been kinder than Du Maurier, and the result of that kindness or idealism as an influence is to be measured in the sum of insipid ladies who adorn our magazine covers. After Du Maurier was Gibson and after Gibson the deluge.

Hall-Marks of Musical Snobs

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

"I doesn't matter what the opera is," said the painter's wife, an attractive and intelligent woman, if a trifle conventional, "I always love to hear Caruso." The remark, casual as it was, seemed to me somehow, in spite of its platitude, or perhaps because of it, to be symptomatic of a view of music as mischievously influential as it is widespread. It was like one of those fossil bones from which those who know can reconstruct whole prehistoric monsters. And the point of view suggested is indeed, both in itself and in its devastating effect on our musical life, rather monstrous, though not, alas, at all prehistoric.

In trying to reconstruct this point of view afterwards I was at first puzzled by the tone of complacency, almost smugness, in which the remark was uttered. Not only was there no trace of shame at the lack of discrimination as to the opera sung, but there was positive pride in the assertion of fastidiousness as to the soloist singing it. Then it gradually came back to me that to this peculiar point of view the work of art is nothing, its interpreters everything; aesthetic values are entirely submerged and excluded by personal ones; balance, proportion, moderation, perfection of ensemble pale before the *prima donna* parading in the spot-light; and the opera is no longer anything in itself, anything with a meaning, but merely, in the expressive phrase, a "vehicle" for the singers. I saw, therefore, that the first half of the sentence amounted simply to a categorical denial of independent meaning to a work of musical art in itself—a denial intensely characteristic of the point of view we are trying to analyze.

In the second place, however, as a thing without meaning can have only sensuous values, it becomes a point of pride to be sensitive to such values, and to insist upon the best. If you are a wine-fancier you become fastidious about bouquets; if you are a devotee of the human voice (not as expressing something, but as pure aural sensation) you grow exacting about larynxes, and can soon talk learnedly about "head-tones," "portamento," and "tessitura." In other words, while for him to whom music has a meaning of its own, interpretation is a secondary matter, and the spirit of beauty can transfigure the humblest incarnation, he for whom it is devoid of intrinsic meaning sets supreme store by its sensuous embodiment. Hence the odd paradox, so frequently observable, that the most musical people are the most tolerant of physical shortcomings in performance, if the spirit be right, while the least musical are precisely those who make the most exacting material demands. A test question, to determine in which class any listener belonged, would be: "Should you rather hear Kreisler play anything he chose, or a third-rate nonentity play, with loving intelligence, the Beethoven concerto?" Wine that is a symbol, as in the eucharist, may be of inferior quality, and no harm done. Wine that is to be merely a luxury must be of the rarest vintage. If the opera means nothing, we must hear Caruso.

BUT, in the third place, we may not all of us have ears keen enough to select for ourselves the best which our ideal of artistic luxury makes us thus insatiably demand. It is, therefore, highly convenient that there should be a vogue for those performers (whether sing-

ers, players, or conductors) whom connoisseurs consider the best, and that we should be able to feel safe in vicariously following the preferences of those who know. Furthermore, as the distant and unfamiliar always excites our curiosity and stirs our imagination more than the familiar and hum-drum, this vogue will naturally select foreigners rather than natives, or at least those with foreign names, for its favorites. Thus we arrive at the snobbery in preferring European above native musicians in all lines, which is the polar opposite of chauvinism—and quite as disastrous to our art. And so we complete our reconstruction of a point of view immensely prevalent—the old man of the sea that rides down all our efforts and all our hopes; and find it to be made up of a frivolity which demands from music entertainment rather than expression; a materialism which exacts above all luxury in its embodiment; and a snobbery which cannot endure unpretentiousness in its practitioners.

AS I was pondering the bulk of this incubus, awfully imagining what, were its dire pressure removed, could be made of our American music in a decade, with the actual composers, conductors, and performers we have today, I chanced upon an address by Sir Henry Hadow to the recently formed British Music Society, which oddly echoed my musings. After contrasting the status of music in England in the time of the Tudors and Elisabeth, in which, he says, "there cannot be the smallest doubt that we stood in the forefront of European composition," with its decadence under Charles II, "flooding the court, and therefore the country, with Continental influence," Sir Henry insists that "Shakespeare and Shakespeare's contemporaries take music as an essential part of a civilized life. They no more doubt that an educated man should be a musician than they doubt that he should be able to speak his own tongue." . . . "In Queen Anne's time," he continues, "the men of letters . . . were almost without exception antagonistic to music. . . . The feeling of intellectual England definitely turned against music, regarded it as something which was imported from abroad, and for which John Bull only had to pay. At the end of the century, Sheridan recommends Michael Kelly to put over his shop-door the inscription '*Michael Kelly—Importer of music and composer of Wines*.' That sums up exactly and precisely where we had got to by 1800."

IN other words, with the loss of the sense of the reality of music, of its expressive, life-interpretive value, there insidiously grew up the conception of it as mere entertainment which is the first hall-mark of the point of view we have been analyzing. Along with that developed, of course, the other two, luxury and snobbery, which the speaker proceeds to describe in terms strikingly similar to ours. "Our grandparents," he says, "went to listen to Malibran or Jenny Lind, and apparently did not care one straw whether she were singing Mozart or Donizetti. If you went to hear a great actor nowadays, I suppose it would make some difference to you whether he was reciting Shakespeare or Bradshaw's Railway Guide. Some difference, perhaps, though we cannot forget how many of our friends even now go

to hear John Barrymore, how few to hear Galsworthy, Benelli, or Shakespeare. The musical analogue I think made no difference whatever to our parents or grandparents, and makes precious little difference, ladies and gentlemen, to us at the present day. . . . Do you remember the Du Maurier picture of the very strict British matron who is offered a book of the words as she is going into the door of the theatre where a French company is to perform a comedy, and the gesture with which she puts it aside? She says 'Oh, no; we have come to see the acting; we do not want to understand the play.' Are our people any better? Are our concert-goers any better?"

Well, are we any better in America? Are we not rather worse? As an Englishman said to me the other day, "When we English wish to pass a pleasant evening, we each contribute what we can in an amateur spirit—a song, a story, a bit of impersonation, or all together glees and rounds. You Americans get up a subscription and hire singers from the Metropolitan to entertain you." Let each of my readers ask himself how far he is dominated by the entertainment-luxury-snobism point of view, how little he regards music as a spontaneous expression of real emotion in which all participate, and to what extent he is, therefore, responsible, as one of the public, for the malnutrition, exoticism and faddism that still, despite all our efforts, afflict our American music. Let him ask himself, and attempt to give honest answers, why a young American, say Mr. Chalmers Clifton, for instance, who at the recent Norfolk Festival showed himself gifted with the elasticity, rhythmic sense, knowledge and command requisite to a conductor of the first order, finds it almost impossible to get a post even of assistant conductor in any of our large symphony orchestras, while foreigners of the most mediocre gifts direct some of our largest metropolitan organizations; or why, though ragtime, "jazz," sentimental songs and "easy teaching pieces" pour from our presses, MacDowell had to bring out much of his music through German publishing houses, with the exception, "which proves the rule," that he found in Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt one American publisher of high enough ideals and long enough business vision to take risk. Why is it that such sterling works as Mr. John Alden Carpenter's symphony or Mr. Edward Burlingame Hill's "The Trojan Women"—the latter conducted by Mr. Clifton at the recent festival in Norfolk, ornaments to our native music, are ordinarily played a few times and forgotten, simply because of the difficulties of circulating them in manuscript and the impossibility of publishing them "commercially"? I believe, however, that Mr. Carpenter's orchestral suite, "Adventures of a Perambulator," is to be published by G. Schirmer, Inc., who have done much for our music in the more serious forms, both orchestral and ensemble.

AND the answer to these questions must not be the facile one: "Let the organizations do it." Organizations can do useful work, it is true, if they are backed by the right public taste. The Carnegie Trust in England has recently published half a dozen valuable contributions to chamber and orchestral music and the London *Times* has put forward the sugges-

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D'Indy

A Note on the Newcomer in the American Pantheon

PAUL ROSENFELD

IF Vincent d'Indy has not adopted as his device the classic phrase in which old Horace expressed his hatred of the profane many, it is indubitably because it would be quite superfluous for him to do so. The words are summoned categorically into consciousness by the proud attitude which he has maintained throughout his lengthy career. They are emblazoned upon every note which he has penned. He has uncompromisingly shunned the popular tone in his compositions; never turned anything but a haughty profile to his public. His music is complex, severe, intellectual; shoulders itself clear of the sensuous throng; remains in gray and disdainful solitude. Of contemporary composers, scarcely a one has written music less gracile and easy, less light of foot and free of heart. The French, who have always detested Reger and disliked Brahms for their scholasticism, have got in d'Indy a match for the two Germans. His work makes one feel as though, before creating it, he had wrapped himself in the stern black robe of a mediæval Grand Prior; withdrawn into a bare cell into which the smell of earth scarcely penetrated; remembered the high traditions which had descended on him, the Catholic noble, from generations of noble Catholic ancestors; resolved to show the world the reserved, disdainful profile of the legendary aristocrat.

But not only in his music has d'Indy sought to deny his time, to oppose his traditions to the eclectic, dishevelled present. As critic and teacher, too, he has sought to revivify mediæval dogma. He has swung the *malleus maleficorum* in the critical bulletins which he has published from time to time; made war on imaginary witches and incubi; declared that no one not a Catholic can create, J. S. Bach having been born a Lutheran entirely by mistake; condemned, quite in the manner of a Grand Inquisitor, Protestant and Jewish artists to be burned alive as infidels and sorcerers. The instruction in counterpoint and composition which he gives in the Scola Cantorum, the musical college in Paris over which he has presided many years, seems to have as its principal purpose the wresting of souls from the eternal flames. Indeed, the establishment in the *rue St. Jacques* might be the *Grand Chartreuse*, so far is it removed from the breath of the crowd, so strongly is it sheltered from the winds and the colors of the age. High walls of theory prevent the gifted youths who are being led in austere and unfrequented artistic ways from glimpsing what is going on in the world without. Here, music is an esoteric thing, a science for the initiated and consecrated few. A strange odor of counterpoint and devout old lady pervades the place. Bach is studied as dogma, as a way of salvation. In little pots in damp corners there sprout the chill blue flowers of a musical culture not quite related to life. And up in his tower d'Indy sits like some little St. Bernard, exorcising demons and sounding the passage of time on chimes that are slightly out of tune.

To be sure, there are compositions of d'In-

dy's, moments scattered throughout his entire work, that make one know that this denial of the democratic present, this severe port, this disdain of the profane vulgar, this asceticism, are not attitudes deliberately assumed, poses consciously struck; make one recognize them as evidences of a veritable austerity and noblesse. The man has written music that gives again faithfully the aristocratic black, the reserve and dignity of the fine gentleman; mirrors the noble *faubourg* of Paris with its high walls and great gates, its dim salons and cobwebby culture. There are the confessions of a truly grave and reticent and proud per-



Vincent D'Indy

sonage in the black and silver filigree of the sonata for piano, Op. 61. Only a positive strain of asceticism, a high, severe and contemplative spirit, could have invented the glittering icy summits of the B-flat major symphony, the flashing of metallic surfaces, the bitter unexpected intervals, the brooding of the medicinal instruments, the piercing music for trumpets and fifes, the sparseness and sharpness of the entire amazing and complex organism. A true inner fineness and subtlety alone could have impelled d'Indy to chase so carefully, so cunningly, the texture of the sonata for piano and violin. Nevertheless, these compositions, these incandescent moments scattered through the man's work, are exceptional. The great body of d'Indy's music is of another character. The scores typical of him make us know that his hauteur, his air of musical prior, his contempt for the populace, are something in the nature of self-compensation for spiritual defects. They call to mind La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "*La gravité est une mystère du corps inventée pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit.*" They reveal the fact that d'Indy's aversion to the sensu-

ous, the light, the instinctive, the popular, is the self-righteousness of one of those who cannot join in the dance, and that he stands so severely and stiffly and primly on the edge of the ballroom floor, his chin high and proud on his black stock, his profile turned disdainfully to the dancers, only because he cannot bend that Gothic backbone of his.

For even when he does not dance, and merely moves, he produces a series of abrupt motions that are the very opposite of beautiful and dignified. His music is rigid more often than noble; angular more often than austere; formal where it would appear se-

vere; sweet and cold where it would speak earth. It is full of grotesque hopping where it would be free; full of irritating shoulder jerks; of stiff gestures; of elbows and knees that protrude. There are moments when d'Indy seems less the William Wordsworth of music, which some of his admirers pretend he is, than the Ichabod Crane. The man must be inwardly tight and unrelaxed, full of braces and inhibitions, contractions and tabus. He has never spoken a perfectly original language. His best work has invariably been done with ideas that can be traced to their origins in Wagner, in Franck, in Schumann. Whenever his music is strictly underivative, as in some of his scherzi, it is thin and contorted. The "*Petite sonata pour piano*," "*Le camp de Wallenstein*," as well as certain parts of the "*Cevenole*" symphony, vaguely recall Schumann, in particular the fantastic, rustic, capricious Schumann. Franckian melodies abound in the sonata for piano and the sonata for piano and violin; most of d'Indy's slower movements seem to have their origin, as do most of Chausson's, in the famous third movement of Franck's quartet; Franck is recalled by the thematic complexes from which d'Indy seeks to develop so many of his larger works. But it is most of all to Wagner, in particular the astringent,

subtle, mottled Wagner of "*Parsifal*" and the third act of "*Tristan*," that d'Indy is indebted. "*La chantede la cloche*" is a sort of pendant to "*Die Meistersinger*." "*Fervaal*" is "*Der Ring des Niebelungen*" transplanted in French soil. The domination of Wagner over French music during the thirty years since 1870 is due most of all to d'Indy, the chauvinist. Indeed, much of the man's hatred for Germans; the deplorable "song of hate" which he intoned in the newspapers during the first years of the war; the pitifully inadequate "*Sinfonia brevis de bello Gallico*" which the conflict called out of him, are explicable largely from the fact that he has never quite been able to cut the umbilical cord which binds him to them, and that he has always remained indebted to their culture, to their poets Uhland and Schiller, as well as to their musicians, for his best impulses.

Besides, his relation to his art is a distinctly intellectualized one. Despite the scintillation of his orchestral writing, the richness of his piano style, his works very often reveal themselves the embodiment of a purely intellectual concept, a formula. Only such a form of

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THE TOWN HALL AT HUNTINGTON, L. I.
PEABODY, WILSON AND BROWN, ARCHITECTS



Electus D. Litchfield, Architect
Community House at Watertown, N.Y.



Architect unknown
The County Court House, New London, Conn. Date about 1784

Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II
Editor Department of Architecture

Public Buildings Reflect Community Spirit

WHEN any of us builds a house in the country he identifies himself with some town or community to an extent which he hardly realizes, and very likely is far from desiring. He will be known as a citizen of that town, and will at least to some small extent be judged by the town he has chosen; further, it is very difficult indeed to keep oneself in both thought and action completely disassociated from the community. The very fact that we pay taxes is sufficient in many cases to arouse at least a languid interest in the way in which they are spent, and even the resident who feels himself to live entirely apart from the village, who takes no part in community activities, and who feels no pride in civic improvement, realizes when he has to conduct his guests through the town that he has somehow become obscurely connected with and responsible for the appearance and the life of his community. He will inevitably feel some small stirring of pride if the way to his home leads through a bright and attractive shopping district with well paved streets, well kept shops pervaded by a general air of tidy smartness; conversely, he will feel, vaguely but surely, deprecatory and apologetic, if the way to his country place leads through shabby, sordid, ill-kept and ill-smelling streets, bordered by tumble-down, unpainted and hopelessly ugly shops, public buildings and cottages. Then, if at no other time, will he realize that he has civic duties which he has not fulfilled.

The appearance of any town is a sure index to the character of its citizens; the clean, beautiful, well-kept town indicates prosperity and goodwill on the part of its inhabitants just as the dirty, unsanitary and ugly town indicates a low order of intelligence and of civic duty on the part of the citizens; our commonwealths are successful or the reverse according as in-

telligent self-interest leads its members to combined action for the common good; each of us is a member of some commonwealth and it behooves us to act for our own selfish ends through it, for it is only by co-operation that we can live at all these days. Communities have characters as varied and as distinctive as individuals; we both influence and are influenced by the towns in which we live, to an extent often greater and deeper than is the case with individuals, and we cannot afford, either for ourselves or for the sake of our children, to neglect an opportunity to make our

influence powerful for good in these towns.

In certain cases our influence can at best be indirect only; the railroad station is for that reason one of the poorest (although a very common) index to the character of the community it serves. The corporation which owns it is a foreign one, without any personal interest in the appearance or well-being of any particular town. If a town is big enough to warrant the necessary expenditure it will eventually be furnished with a big, elaborate and firmly constructed station, generally of most indifferent architecture, for our railroads as a whole have been sadly indifferent to the great opportunities that lie in well-designed stations; in fact, I think this so important that I hope to write an article dealing exclusively with the problem. But, after all, the knowledge is so widespread that no community is directly responsible for its station, that a town and its people (including ourselves) will hardly be judged by it.

The stores present a different problem. Responsibility for their well-being lies at our doors alone, even though they are built, owned and conducted by individuals. The community which is willing to patronize dirty shops stocked with poor goods gets that kind of shops; the really intelligent and discerning patronage demands good quality in the buildings as well as the merchandise. This can best be illustrated by Fifth Avenue, which has in the score or more of blocks north of 34th Street the world's choicest merchandise in the most beautiful shop buildings in the world. Good architecture pays the shopkeepers; that is why they have it; it is a tangible and definite asset. We therefore expect the town of the highest average quality of brains and intelligence to have the best-looking and best-kept stores, even if they are neither large nor pretentious.

But of all the buildings which in-



Tracy & Swartwout, Architects
Doorway of the Ferguson Library, Stamford, Conn.

dicate the character of a town, those which are the most direct and definite as an index are its public buildings, the court houses, city halls, libraries, and the like. These are erected by common funds, either raised from all the people by taxation, or from those interested by subscription; and the choice of site, materials, architect, and builder are controlled by the community. It is distressing to find how few communities have served their own interests in all these points; it is a part of our national indifference to political life and leadership which tends to leave the choice of architects for these buildings in the hands of men who have practically constituted themselves our rulers because we are too lazy or uninterested to either discover their qualifications or actively oppose the unfit. However, this national tendency of ours has not succeeded in completely eradicating good architecture from public work, and the current tendency seems to be toward better design in public work of all kinds, perhaps because the American nation is beginning to awake to the value of beauty, and to the fact that it costs no more than ugliness.

Our earliest public buildings, or at least those which still remain to us, were of a very high order of excellence, because good design was the common quality of all Colonial work, no matter what the material or to what problem applied. It is almost unnecessary to prove that such was the fact, but it is worth while recalling to mind the first town hall in Boston, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and the New York City Hall as examples of what our ancestors built as public buildings for towns no bigger than, say, Elizabeth, New Jersey, Ansonia, Connecticut. And remember that these were built by communities far poorer than our present-day towns of the same size: great centers they have become, but a century and a half ago they were hardly more than outposts of civilization. In the wilderness, the lean purses of their wealthiest citizens stretched to the uttermost to provide roads to the frontiers, and the wherewithal to push them still further west. Yet their public buildings stand today as a continual source of inspiration to our architects, and in their way unsurpassed; they have become objects almost of veneration in their communities, not alone because of their splendid histories, but because of the sheer and commanding beauty of their designs.

We are lucky that they have been preserved

to our use, and again lucky that they, though the most beautiful, are the sole survivors of an age in our history when beauty was not regarded as a fad of the dilettante few, but a commonplace part of life, to be procured as readily as flour, more readily than sugar. A few of our smaller old public buildings managed to survive the march of progress, and still worthily house the functions for which

ington? A long time ago, I imagine. In France it has long been common to house civic activities in historic buildings once privately owned, or in old buildings which if they had no particular historical significance were deemed worth preserving because of their architectural excellence. Here in this country this has not often been the case, but it has sometimes happened. The little suburban town of Rye, New York, has as its town hall the old tavern which used to be the finest night's stopping place on the post road to Boston out of New York. The building has no great architectural merit, but is a very pleasant Colonial building, and quite worth preserving; doubtless it would already have been torn down to make rooms for stores if the town had not very sensibly seen its fitness for a town hall, and adopted that means of preserving it. The old ball room on the second floor serves admirably as a council chamber, and the former tap room has become the county clerk's office, and the village is not repining because its town hall is of white painted shingles, two hundred years old, instead of the rock-faced granite so popular in the 1870's.

The architecture of the Colonial period was uniform in its loose adherence to Classic precedent less because of any conscious effort on the part of the architects of the time, than because they did not realize that it was possible to build in any other style. Today we still for the most part build in the Classic style from instinctive preference for it; not that the activities of the city officials could not be equally well displayed in a building of Gothic design (or Chinese, for that matter), but rather because we see something fitting in the Classic order to a public building. However, we know nowadays many varieties of classic motives where our ancestors knew only the Georgian derivatives of Roman art, and our public buildings are perhaps not the gainers by our extended knowledge: certainly the best of our smaller public buildings have been designed in the style which we roughly call "Colonial," and while the city hall at Waterbury, Connecticut, is of a size which is somewhat beyond the scope of this article, it is such a masterpiece in design, so beautifully executed and so admirably adapted to its site and to the little New England city which it adorns that I cannot refrain from speaking of it as perfectly proving the value of Colonial motives in our smaller public

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Bigelow & Wadsworth, Architects

The Weston Town Hall, Weston, Mass.

they were built. In the little town of Stonington, Massachusetts, there is a very beautiful old town hall of the Colonial period, and among the illustrations of this article are two others of the small old public buildings, the quaintly dignified Court House at New London, Connecticut, and the Customs House at Stonington. The latter is of the early post-colonial period when Stonington, now a sleepy, lonely little place, was a busy if minute seaport with a real foreign trade. Why the United States still maintains there a Customs House with (I suppose) a collector of the port and other titled functionaries, I do not know, but it is still there; I wonder when the last ship from "foreign parts" put into Ston-



Architect Unknown

The Old Customs House, Stonington, Conn. Date about 1812



Tracy & Swartwout, Architects

An office in the Milford Town Hall, Milford, Conn.



Two views of the public library at Great Barrington, Mass.

Blanchard E. Barnes, Architect



Three views of the Community House at Watertown, N.Y.

Electus D. Litchfield, Architect



The Town Hall at Milford, Conn.

Tracy and Swartwout, Architects



The Ferguson Library at Stamford, Conn.

Tracy and Swartwout, Architects



An exterior and an interior from the Town House, Hempstead, L.I.

Stewart Wagner, Architect

The Georgian Colonial for Country Homes

Is This the Ultimate Country House Style?

C. MATLACK PRICE

IT is true enough that architects go far in the direction of setting styles in architecture, especially in this country, but it is equally true that the unarchitectural people for whom they build exert a powerful collective influence of their own.

The Romanesque which Richardson developed so eloquently, and which contemporary critics hailed as the ultimate architectural expression in this country, is, in the realm of domestic architecture, as obsolete as Ruskinian Gothic, Eastlavian vagary or the conscientious "Francis First," which was transiently fashion's favorite.

The era of our immediate architectural present was ushered in by the great Italian Renaissance revival of McKim, Mead and White, and brought with it a taste for Italian villas as country houses. The English type competed with the villa from the first, and with considerable success as it became more intelligently adapted to our scheme of country living. The French château, the choice of a rather sophisticated few, never made itself very strongly felt, and other types (not forgetting the Swiss chalets of the mournful '80's), contributed no seriously influencing part to the whole stylistic picture book that has long been called "American Architecture." Many of our versions of these several European styles were "Architecture," in the sense that they were well and intelligently done—but were any of them "American"?

There are radical differences between the actual technique of living in the country in Renaissance Italy or eighteenth century France and living in the country in the United States today—differences which any but the most successfully contrived versions of villas and châteaux fail to reconcile completely. It is true that Italian or Spanish types are naturally suitable to certain parts of this country, notably the Pacific coast, but it is a considerable question if any American countryside is quite sophisticated enough for the urbane and artificial French château.

There is so much greater similarity between the English idea of living in the country and ours that various English types of country houses are adapted here with conspicuous success and charm. The racial affinity, too, leaves far less of a variance to bridge, and were it not for one other distinct type, there is little doubt but that the English manner of designing country houses would ultimately become the basis as well as the outward expression of ours.

This other type is the one comprehensively known as "Georgian Colonial," and notwithstanding the historic interest, the charm and the varied associations of other types, there is a constant current of popular preference and demand setting toward Georgian Colonial. There is a constant reversion to this type, and at times, as now, this reversion seems to assume definitely significant proportions. Evidence is found in the continuous requests for Georgian Colonial houses even from architects who have attained their most conspicuous successes in the design of distinctly Italian or distinctly English houses.

The question immediately propounds itself: Is Georgian Colonial the best type for American domestic architecture because people are constantly reverting to it; or are people constantly reverting to it because it is the best type? The answer to both questions would



The purity and dignity of Georgian Colonial architectural forms hold a beauty which is independent of transient popularity

probably be "Yes," and for reasons in both cases germane and rational.

When all architectural theories have been thrashed out, there seems always to be left something which tells us that the great and enduring styles are those which were direct, logical, natural outgrowths of social, economic and other conditions of the periods during which they were evolved. We too often reproduce a style without reproducing the conditions which contributed to the creation of that style, or even taking these conditions into account.

It seems as though a constant and ever more forcefully recurrent demand for the Georgian Colonial style of architecture should be taken as an indication that the style means something to the people of this country today. It has an indigenous quality, it seems something that belongs peculiarly to us, and is therefore peculiarly worth keeping. And so the two questions answer each other.

The Georgian Colonial style, it is true, does

not designate exactly one kind of building, although there are points in common which make for essential unity. The differences between the great mansion of the Westover type and the little white house with the green blinds are not so great as their similarities. They were all in the same key: all painted with the same palette. For one thing, there was nothing *alien* about them—they belonged here, and will always belong here.

The Georgian Colonial style differed in many superficial respects as it ranged from the Southern states up to Maine, but this very variety affords the present-day builder the option to select a version of Georgian which is appropriate not only to the country in which he lives, but to the state, and sometimes even to the portion of the state in which he is to live. All are species of the same genus.

The Georgian Colonial style, typified monumentally by the Independence Hall group in Philadelphia, merged naturally into "Early American," which, with the ever-increasing trend toward extreme classicism, ended in "American Empire." And since "American Empire" there has been no pure American style beyond the adaptations and modern developments of types of building evolved prior to 1830 or thereabout.

To explain the direct connection between Georgian Colonial architecture and the conditions which produced it is to go over ground which has already been covered by many able critics and writers. Suffice it to say that the style was naturally based on the contemporary architecture of the England which the colonists had but so recently left, but that this English Georgian was radically modified by the relatively primitive means of execution at the colonists' disposal. Frequently a lack of tools, often much necessitous work to meet the rigors of life in the New World, and always a scarcity of skilled labor—here were factors which forced a distinctly American character upon the Georgian basis of style, and which evolved a style which is nothing less than our national heritage.

There has been, perhaps, too little education, beginning with the schools, too little education toward appreciating the real significance of Georgian Colonial architecture. It has been loosely called "Colonial," and has never been popularly explained. Some day there may be an elective course on Architecture in the High Schools of this country—and if this were to be so, thousands of men and women would go forth with some knowledge of the manner in which they had best build their homes. The present courses on Home Furnishing and Interior Decoration accomplish much, but Architecture is still as much a Dark Art as the forbidden Dark Arts of mediæval times. We know less about the buildings in which we live or work or pray or worship than we do about the stars, and far less than we know about anything else which has so many vital contacts.

Instinctively, however, there is today an unmistakable reversion to the Georgian Colonial type of architecture for modern American homes—even, in some directions, there is a

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The great colonnaded "manor house" type of early American dwelling may be adapted, with greater or less insistence on modification



The direct simplicity of this kind of architectural detail is in accord with the modern American home



The interest in Georgian Colonial architecture is reflected in the popularity of the furniture of the period



The more primitive type of Colonial American home offers many suggestions for the unpretentious home of to-day



A pure type of early Georgian Colonial house, seen in a beautifully studied modern version at Valley Forge

Gardens Where Slipped Feet May Escape the Dew



Through the garden of Mr. Beme Hopkins, Colorado Springs

WE were long in using architectural features in our gardens. Celia Thaxter's massed blossoms on the Isle of Shoals, Mr. Vernon's box-hedged roses, were made entirely of what the seasons give, and in all the gardens of our great land a wall to confine it and an iron bench for the weary, were all the accessories seen. A thrill went through the hearts of women who owned gardens when sun-dials became matters of commerce, obtainable outside of English novels.

But once begun, the architectural feature took permanent place, and the mason is now as necessary to the making of a garden as the man with a hoe. Our pools no longer resemble puddles, with dubious edges, but are jewels in proper setting reflecting the changing colors, and inviting ladies' slipped feet to the very edge; the path of grass—than which no path is lovelier—is fitted with stepping stones against the dew; and as for the rest-house, it has developed into a luxurious temple of tea and talk, a house of oriental ventilation, open to entrancing views of flowers and pools. On the large estates which the land owner considers his paradise, such a house makes an agreeable change from the formality of the big mansion, especially on a bright morning when neighbors stop in for tennis, or on a fragrant afternoon when tea is served *al fresco*. Such an adjunct to country life requires, however, to be not too distant from its source of supplies, the pantry.



In the garden of Mrs. A. M. Hoyt, at Southampton, L.I., is found a tea-house which is a veritable refuge for the lover of solitude



The ideal pool where the bather swims in the heart of the forest surrounded with vines and trees



Reminiscent of the Aldobrandini gardens at Frascati is this path descending to the pool



From the shelter of the bath-house is enjoyed a view of both pool and forest

The R. S. Brewster Swimming Pool at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

DELANO AND ALDRICH, ARCHITECTS

A Revival of the Decorative Paintings of the Eighteenth Century

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

THE only extraordinary thing about the revival of decorative floral and game paintings is that they ever went out of fashion. The cause announces itself, however, in the unhappy tale of decadence, that blight which has killed so many noble fashions in art.

Oddly enough, however, it is the poorer examples of flower-painting that brought on the revival of their use. They became once more a requisite of the decorator, the decorator of homes of medium elegance.

It was then that the rare old pieces of the eighteenth century came forward and shone in beauteous detail and masterly composition. They stepped into the galleries on Fifth Avenue as the ladies of the French Kings stepped into the royal drawing-rooms, radiant with purposeful beauty, sophisticated, significant. And on beholding them we wonder why we tolerated the stiff and gloomy flower-pieces dragged from Italy or the Low Countries.

Not only of palaces do they speak, these finished canvases, but of gardens, those haunts of a romantic civilization which made of pleasure an artistic success. Each flower that grew in those gardens was encouraged into a perfection fit to offer to the silken ladies who walked among them. Within their formal plan grew loose-leaved peonies of prodigious size, hollyhocks trembling in pallor like a tropic flower of the night, sweet-pea blossoms which were but little below the orchid and far sweeter to crush against a face, and poppies whereat a poet might dream of silken skirts wide flung and heavy with elegance. And as for simple stuff, marigolds, daisies, morning-glory,

honeysuckle, these in the Eighteenth-Century gardens lost all rusticity and associated with the lily and the rose. And thus were they painted.

Paneled rooms gave place for them—even as the revival of paneling today demands them—to take the place of the heavy elegance of Louis XIV salons. They thrust their heads above a door or window, they crown a mirror, they give an aligresse to walls of monotone. In a word, they fill the purpose of the earliest painting—to decorate a wall, to remain a part of it, not to become an easel painting. And was that not the first use of paintings, and did not the frescoed wall antedate the picture which could be displaced at will?

Flower painting is not for every artist. He who chooses inanimate subjects such as this has previously chosen to give himself to nature. Notwithstanding the formality, the sophistication of some of the compositions—which were requisites of the times—the flowers are painted with a spiritual vision that only he can have who has dreamed through long hours of hot sunlight, and through fragrant twilights, when perfumes are released and petals crisp. Louis Tessier gave his life to garlands, Oudry supplemented them with animals, Le Riche, Sauvage, and the Northerners, Van der Myn and Van Spaendonck, painted with an abandon of beauty.

Late in the century Le Riche painted the decorative spirit of his time in a vase of flowers, which is as intellectual in arrangement as the bouquets of Japan. The three Japanese requisites are here, the in-



Le Riche, the artist, composed this panel with the love of nature and a bow to classic convention



Van Spaendonck's aim was to put in the salon a basket of fresh flowers crisp with dew



Desporte gives us the exclusive elegance of still life penetrated by animal pets

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Sauvage and Van Spaendonck combined their art in a medallion of grisaille, entouré with grapes



On a background of pinkish gray brick is hung a companion medallion with quaintly decorous flowers



Van der Myn concerned himself with animals and portrayed the spirit of the well-bred dog



Van der Myn's clever use of sweeping curves is noticeable in hound and horn

When Fine Paintings are Purely Decorations

Dress—A Fine Art!

CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

Prelude

THE dress designer who understands the intrinsic relation between the art of costume and the industrial arts is in a superior position to create productions in which the artistic factors are not submerged by fashion. All of the arts of design form a spiritual nexus, finding an intuitive harmony in the mind of the artist who is more than a specialist. Such an artist interprets his specialty in the richer and profounder sources of those principles common to all the arts of design.

One type of dress designer understands fabrics, dressmaking, and perhaps the psychology of women. He is a fashion-mechanic; seldom an artist. The creative designer likewise knows these technical features, but he perceives the relationship of dress to the fine and applied arts; is not uncultured; follows the evolution of art, literature, and craftsmanship. His brain receives the multi-colored impressions of all that is beautiful in the productions of the past and present.

I must confess that this species of artist finds a better habitat in France than in this country; yet the impetus of the industrial arts in the United States is bringing us nearer to the cultivation of such a type, which will compare to the natural genius of France, as the marvelous plant creation of a Luther Burbank compares with the productions of nature.

In his prime Worth haunted the museums; Poiret is still a tireless student of the theatre and was one of the first to profit from the renovation of color revealed by Bakst and Anisfeld.

In this article I should like to trace in a concrete form the influence of the various crafts—ancient and modern—on dress. In the last few years there has been a keener perception of the relationship between jewelry and dress, and the possibility of the jeweler working in harmony with the costume designer. I recall a recent concert in the Metropolitan at which a prima donna, robed in fabric heavy as damask, wore jewels of most evanescent tints. The disharmony was so painful that it seemed to detract even from the quality of her singing. And was it not Madame de Sevigny who remarked that good taste in dress was often determined by the kind of jewels worn with the gown?

THE jewel in its setting must harmonize with the figure, the line and the type of the gown. Age and physical characteristics should determine the selection of gems, as well as the occasion for which the jewels are worn. Manifestly, jewels appropriate for street costume would be out of place on an evening dress. Most important, however, is the selection of a jewel that in color harmonizes with the texture and color of the dress. Relatively opaque tints like turquoise can never harmonize with a light fluffy material such as chiffon. All this means that the jeweler and the style specialist have a common aim in the furtherance of good taste and should be familiar with the developments in their respective fields.

Let us consider the influence of another craft on costume. With the revival of the Batik process in recent years, a stimulus has been given in the direction of bold designs and vital color. Batik, as is well known, is a method of applying designs to fabrics by

I SHALL assume that which to some minds may seem Utopian. Imagine a large council hall, decorated, not in a period, but in good taste with a minimum of simple furnishings, richly simple. Around a table are seated the representatives of the Arts of Design—of furniture and tapestry and decoration—of rare rugs, precious stones and artistic dress. These craftsmen-artists are gathered to accomplish by group effort that development of Applied Art without which all culture is spurious. There is a comity in attitude, thought and aspiration and from this free exchange of tolerant minds emerges the first coherent medium for synthetic expression. Is this a Utopia? Or is the present advance in American industrial art a happy augury that the day is not remote when not only will designers in the various crafts exchange inspiration, but join with business men of vision to make the Beautiful Real.

means of liquid bees-wax or other glutinous substance, in such a way as to form the design itself or a background for a design. The outstanding result of this revival has been to accentuate our color sense, which in this country has been suppressed for years through a false conception of simplicity.

I need not refer in more than a passing manner to the inspiration afforded dress designers by tapestry themes, the involution of rug designs, and decorative schemes. Nor should we ignore the influence of Greek drapery and sculpture in developing an American silhouette just in line and proportion. In following the lines of the natural figure—a practice initiated by Greek art—the costume designer will not go astray. It seems reasonable to assume that the Greek influence carries a more vital message to modern minds than Borneo excesses in tattooing; and it is to be regretted that in recent months French as well as American designers have preferred the influences of Moroccan primitive art to that modern art which is grounded in linear beauty.

Line and Color

The movement initiated by the Russians to rescue our color sense from the shadow stage of the Victorian era had an invigorating influence on the color element in dress. Boris Anisfeld made his colors shout like a choir of trumpets in a super-orchestra—the colossal orchestra dreamed of by Beethoven for his unfinished Tenth Symphony. Bakst followed with a welding of scenery and costume, in a magic ensemble. Too often this revival of color has been accompanied by a sacrifice of architectural beauty, but in the best work of Bakst, his "Pappillons Ballet," for example, there is a happy blending of the decorative and the pictorial. The mid-Victorian costumes for this Schumann fantasy are a model for the dress designer. A healthy people loves color. Americans, with a sense of humor and love of life, have too often in the past repressed their natural desire for robust colors, lest they be charged with levity or bad taste. Only in her outdoor moods does the American girl reveal her buoyancy in dress of radiant color. In the cities we are too subdued. Matrons seek an asylum in deadly blacks, forgetting that there is no color like gray for maturing years. This restraint has had one compensation, however, since it has discouraged the crude and the vulgar.

TIME was when life was deemed a feast of self-torture for the ascetic, and gloomy artists painted pictures in severe blacks. To-

day, with the swifter tempi of existence and the Bergsonian "élan vital" encompassing us like a vast cinema, the artist seeks vivid effects, color-symphonies, and life-enhancing values.

There is a simple guide to the correct color scheme of your costume. There are no secrets in dress problems; there is either taste or lack of taste. Observe this fascinating natural fact: Seated on the lawn, the white gown and face of a woman will assume color values of reflected green. Nature often gives us clues where the designer gives us recipes.

For those not versed in the secrets of color mixing, harmonies of one color are safe and sane. It should be remembered that variety in one color may be obtained by the use of different materials.

In using or trying to secure harmonies of contrasting colors there should always be one dominant color in the dress, the subsidiary colors disposed in smaller quantities, thus giving the effect of emphasis. The supreme effect in costume is achieved by an intermingling of colors which fuse naturally. And if a fashion dictates discordant color combinations, that fashion can never become art. Good colors can be had in inexpensive materials as in the costliest fabrics, so that the choice resolves itself into a question of taste rather than of money.

Josef Urban Discusses Color

The recent advent of Josef Urban into the ranks of costume designers for the stage, and his interpretation of American nuances in his paintings for the "Follies," suggested to me the advisability of getting his views on this subject. While an advocate of Light, he refuses to join it with Fury, and presents an interesting balance of the classical with the modern tendencies.

"Costume," he reminded me, "should never be a disturbing element on the stage." Nor, I added, should it be too conspicuous in the case of the individual.

Mr. Urban dresses the principals in a given scene in outstanding colors, which signal to the audience in a less crude manner than the old method of pushing the leading lady into the front, and herding the rest of the company around the ring.

He quoted a striking instance of revealing personality through costume in his work on "Faust." Under the old method, Marguerite, this lady more sinned against than sinning, was thrust by the stage manager into the limelight. Mr. Urban, by dressing her interpretatively, enables her to mingle with the entire chorus of the stage, yet she dominates that group and the audience is never at a loss to follow her.

He is not over optimistic as to the future of Batik, and will not follow the Futurists Rolla, Loeffler, Anisfeld, in their imaginative flights. He sticks to the story, libretto or score, and has a strongly developed feeling for line. His Wagnerian settings to be revealed this fall at the Metropolitan Opera House are architectural rather than decorative, and his distances have a mystical quality.

It is not his innovations that need concern us here, but his adherence to fundamental principles. *These govern your costume, as they determine his work.*

French Designs Inspired by the American Silhouette

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Home dinner gown and tea gown of silver and gold brocade inwoven with red silk



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Dinner dress of lightest weight velvet adhering to the unchanging principles of line and simplicity

Themes of the English Sporting Print in Paint

Gallery Notes

EXHIBITIONS which closed a brilliant season of showings had about them an air of informality, and appealed with an intimacy which the small room bestows. A ten-minute stop on a promenade was all they asked, and thus appealed to large numbers. One-man shows they often were, and these alternated with gatherings under the head of subjects. At the Ackerman Gallery the walls were hung with those old paintings which were the fathers of the happy genera of sporting prints.

In these motoring days the London mail-coach, as painted by J. F. Herring, Sr., in 1841, is more than an object of art; it is a chapter in history. The coach as a means of quick transporting of men and post-bags is a curiosity. But Herring's painting contains things that are always in fashion, cool gray atmosphere enveloping the downs, a morning freshness, and a four-in-hand putting in their most vigorous work with strength and spirit. It is a byway to which the artist brings us, but one which makes the memory tingle with past excursions. He knew how to paint his

(Continued on page 188)



"Coaching, the London and Edinburgh Mail," painted by J. F. Herring, Sr., in 1841



An old painting called "Hunting" by J. N. Sartorius, 1808



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From Dancing to Drama

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

DRAMA and dancing to the average man are things apart. And yet Terpsichore ranked with all the other Muses. Art, to the average man and the average woman, seems limited to painting, music, sculpture, poetry, and architecture. Drama? Oh, yes. It is a form of art. But dancing? Um! It is the hand-maiden of ball-rooms!

And yet the Greeks, who knew so many truths, set dancing in the forefront of the arts. Dancing and poetry were the beginning of tragedy—as music and dancing both expressed religion. When David “danced before the Ark” he may unconsciously have laid the foundations of grand opera. And the old bacchanalia were religious functions. Even the ballets of the opera stage are not mere toe-dancing. The dancers who distort their limbs so curiously are also actors. The chief figures in the conventional opera ballets of pre-Russian times have told and re-told the same old simple tale of love, pursuit, and courtship. The minor dancers have been choruses. Not in the noble way of ancient Greece. But still real choruses. All dancers of the stage are pantomimists.

The relationship between art and pirouettes is somewhat vague. *Au fond*, the ballerina is a contortionist. However, she must have grace, and, above all, she must have amazing strength. Some toe-dancers have witched the world. Cerrito, Taglioni, Vestris, their names still live. Such airy fairies are not known today. Their native charms eked out their wondrous skill and lent a gloss of art to acrobatics. But they all stood for a bad, futile, perverse thing, not very closely linked with genuine drama.

The Italians wrought a closer bond between drama and dancing, when they devised symbolic ballets of the “Excelsior” pattern. They gave more prominence, no doubt, to pantomime, which is dumb acting, good both for tragic and for comic purposes.

Then Isadora Duncan at last dawned on us, and dancing took on rare and gracious forms. It went back to the classic styles of Greece, styles set by nature and divine emotion. The expression of the soul by means of movement is Duncan's definition of her

old-new art. It aims at making motion beautiful and expressive of all human moods and life.

And, at this point, it touches drama proper. For what is drama if it does not show the joy and grief and hate and pain and love of Man? Duncan insists on perfect harmony between soul and body. The movements of the dancer

danced weird somethings at the Metropolitan, replacing curves by angles and straight lines. To excuse herself she had evolved a theory, too cryptic and absurd to be recalled. She danced—or postured—and was seen no more. A few admired her. But the public smiled.

Duncan taught much to the great Russian dancers, among them Karsova and Pavlova.

The art of dancing grew still more dramatic. But the result was very incomplete. “Scheherazade,” “The Fire Bird,” and those other ballets of the Diaghelev type were compromises, welding old operatic modes and forms with symbolic-classic and expressive styles. In “The Faun” (“*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*”), that decadent, but gifted artist, Nijinsky, defied convention and put drama first. The “Faun” was frank, perhaps too frank at times, in its expression of a satyr's unchecked moods. It told a story, without spoken words, in movement, and it was aided greatly by Debussy's tones. It had not the severities of the chorus—dances and soli devised by Duncan for

her “Orpheus” and “Iphigenia.” It lacked the tragic beauty and austere simplicity of that wonderful creation in which, some years ago, Duncan suggested by a few most simple movements, at the Metropolitan, the awakening and release of chain-bound Russia. Not many, I dare say, who saw her then, caught more than a mere hint of what she did. The Russians understood, though perhaps they only really fathomed her.

“Interpretations,” “Idylls,” “dance poems”—the Duncan “dances” were all these in turn.

But they put drama into dancing, too. They proved the sistership of Terpsichore and Melpomene.

“Dancing,” said our American Isadora, in one of her essays, “is not only the art which allows the human soul to express itself through movement, it is also the basis of a whole conception of a more supple and harmonious, natural life. It is not, as some suppose, an arrangement of more or less arbitrary steps, resulting from mechanical combinations.”

Opinions differ as to the propriety or need of “interpreting” symphonies in dancing. Yet there was beauty and delightful eloquence in



Andreas Pavley and Anna Ludmilla



Ruth St. Denis



Isadora Duncan

(Continued on page 190)



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The Latest Developments of the Russian Stage

IVAN NARODNY

THE Russian drama before the Revolution reached such a high degree of development that it was universally considered as one of the foremost institutions of modern history. The achievements of the Moscow Art Theatre, of the Moscow Kamerny Theatre, of the Zimin Opera, of the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre, and of the Theatre of Musical Drama in Petrograd, are considered in some places the most unusual artistic attempts on the stage. The question that interests everybody concerned with drama is whether the Russian stage can survive the great political upheaval or whether it will degenerate to insignificant platitude, as in France under the Terror?

It is undoubtedly true that art under any revolution suffers, for the mind of the masses, no matter how high the degree of their education, is unable to grasp aesthetic subtleties; it requires years or generations of specific training and learning. No art can flourish under the dictation of popular taste, despite the fact that it must be born of the soul of the people. Popular taste produces the heroines of magazine covers.

While the Soviet régime took over the old municipal and state theatres in all cities and towns, the private operas and playhouses were left to the care of the private companies. As before, the Soviet leaders seek to use the theatres as doctrinaire vehicles on a larger scale than ever before. Indeed, many of the foremost opera houses and theatres have been transformed into propagandist moving picture houses and show places of an inferior nature.

While the Soviet régime has recognized the importance of the drama and given it liberal support, yet it has failed to recognize the fact that art is and remains always aristocratic in its fundamentals. The so-called People's Kommissars of the Council of Education, who now have charge of the state theatres, like the American union leaders, are plain politicians, who do not realize the importance of drama in its classic sense, and thus have degraded the stage where the competition was less noticeable, as, for instance, in the provinces.

There were more than five or six hundred state or municipal theatres in Russia before the Revolution, and these all went under the control of the above-named Soviet of Education. Its first move was to abolish the guild-spirit and the rule of a recognized art authority as a director of the theatre and to place it under the bureaucratic rule of a specific Kommissar, who usually had to be a politician and emphasized Soviet propaganda and education. The actors and actresses remained, as they had been before, functionaries of the state, and received their pay from the national treasury. But those institutions soon deteriorated artistically, so that new art theatres, playhouses or operas have been formed on a co-operative basis by dissatisfied artists.

Most known abroad of the Russian playhouses is the Moscow Art Theatre. This is

now being run, as before, by Constantine Stanislavsky and Vladimir Nemirovich Danchenko, on a co-operative basis, with the staff of actors and artists and the patrons of the celebrated institute. Irrespective of the many drawbacks and difficulties that the Soviet system brought about, the Art Theatre closed its past season with the same moral and economic success that it had shown previously. It has always been so crowded that seats for plays had to be ordered weeks ahead. The secret of such an achievement lies in its high artistic traditions, in the fact that the stage is not considered a medium for producing amusement, but for giving true pictures of the human soul-life, besides its outspoken sincerity in dramatic realism. The realism of this institute is, however, not of the kind staged in New York, but a spiritual realism, a use of the realistic form as a means and not an end, a means to the more graphic interpretation of life.

Though it has been said that the Moscow Art Theatre is a typically Russian institution and nationalistic to its core, the fact remains that on the stage of no other theatre has there been performed so large a variety of plays of all nations. A great many plays of previous seasons are repeated and new ones added to the repertoire. Thus Tchekhoff's "Sea Gull" and "Uncle Vania," produced for the first time in 1898, continue to appear every season. The Art Theatre includes the plays of Shakespeare, Molière, Ibsen, Hauptman, Knut Hansun, and Maeterlinck in its extensive repertory. In fact, the policy of the Art Theatre grew out of Anton Tchekhoff's style. Before the existence of this institute it was considered impossible to produce the plays of Tchekhoff—their psychology seemed to frustrate the possibility of dramatic effect.

It must be emphasized on this occasion that all theatres in Russia have given and continue to give repertoire plays, and by this method hold the spontaneity of the players. The object of the Russian theatre has been not to present a play through the medium of the stage, but to represent it as an independent entity existing side by side with the observing audience. The subject of the play is considered as a picture of a definite world perfectly

complete in itself and needing only a faithful reproduction to become a living world. Of the two elements of the theatre, the stage and the audience, the second operates merely as a superfluous attachment, making itself felt only through the necessity of providing for it a huge window through which it gets a glimpse of the world enacted. The Art Theatre carries this illusion to its farthest limits.

Another peculiarity of the Russian stage has been its special tendency toward ensemble-acting and the abolition of the star-roles. This demands a centralization of all the directing powers in the hands of a stage-director, who is not a mere clerk or business man, but an artist himself.

While the Art Theatre of Moscow grew out of the realistic theory that "naturalness" is the utmost aim of the stage, there existed long ago in Russia a parallel movement which strived to deny psychologic realism and emphasize aesthetic symbolism. The argument of the leaders of this movement is that the stage should not be devoted solely to the spoken drama, but should include musical pantomime, ballet, and a combination of all these arts. The audience should not be made to feel reality, but frankly told that the reality is that which it can itself imagine; the stage giving only the symbolic suggestion of a drama. This is known as the Oriental school of symbolism.

The first men to take up this form of drama were Alexander Tairoff in Moscow and Meyerhold in Petrograd. While Tairoff started his operations in the Free Theatre of Moscow, which is now called the Kamerny Theatre, Meyerhold joined hands with the late Vera Kommissarzhevsky in Petrograd. He is now the director of Alexander Theatre and opened a theatre known as Kommissarzhevsky Theatre. These two Russian managers are inspired by the art of Maeterlinck and Sologub. They seek to reveal the inner mysteries of life by making the audience experience them as actual facts. Their ambition is to break down the barrier between the stage and the audience, and to make the performance a kind of religious service in which the individuality of the spectator merges into some sublime vision of his own inner world. The solution of this

problem gives great credit to their theatrical sagacity. They produced Maeterlinck, Sologub, and many Oriental dramas on one plane, reducing the depth of the stage to a narrow band at the footlights and setting the actors against flat decorative scenery. In this way they strangely dematerialized the stage.

Though the use of flat settings was known in the Orient, its application by Tairoff and Meyerhold combined it in a new way with the symbolic psychology of the play, and gave it a special significance through the application of the old principle to the modern thought and spirit of the drama. A special chanting dialogue was employed, diffused lights were increased



A scene from the play of the Moscow Free Theatre by Tairoff

(Continued on page 186)



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Art in American Industry

W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department of Industria! Art*

OPINIONS gathered from several representative American business men reveal not only general enthusiasm concerning the high standards of American industrial art but also determined efforts on the part of many of our industries to establish an independent and beautiful art in industry.

Expressions of opinion have been candid, and therefore all the more useful. Censure was not spared when the speaker saw fit to criticize. American business is keenly alive to the value of the art element, just as much so as the Board of Reconstruction of Great Britain which recently declared that "one of the most essential factors in regaining her pre-war status in the markets of the world is the introduction of a greater element of art in her manufactures." Never before have such intelligent and concrete efforts been made in America to utilize art as a selling force; and one is almost tempted to measure the time before American manufacturers take a leading position in the world's artistic production.

To quicken these efforts into vitalized reality has been the motivating force back of this department in ARTS & DECORATION.

The time is foreseen shortly by M. D. C. Crawford, one of the leaders in the textile field in America, when we shall export as well as import decorative fabrics. He says in his letter, published below, that within the past five years "we have developed a creative independence of a high order."

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany deplores the fact that many of our manufacturers are still too commercial. He warns against the practice of imitation. "But," he insists, "the evil is not in cheap but in inartistic reproduction. If a cheap reproduction is artistic a service has been rendered to the country. So long as production is compatible with artistic standards, the cheaper the better."

The constructive movement conducted by ARTS & DECORATION, leading toward a high-class industrial art for America, drew particular praise from John P. Adams, President of the Kensington Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of fine furniture, and Sidney Blumenthal, President of the Shelton Looms, manufacturers of artistic velvets and upholsteries, both of whom stressed the need for general education and inspiration of the kind presented in this department.

In calling attention to this need Mr. Blumenthal said, "The prevailing conception is a vague idea that art is something ethereal, and that to make it useful by associating it with industry is to lower it. . . . It has been

my experience that our most artistic products are the best sellers. . . . The idea is gradually vanishing that foreign goods are better. . . . The American manufacturer is conscientiously attempting to produce better things because he is becoming aware of the selling value of the art element."

Mr. Adams takes the stand that "There is wholly sympathetic relation between the fine arts and the industrial arts. . . . There is nothing incongruous in emphasizing this relationship by housing the treasures of both under one roof." Mr. Adams draws a distinction here between the "fine" and "industrial" arts which might arouse a contrary opinion from Ralph E. Erskine, President of the Erskine-Danforth Corporation, makers of decorative furniture, who says: "The greatest works of art were not made for museums. In Florence and old France the greatest artists worked for men who bought their products for homes or public buildings or churches. This condition makes for the greatest art, whether you call it industrial, fine or applied."

In calling attention to and commending the co-ordination of efforts between museums and business, Mr. Crawford, who has recently returned from abroad, writes in his letter that foreigners have become interested in the practical use we make of our museums. He speaks of the progress of our design schools, but warns that no "central organization can lay down arbitrary rules for the guidance of any particular industry. . . . Each industry must be induced to take up the problem in its own way and by its own means."

A Letter from M. D. C. Crawford, One of the Leaders in the Textile Field in America

THE last five years have witnessed a great advance in textile designing in America. It can be said with perfect candor that we have developed a creative independence of a high order, and that new ideas of frankly American origin are not only well received in this country, but until the scarcity of material and the European embargoes prevented it, our ideas were well received in Europe. There is no doubt in my mind that in the next few years we will export, as well as import, decorative fabrics.

I have recently returned from abroad, and was delighted to find that many individuals in France and England who are responsible for their fine fabrics were very much interested in certain phases of our work—that American

design stood well in their estimation and that in many instances they were beginning to lose the suspicion that they have always had of this market in regard to copying their ideas. They were particularly interested in the practical use we had made of museums and in the way all our efforts had been co-ordinated.

These results have been obtained by a practical co-operation between the industry, the artists and the museums. For the first time in the history of the industry our local designers have been given a fair chance, and given as well practical instruction in the mechanical limitations of the machine. For the first time both the stylists in the industry and the designers have had free access to certain museum collections. I mean by "free access" an opportunity to handle and examine and study documents with the same familiarity that has always been accorded to the scientist.

I do not wish to convey the idea that all museums have co-operated in this movement. There are, unfortunately, still many splendid institutions, the collections in which might be of the greatest use, that maintain a rather narrow viewpoint in regard to withholding their materials from designers or place impediments in the way of their fullest use, that while insignificant in themselves, are sufficient to discourage or annoy the artists.

Before this movement started there were few if any art schools in America who knew or at least taught their students even so simple a technical matter as the size of modern printing cylinders.

The museums, especially the American Museum of Natural History and the Brooklyn Institute Museum, have co-operated in this movement to an unprecedented degree. After carefully studying museum conditions both in America and in Europe, I feel justified in making the statement that no museum collections in the world are as accessible as are the wonderful collections of these two institutions.

In this way a familiarity with the arts of other ages has been brought about in a natural, normal way, that could never have occurred through merely seeing the documents on formal exhibition.

However, it seems to me an inevitable conclusion that the three main features are:

1. Sympathetic accord between the designer and the industry, coupled with a willingness to recognize the personal ability of the designer.

2. A thorough intimate association between the documents in our museums or private collections and the designer and the stylist.

(Continued on page 196)



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“The tinkle of tea things”

IT has always seemed to me the pleasantest and most restful spot of the day—this hour “between the dark and the daylight”—tea-time.

The soft shadows, the cheerful hum of conversation, the sun’s rays reflected in the little pools of light on the silver—all together seem to fill me with a sense of tranquility and well-being.

To be pouring at my own tea, using my own china and my lovely set of Wallace Silver, is so wonderful.

And it’s most satisfying to realize that everything, down to the minutest detail, is *correct*. Those little niceties that I had always taken for granted but did not know how to actually manage, I looked up in the Wallace Hostess Book.* I suppose I really owe my success as a hostess to that trusted book, for it has given me the confidence and ease that I’ve always believed is the most necessary part of entertaining.

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*The Wallace Hostess Book, written by Winnifred Fales, a recognized authority on social matters, tells in text and pictures just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win admiration as a hostess. Profusely illustrated with *correct* table settings. Sent postpaid for 50c. Address: Bureau of Publications.

NOTE: The *Vogue* tea-set is shown in the picture. Knives and forks can be had to match.

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Negro Sculpture

Here Are no Great Names to Scare Us into Dishonest Admiration

CLIVE BELL

ALREADY the Chelsea show of African and Oceanian sculpture is sending the cultivated public to the ethnographical collections in the British Museum, just as, last autumn, the show organized in Paris by M. Paul Guillaume filled the Trocadero. Fine ladies, young painters and exquisite amateurs are now to be seen in those long, dreary rooms that once were abandoned to missionaries, anthropologists and colonial soldiers enhancing their prestige by pointing out to stay-at-home cousins the relics of a civilization they helped to destroy. For my part I like the change. I congratulate the galleries and admire the visitors, though the young painters, I cannot help thinking, have been a little slow.

Negro art was discovered—its real merit was first recognized, I mean—some fifteen years ago, in Paris, by the painters there. Picasso, Derain, Matisse and Vlaminck began picking up such pieces as they could find in old curiosity and pawn shops; while Guillaume Apollinaire, literary apostle, followed apostolically at their heels. Thus a demand was created which M. Paul Guillaume was there to meet, and stimulate. But, indeed, the part played by that enterprising dealer is highly commendable; for, the Trocadero collections being, unlike the British, mediocre both in quantity and quality, it was he who put the most sensitive public in Europe—a little cosmopolitan group of artists, critics and amateurs—in the way of seeing a number of first-rate things.

Because, in the past, negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we are all inclined now to over-praise it; and because I mean to keep my head I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock, by the way—I should say that negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the greatest I would compare it; I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic

Romanesque, that is to say), or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it. And, on the whole, I should be inclined to place West and Central African art, at any rate, on a level with Egyptian. Such sweeping classifications, however, are not to be taken too seriously. All I want to say is that, though the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to me



Wooden masks

to have an absolute superiority over anything negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them.

I write thinking mainly of sculpture, because it was an exhibition of sculpture that set me off. It should be remembered, however, that perhaps the most perfect achievements of these savages are to be found amongst their textiles and basket-work. Here, their exquisite taste and sense of quality and their unsurpassed gift for filling a space are seen to greatest advantage, while their shortcomings lie almost hid. But it is their sculpture which, at the moment, excites us most, and by it they may fairly be judged. Exquisiteness of quality is its most attractive characteristic. Touch one of these African figures and it will remind you of the rarest Chinese porcelain. What delicacy in the artist's sense of relief and modelling is here implied! What tireless industry and patience! Run your hand over a limb, or a torso, or, better still, over some wooden vessel: there is no flaw, no break in the continuity of the surface: the thing is alive from end to end. And this extraordinary sense of quality seems to be universal amongst them. I think I never saw a genuine nigger object that was vulgar—except, of course, things made quite recently under European direction. This is a delicious virtue, but it is a precarious one. It is precarious because it is not self-conscious; because it has

not been reached by the intelligent understanding of an artist, but springs from the instinctive taste of primitive people. I have seen an Oxfordshire laborer work himself beautifully a handle for his hoe, in the true spirit of a savage and an artist, admiring and envying all the time the lifeless machine-made article hanging, out of his reach, in the village shop. The savage gift is precarious because it is unconscious. Once let the black or the peasant become acquainted with the showy utensils of industrialism or with cheap, realistic painting and sculpture and, having no critical sense wherewith to protect himself, he will be bowled over for a certainty. He will admire; he will imitate; he will be undone.

At the root of this lack of artistic self-consciousness lies the defect which accounts for the essential inferiority of negro to the very greatest art. Savages lack self-consciousness and the critical sense because they lack intelligence. And because they lack intelligence they are incapable of profound conceptions. Beauty, taste, quality, and skill, all are here; but profundity of vision is not. And because they cannot grasp complicated ideas they fail generally to create organic wholes. One of the chief characteristics of the very greatest artists is this power of creating wholes which, as wholes, are of infinitely greater value than the sum of their parts. That, it seems to me, is what savage artists generally fail to do.

Also they lack originality. I do not forget that negro sculptors have had to work in a very strict convention. They have been making figures of tribal gods and fetiches, and have been obliged meticulously to respect the tradition. But were not European primitives and Buddhist artists similarly bound, and did they not contrive to circumvent their doctrinal limitations? That the African artists seem hardly to have attempted to conceive the figure afresh for themselves and realize in wood a personal vision does, I think, imply a definite want of creative imagination. Just how serious a defect you will hold this to be, will depend on the degree of importance you attach to complete self-expression. Savage artists seem to express themselves in details. You must seek their personality in the quality of their relief, their modulation of surface, their handling of material, and their choice of ornament. Seek, and you will be handsomely rewarded; in these things the niggers have never been surpassed. Only when you begin to look for that passionate affirmation of a personal vision, which we Europeans, at any rate, expect to find in the greatest art, will you run a risk of being disappointed. It will be then, if ever, that you will be tempted to think that these exquisitely gifted natives are perhaps as much like birds building their nests as men



Conventionalized figure



Wooden figure

(Continued on page 202)



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The Nobuzane Scrolls

A Series of Japanese Paintings with a Strange History

YONE NOGUCHI

NOBUZANE FUJIWARA, the greatest star in the artistic firmament of the Kamakura period, unites the fresh and direct expression of life; as a colorist he is master of strange new harmonies, rich and full, yet always of refined distinction. Mr. Masuda of Tokyo, it is reported, has a *Butsuga*, representing Fugen Bosatsu attended by the ten Rasetsu-jo, in which Nobuzane has achieved sumptuous effects of color which would be difficult to match even among other Japanese printings; but there can be little doubt, in Arthur Morrison's opinion, that the most splendid relic of Nobuzane left us is the ideal figure of Kobo Daishi as a child, which is in Mr. Maruyama's collection. Above and beyond all its technical beauties, which are exquisite, the picture is, as nearly all the western critics agree together, one of the noblest and loftiest and most beautiful efforts the world's art can show. Mr. Laurence Binyon's praise of this picture is in no way extravagant, Mr. Morrison says, and, as Mr. Binyon remarks, it is of a quality purely Japanese, alike apart from China and from Europe in its inward conception.

In some of Nobuzane's more loosely and freely handled work (as, for instance, in the large makimono Kitano Tenjin Engi which had been exhibited at the Japan-British Exhibition) an interesting technical method is observable, in which body color is used much as oil colors are used with the western artists. "Thus on a solidly painted thatched roof," Mr. Morrison writes, "appear patches of lichen and trails of climbing plants, laid directly over the color of the roof in freely painted *gouache* of green and red, with no aid of ink in outline or tendril. The whole of the painting in this example was of the freest and boldest description, giving evidence of a rapid and almost careless ease of execution."

Some of the most undoubted works of Nobuzane existing are portraits of the famous thirty-six great Japanese poets; he would seem to have executed several sets of these which have become separated, some scattered and many lost in the course of the centuries. Certain sets in particular are on record as distinguished by the circumstance of the poets being seated on raised mats (*agedatami*). In many of his makimono pictures Nobuzane exhibits an easy, loose touch, but in these portraits, as in the figure of the child Kobo Daishi, we see proof of his variety of handling; he uses, according to the criticism of Arthur Morrison, a strict and fine but free and lively line and a restrained scheme of color, except in the case of the female poets, where the old court dress demands and receives the full and brilliant treatment to which the yemakimono accustom us. Mr. Morrison has the portrait of Minamoto no Shitago in his collection; he writes that the upper garment is in blue, laced at

the sleeves with a red cord, and the loose trouser-legs are in white pigment, decorated with conventionalized blossoms in silver, which has grown black from age and exposure. The lines of all the white drapery have been edged with a line of silver which is now black also, as is the silver decoration, of water and weed, on the binding of the mat. The body of the mat itself is green and the fan in the poet's hand is gold. Both blue and green have been laid on in rich body color, but much of this has flaked away, leaving only its tint behind it. The picture, which has less than a foot of superficies, Mr. Morrison thinks, is one of the very few fragments of early Tosa work which has left Japan for Europe.

The "Eshi no Soshi," or Pictorial Anec-

dotals illustrating the life of the Priest Hohen, which are in the possession of the Choin Temple; but the painter is decidedly of a later age than Nobuzane. We are inclined to assign the scroll to the close of the Kamakura period. This opinion in regard to the age of reproduction is based on the manners and costumes of the depicted figures. Furthermore, the style of architecture which appears in the last portion belongs to the period of transition from the *bute-zukuri* to the *shoin-zukuri*, from which point also the scroll is properly assignable to the later Kamakura period. As regards the calligraphy, the theory that both the paintings and the texts are by the same hand is chiefly based upon the last text, but this claim can hardly be accepted offhand.

It is recognizable that there is a certain resemblance between the brush stroke of the illustrations and that of the text; but, excepting the Government order in the first portion, which is written in a peculiar hand, we can only note that the rest was wholly done by a painter's brush in a serious manner. Thus, whether the painting and the writing are by the same author is open to question; and yet the claim hitherto put forward cannot be summarily rejected. Taken all in all, the present scroll, though not one of the first rank, is of great interest as exhibiting the manner of life of a painter in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries." And the editor discredits the general tradition that this scroll sets forth in picture form the life of its author, Nobuzane Fujiwara, because, he says, there are many points in the story as told in the scroll which do not coincide with the actual career of Nobuzane himself.

The scroll consists of three portions of texts and five accompanying illustrations. As far as the texts are concerned, it depicts the unhappy life of a certain poor painter; the first section of the text says: "A certain painter, who plays the leading part, received from the Court a written order graciously bestowing upon him certain estates. At this the artist's relatives were greatly delighted, and calling his intimate friends to his house, he gave a banquet in celebration of the Government order." Then the illustrations follow, of which one shows the painter surrounded by his family and relatives, reading the order on his return from the Court; his house is minutely delineated in a miserably ruinous condition. In the other is shown the feast that he gives to his assembled relations; a man is seen dancing for joy, while others are drinking wine around the brazier. The following text is to this effect: "The painter immediately despatched a messenger to his new estates in the far distant province of Iyo. In due course of time the man returned with a letter in which it was stated that the land tax on the estate had already been fully exacted so that nothing now remained. On

(Continued on page 206)



The poet Minamoto no Shitago, by Nobuzane Fujiwara

dote of a Painter, whose authorship was so often ascribed to Nobuzane Fujiwara since the second half of the eighteenth century, is sometimes reproduced in the Kokka; the editor of this famous Japanese periodical writes that the brush stroke throughout is characterized by easy and sedate qualities, though at times it is not wanting in vigor, giving the impression of no ordinary skill; while in general the painting is replete with humorous touches skilfully expressing the unsophisticated character of the artist. The coloring is in rather light tints, leaving the impression of sobriety.

The editor writes further: "As far as the pictorial style is concerned, the present scroll is more ancient, notwithstanding the slight resemblances between them, than the pictorial



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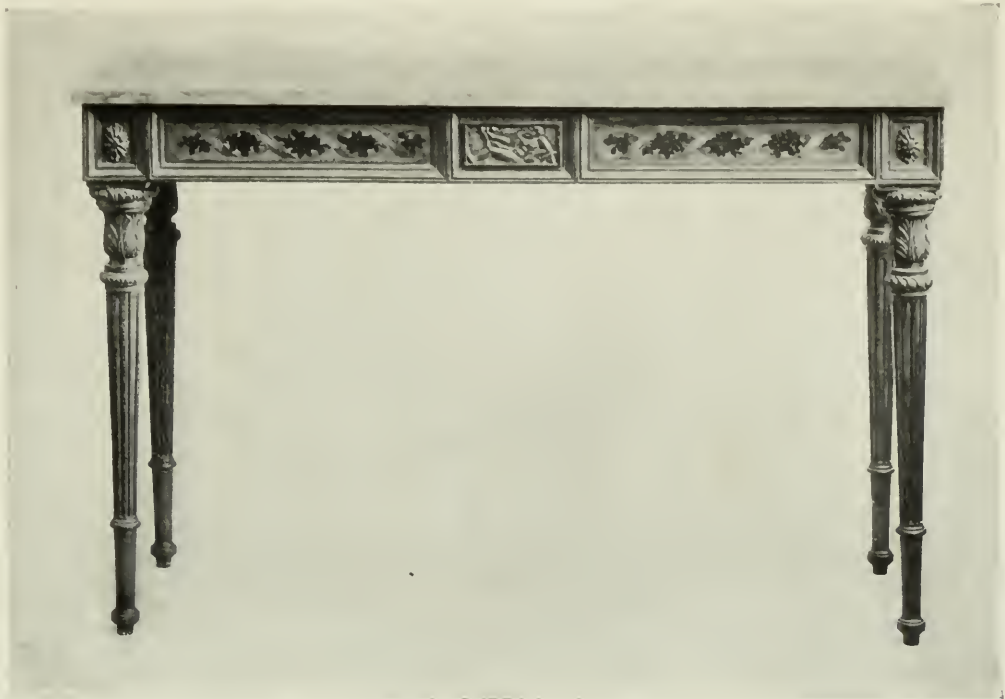
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The Latest Developments of the Russian Stage

(Continued from page 174)

or dimmed, etc. One very interesting manifestation of this style is that the actor becomes the center of the action. The symbolism of the scenery and the closeness of the statuesque figure to the audience produces that peculiar impression which the Greek and Oriental altars do; they spiritualize a play and cause the onlookers to feel they face the boundary of a new world. This is what the Oriental plays, produced in America, never could create, as they were staged like every ordinary realistic play of the Occident. The actor in this setting becomes a magician and it is left up to him to enchant his audience.

THE repertoires of the theatres that follow the symbolic school in Russia differ somewhat from the type of the Art Theatre. Thus we find that Tairoff and Meyerhold produced most successfully during the last season such plays as: "Sakuntala," by Kalidasa; "Life is a Drama," by Calderon; "The Carnival of Life," by Gourmont; "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Rostand; "Salome," by Wilde; "The Azure Carpet," by Stolitsa; "Rossignol," by Stravinsky; etc.

As the Russian theatres differ in their methods and policies, so they differ in their settings and scenic devices. A very interesting lighting system is being used by the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre in Moscow. The footlights are displaced by a bank of lights concealed in front of the proscenium top, thus avoiding bothersome shadows. The use of fine meshed gauze screens, stretched taut over the entire proscenium opening, gives the effect of a marvelous aloofness and pushes the entire scene far into the distance without making the figures smaller. Meyerhold and Tairoff apply the futurist style of scenery. The result is surprisingly satisfactory, even to the most academic minds.

Besides these two principal schools of the Russian stage, we find a number of other experimenters and modernists. A conspicuous figure among the rest is Nicholas Yevreinoff, who, after being a stage manager in the Kommissarzhevsky Theatre and in the Crooked Mirror Theatre, is now engaged with the establishment of a Theatre of the Future. Not only is Yevreinoff an excellent musician and playwright himself, but he is the propounder of a new dra-

matic theory, which he terms "Monodrama." Yevreinoff has written a large number of symbolic plays, compositions, ballets, and essays on the drama. He believes that his Monodrama will ultimately become the most important of all. He maintains that the play on the stage is in actuality only an echo of the play within ourselves. It is therefore not the actor but the onlooker who lives through the acts that he sees presented. Both the hero and the villain have to be followed at one and the same time. As a consequence, the attention of the spectator is continually drawn in opposite directions and so naturally he becomes ultimately an outsider. Now if the whole plot was staged as viewed by the principal character, the other characters acting only in a pantomime, the environment would change in their appearance with the change of his sentiment and attitude. This would ultimately introduce a unity into the play and help to bridge the stage and the audience. The speaking character would conduct the spectator through all his vicissitudes as his double and the illusion of reality would be therefore raised to the highest pitch.

THESE briefly present the main features of the contemporary Russian dramatic tendencies as against the Soviet effort to nationalize all art. The latter will never be realized. The Soviet theatres, though they pick their spaces, are only limitations of the above-mentioned individual undertakings. At many places the Soviets have come to the conclusion that neither the stage nor the church ever could be nationalized, as the spirit of these institutions is so vital and dynamic that the political pressure, no matter in what form, will never be able to manipulate them for its specific aims. The revolutionary waves have retarded, perhaps for a few years, the more rapid development of the Russian stage, yet they have given also that spirit of resistance and sincerity which marked the development of the early Christian martyrs. When under war and revolution Russia gave up one aspect after another of her normal life, she kept her theatre to the last. And even if she has to give up a large number of her municipal and state theatres, she will cling to the end to her most inspiring dramatic institutions.

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THE Westchester Floralia, which, with its wonderful flower display and sculpture exhibit, was held so successfully at Hartsdale, N.Y., last September, will be repeated in 1921. The executive committee of the Flo-

ralia have decided that it should be held alternately in the autumn and the spring, thereby obtaining the garden results of both seasons. The date of the next Floralia has been set for some time in June, 1921."



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Charles, son of C. H. Morse, Jr., Chicago, painted by Charles Sneed Williams

Themes of the English Sporting Print in Paint

(Continued from page 170)

horses, to put intelligence into their beautiful strength, this artist of long ago.

Another painter, J. N. Sartorius, still earlier, in 1808, shows his love of animals in a canvas called *Hunting*. A different style of horse is here, light-stepping as a deer, and surrounded by a pack of eager dogs nervously happy, intelligently alert. It is the absorbing moment when the scent is sure to the young and inexperienced hounds, but to the wiser dogs there are possibilities still of a delay to prevent a false lead. The artistic goal of the painter is reached by a setting of uncommon beauty. Rugged trees of ancient growth throw their plumes against

the sky in softened masses, and their boles make mazes in which the farthest horses are lost.

Portraits of Charles Sneed Williams invite one into a smallish room where a pleasant company is gathered. The young girl is there, the human flower, and the maturer woman with developed character well expressed. Also one lingers before two portraits of men, one in the enviable time of life, the other a man nearly a centenarian, but painted with a skill that shows his enviable sagacity and mellow alertness. A few children enliven the group, one of the most engaging of which is that of Charles, son of C. H. Morse, Jr., Esq., of Chicago.

Hall-Marks of Musical Snobs

(Continued from page 156)

tion that not only new works be published in this way, but also those which have stood the test of public performance, as revealed by the programs of the more daring organizations. In America the Flonzaley and Letz Quartets, the New York Symphony, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago Orchestras could doubtless name a dozen pieces worthy of such preservation. Our own Society for the Publication of American Music is doing valuable work in making our better chamber music available, and may later ex-

tend its activities to orchestral music. But organizations can, after all, only to a certain extent form and lead public taste; they cannot create it; above all they cannot effectively oppose it. It is only when more liberal and cultivated views than the entertainment-luxury-snobbism view of music get widely disseminated among the people, as they have done in recent years in England for example, that native music emerges from the shadow of foreign domination, and begins to flourish and wax great.



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From Dancing to Drama

(Continued from page 172)

Duncan's danced commentary on the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. Unhappily, the critics of New York made the mistake of supposing that the dancer wished to illuminate the soul and moods of Beethoven. The truth is that she had a different object. She was expressing the emotions roused in her soul by the music of the composer. And that is why her dancing was dramatic.

Ruth St. Denis, who for a time was popular, did much in her Egyptian and Hindu "interpretations" to poetize and, incidentally, to dramatize the dance. She had, in certain cases, been anticipated by the Italian, Teresa Cerutti, who, in the austere recesses of the Louvre, had revived dances of the high priestesses of Isis. The general tendency of Duncan, Cerutti, and Ruth St. Denis was to give less and less importance to mere movements of the feet and hands and more to pantomime, to expression, and to rhythm. Their so-called dances were made up of lovely posturings and poetic gestures, to harmonious swaying and inflections of the body, inspired by emotions of the soul. There is a gulf between such operatic ballets as "Coppelia" and "Sylvia," and the "Yogi" of Ruth St. Denis, the "Orpheus" of Duncan, and the "Isis" or "Salome" of Cerutti.

Poetry and sensuousness—not to say sensuality—joined hands with drama in Maude Allan's "Vision of Salome," which for two seasons thrilled the Londoners so deeply. Much that was best in Allan's art was learned from Duncan, whom she had watched and studied, most assiduously, before she gave up the piano for the dance. And, like Duncan, this Maude Allan was subjective, not objective, in her art. More cerebral, perhaps, than her rare teacher. Less beautiful, her "Vision of Salome" appealed partly to the mind of the spectator, but chiefly to the lurking, sensual feeling of the average man. In her two efforts to suggest the play of Wilde (one to the accompaniment of music by Pierre, the other to a setting by Florent Schmitt), our own Loie Fuller was more certainly dramatic. She really postured and expressed herself in gesture, not by rhythms. "La Loie" as they called her then in Paris, never "danced." Her feet were nearly always motionless. Her body swayed. Her arms were freely used. Her face did something also to help drama.

And this reminds one that the dancers of the East are equally reticent as to the use of feet in what they know as dancing. The Ouled Nails, of whom we read in Robert Hichens' charming "Garden of Allah," are sensuous posturers. So are the Burmese dancers and the Hindu Nautch girls. So are the Almecs, of the Arab school. Once, wishing to pique Gallic curiosity, a manager of the

Folies-Bergère in Paris, imported some real Almecs. They fell quite flat. The spoiled Parisian world rejected them. Then, very wisely, the same manager replaced them by mock-Almecs, from Montmartre and the Boulevards. They danced according to the style long thought by Frenchmen to be truly Oriental—the style to which their opera had accustomed them. And, with their shams, they scored a great success.

What would you do? We are all the slaves of habit. I dare say you, who read of them, would not thrill if you could see the Ouled Nails. Not half as much, in any case, as you do now when you look on at the gymnastics of the ballet in "Aida," "Samson and Dalila," or "Herodiade." You long for agility, for toe-dancing with dramatic dancing. Those twirling feet, the contortions of those arms, to you say more, I fear, than "the expression of the soul" by means of movement.

The Roman mimes, who could draw tears from cruel eyes, by the strange eloquence with which they set forth a tragedy, or an elegy, attained their ends by movements of the feet, by facial gesture. They accompanied themselves on simple instruments. The poetic Greeks, in singing and dancing choruses, commented on and prepared one for the tragedies devised by men of genius. But they were fortunate in having as their audiences those thousands upon thousands of spectators trained to love beauty, to respond to art, to collaborate with the actors and the singers.

I am entirely in accord with that admirable rival of Pavlowa and Karsovina, who vows that dancing is, in many ways, superior to opera; both as an art in itself and as a means of interpreting music. But I think the Russian should have added drama. Its field is not so wide as that of drama—that, all know. Yet, in its field, it can accomplish marvels.

The immediate links between drama and the dance are music and pantomime. No words are needed to express emotion, if, in their place, we have those other arts. We had them both when, in the long ago, that delicate artist, Pilar-Morin, appeared here as Pierrot, in "L'Enfant Prodiges." We had them, more or less, in the charming character sketches and mimed dance plays of Genée. We had them in the exquisite "Dying Swan," and other *divertissements* of Pavlowa, and in the performances of Pilar-Morin.

The time may come when, as has more than once been prophesied by Duncan, a high priestess of the dance, some great artist will be born into the world who, in himself, will be a Wagner, a Nijinsky, and a poet. Then we may witness the unfolding of a new, rare art, combining dancing with drama, drama with poetry.



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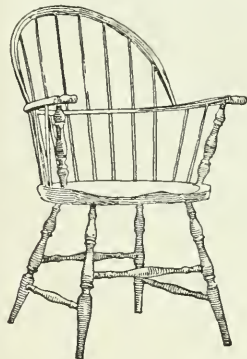
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A Revival of the Decorative Paintings of the Eighteenth Century

(Continued from page 166)

dication of man in the middle plane, the shadow of earth beneath, and the aspiration heavenward in the upreaching curves. The quality of seriousness is present, of sapience subtly conveyed, of thought sheathed in beauty, and an almost monastic repression. The low key of rich color, the necessarily varied palette with purpling shadows, all give a sense of finish. It was an inspiration to place such a vase of flowers within the shelter of a simulated niche and to drape above a garland of laurel. To none but a sensitive painter would such a thought occur.

Van Spaendonck's aim was to put in the salon a basket of fresh flowers crisp with the bath of dew. And lest one forget the purlieus from whence came these aristocrats, he sets them on a marble standard of the garden beside a marble vase. The composition glows with nobility and grace, the flowers fall with a mock dependence against the marble, showing a perfection of painting that tempts one to press the sap from a succulent hyacinth bloom, a perfection that makes one wonder over the method of today.

Sauvage set his work with Van Spaendonck's to produce two paintings of distinctive charm. All trace of the sensuous, voluptuous spirit seen in the earlier canvas is absent in this pair. Sauvage has painted in grisaille an oval medallion of amorini at play which hark

back to those of Giulio Romano in intent. It remained for Van Spaendonck to hang this low relief upon a wall of warm gray brick splashed with pink shadings, and to frame it with garlands. In one case it is set in flowers sweetly rigid as a country maid at church. The prim perfection aims at a conventionality that shall not shock by contrast the adamant of the sculptured medallion. The second bas-relief is hung with grapes, the green-white grapes of France, which offer themselves in liquid bunches to the thirsty voyager, or in rich red clusters to the winevat. And all blended with these, the sprays of blackberries that grow so madly plentiful in all the byways of Brittany.

Decorative paintings of dogs must have dead game in them to please the Eighteenth Century convention. Oudry, *filis*, made most of the dogs, and by the tricks that painters know, directs the eye at the alert and sympathetic animals. Could he have been making a plea most effectually camouflaged for the abandonment of the practice of shooting the trembling hare, or the bird of no defense? Contrast the nervous intelligence of the dogs with the sad abandon of the lifeless game, and the painter's intent seems plain. Oudry's dogs make lines of beauty, lines of decoration, with the fine, open curve of the hound's long back combining with the circle of a huntsman's horn.

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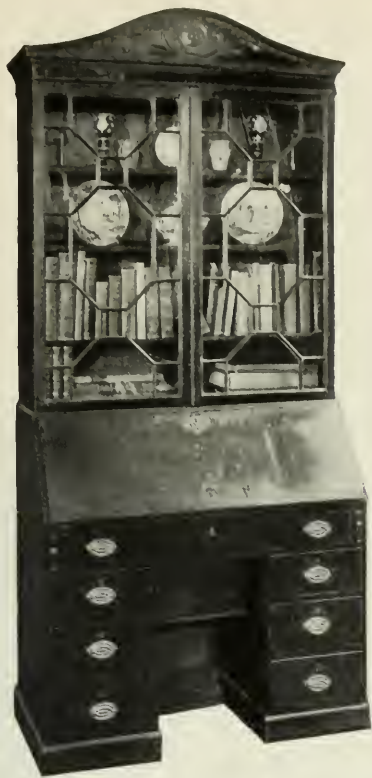
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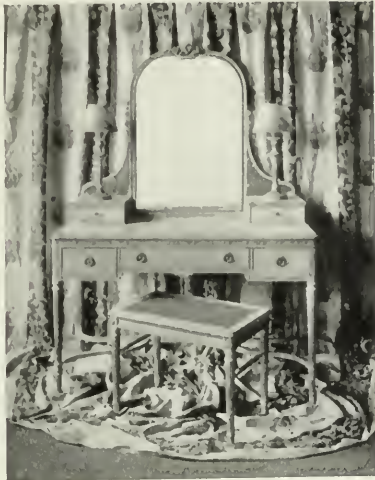
Art in American Industry

(Continued from page 176)

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I do not think any central organization can lay down arbitrary rules for the guidance of a particular industry, and I emphasize the thought again that each industry must be induced to take up the problem in its own way and by its own means. But if an industry, as important as that of textiles, and in many ways as backward before this period in art matters, can achieve success by a combination of the forces I have mentioned, their plan of operation is at least worthy of consideration by any other industry anxious to advance its standard of industrial art.

Quotation from Julius Rosenwald

JULIUS ROSENWALD, head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., says: "The most striking thing we have learned about human beings is that the American standard of living is the highest in the world. The American people has the best taste of any people in the world. And it has the greatest buying power of any nation on the globe. We Americans wear better clothes, live in more artistic homes, and have more comforts, conveniences and luxuries than anybody else on God's earth."

An Expression from Louis C. Tiffany

DECLARING that the average American would rather bring back poor and thoroughly inartistic work from abroad than purchase domestic art in his own country, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany recently expressed several opinions, which are of unusual interest at this time to American industrial art:

One of the greatest detriments to the success of industrial art in this country is that with a few notable exceptions our manufacturers are entirely too commercial. We imitate rather than originate, and as a result the country is flooded with inartistic reproductions of the few original creations which have been accepted by connoisseurs. This free circulation of cheap and inartistic imitations must be overcome before a sound American national art can be developed.

The evil lies not in the fact of imitation, nor even in producing imitations cheap in price, but in inartistic imitations. There is no quarrel with quantity production, providing it is really good. On the contrary, if the cheap reproduction is artistic a service has been rendered to the country. We should produce as cheaply as possible, so long as the production is compatible with artistic standards; the cheaper the better. It is even possible to make our five and ten cent articles artistic. The price of an article never makes a work

of art; fabulous prices have been paid for rubbish.

We must employ artists in factories, and we must educate the public to a more genuine appreciation. A business man should have an artist to supervise his production; colors must be properly mixed and blended, parts properly matched, designs appropriately made. If the business man trusts only to his practical judgment, his product is likely to be grotesque and inartistic. The artist must become as much a part of the business as the efficiency expert.

Once given a chance and a start, the American gets further with the things he undertakes than anyone else. Considering the beginnings of our history, our frontier existence, and our struggles with the elements—which left no time for cultural occupations—we have made wonderful progress and have arrived at a most satisfactory stage of artistic development and appreciation; but we are still far from the desired goal.

Concerning the creation of designs, I think that our own are about the same in kind and quality as the foreign, but that labor circumstances have made a vast difference in their development. The artistic sense in the European worker was cultivated as a result of the apprenticeship system, whereby the worker received no remuneration for his work until he had made good. In consequence, he was conscientious and eager to be creative as soon as possible. Another thing which tends to develop the artistic sense in the foreigner is the fact that most of his spare time is spent in the museums, at the opera or concert. On the other hand, our own workmen usually find their enjoyment in the moving picture palace, the dance hall, and other such places of amusement.

Sidney Blumenthal, President
Shelton Looms

THE most useful thing for industrial art in America is general education of the kind presented in ARTS & DECORATION. That portion of the public which does not know must become acquainted with what art really means. The prevailing conception is a vague idea that art is something ethereal, and that to make it useful by associating it with industry is to lower it. It has been my experience that our most artistic products are the best sellers.

The company maintains its own staff of designers, who keep in constant touch with the leading thoughts and works of the master artists. Mr. Blumenthal voices the need for a large practical design school for New York. The existing schools, he thinks, turn out scholars more than practical designers; and he pledged active interest to such a large practical school.

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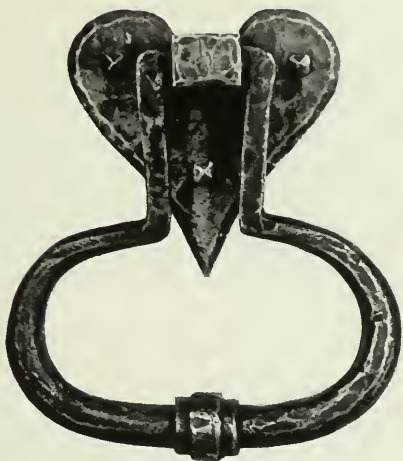


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That there exists in this country a wealth of talent for finer production, and that there has been a decided improvement since 1915 in public appreciation, were both emphatically affirmed by Frederick H. Agan, of the company.

Mr. Blumenthal also feels that the idea is quickly vanishing that foreign goods are better. The American manufacturer is conscientiously attempting to produce better things; and already many of his regular commercial products have found their way to the finest art museums.

The production and demand for fine articles are both cause and effect of one another. Louis XIV style is not for longshoremen, but the ideas are available for his wife and daughter. With their appreciation, cultivated and aroused by contact with more beauty in everyday articles of manufacture, they will commence to be critical of other articles which are not artistically made. The process is a long one, to be sure. It is one of those "circles" which are not vicious.

"Our artistic sense is still in its infancy," he said. "ARTS & DECORATION is performing a real service. It is the proper medium to carry this new message to Garcia, and will in time accomplish much good both for the public and for industry."

John P. Adams, President, Kensington Manufacturing Co.

As to the form this educational movement should take, I think first that our museums should be brought to appreciate the vital importance of the industrial arts in the cultural development of our people. There is a wholly sympathetic relation between the fine arts and the industrial arts, which had its fullest realization in the Golden Age of the Renaissance, and which it should be our greatest effort to restore. There is nothing incongruous in emphasizing this relationship by housing the treasures of both under one roof; in fact, the art quality of both can be appreciated to the fullest only by intelligent assembly of one with the other. We should take the position that the function of a museum is not merely to be a place of public amusement, but an institute of instruction through which can be opened up high roads to the unending source of pleasure which only an appreciation of beauty holds.

Ralph E. Erskine, President, Erskine-Danforth Corporation

EVERY civilization, I believe, can be diagnosed by an examination of the products it makes and consumes. Whatever we buy and use is a direct reflection on or of our personalities. The greatest works of art were not made for museums. The ethereal, garret idea of art is all wrong. In Florence and old France the greatest artists worked for men who bought their products for homes or public buildings or churches. And this condition makes for the greatest art, whether you call it industrial, fine, or applied. The greatest problem confronting every factory today is to produce fine things on a quantity basis which will support the business. Generally speaking, individuality and volume are incompatible. The solution to the problem lies in cultivating the artistic or creative impulses in labor.

Originally, our people came from lands where beauty was used. After overcoming the hardships of the new continent, the settlers began using beautiful objects. These were, for the most part, brought over from Europe. The invention of steam revolutionized mankind. Men and women became far more interested in building great ships and railroads and the financial machinery to make possible the great industries for which our days are famous. We lost interest in beauty and form as compared with accomplishment. Now we come to the time when the grandchildren of the founders of these great industries have the leisure to indulge their tastes for beauty of form, line and color. We face a new condition in America. We are no longer pioneering, as when steam invention came. We are in the midst of a great American Renaissance of Art.

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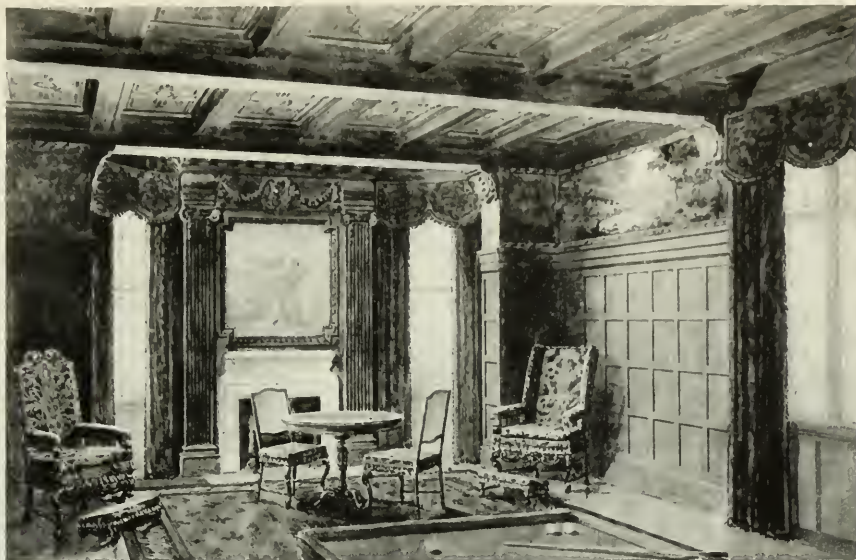
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The fundamental problem upon which all else hinges is the matter of public education. We already have designers as clever as any age has seen and some craftsmen as capable as any craftsmen of the past. I have not the slightest doubt that we have the designers and craftsmen available to increase the output of industrial art objects, in which America can take great pride not less than one hundred per cent. Nor have I the slightest doubt that, within a reasonable time, the business men engaged in these industries would find the means to increase the output a thousand per cent more. We need first, however, the cultivation of our national good taste, which can be stimulated by well-directed propaganda. We need, second, a greater national pride in the products of America, which, too, can be stimulated in the same manner.



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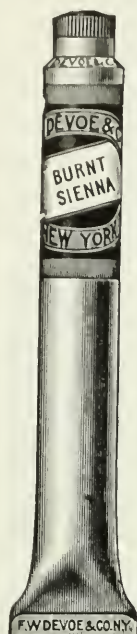
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D'Indy

(Continued from page 157)

procedure would explain the curious shape of "Istar," the orchestral variations on a theme that makes its appearance only at the close of the variations. The complexities of the B-flat major symphony seem, oftentimes, purely arbitrary; there is a good deal of unnecessary rhythmical change; the effect of the theme in 3/2 time is not entirely happy; the sequence of notes is too often precisely the one which one is not led to expect. Throughout the work one is made to feel that d'Indy had conceived the idea that symphonic music must develop in complexity, and had set out deliberately to make it do so. Moreover, the chief themes of the work have a distinctly literary significance. Are they not the result of reflexion on the chief themes of Franck's symphony? To be sure, d'Indy's command of the technique of composition is prodigious; he has a virtuosic ability to deform thematic material, to create counterpoint, to conceal dull passages with deft writing. But, on the whole, his music reveals its origin, and smells strongly of the lamp.

It is precisely for the reason that d'Indy is so little the liberated and co-ordinated man that one would like every artist to be, that one regrets the character of the sort of young American composer who has lately come into being. For this new hopeful of music has invariably just returned from Paris, where he has had a few lessons at the Scola Cantorum, and he stops you to inform you that there is no living musical messiah but Vincent d'Indy, and that César Franck was his baptist. Now, artistic chapels of all sorts, without exception, whether they are the centers of worship of a d'Indy or a Debussy, a Cézanne or a Renoir, are symptoms of spiritual ill health. The well-functioning artistic com-

munity, it seems, is an aggregation of freethinkers, and the existence in the American mind of a pantheon, prepared for the housing of an endless succession of new gods, is one of the chief signs of its calloousness. Nevertheless, one cannot help regarding the installation of d'Indy, despite his veritable achievements, despite the nobility of certain of his compositions, as particularly disquieting. It is from the very spiritual defects which cause so many of d'Indy's works to see the light as half-living organisms that the young American artist suffers most. Much of our intellectual immaturity, as Van Wyck Brooks has so often pointed out, is due to a weakness of instinct, a fear of individual and passionate utterance, heritages of pioneer civilization. And while devotions offered at the shrine of a Moussorgsky, a Debussy, or any other artistic radical, might be forgiven, men chained as Americans are chained, might even be construed as symptoms of one of those disorders of the body through which a new and larger well-being is achieved; devotions offered artists of the stamp of d'Indy, on the contrary, prove that the malady continues, and that it continually finds new methods of entrenching itself. It is as such a fortification of the American tabus that the cult for d'Indy presents itself to our eyes. It is his own incompleteness that the young American is admiring in the form of the French composer; his own bonds that he is binding more firmly in the act of accepting the man as his model. The arrival of an American musical expression, though it may not have been retarded, has certainly not been greatly expedited by the musicians in Boston and New York responsible for the rapid spread of the new cult.

Georgian Colonial for Country Houses

(Continued from page 162)

slight indication of future uses of the style in other types of building. It is strange that Stanford White's keen appreciation of the old buildings of Harvard University, resulting in the beautiful Colony Club and the Harvard Club in New York City, did not bear further fruit among other architects. Certain banks, a few small office buildings, some school buildings, civic buildings and libraries in the style have been uniformly successful and satisfying.

So liable are critics to the charge of dogmatism and the *idée fixe*, that the writer feels impelled to submit a little corroborative evidence in support of this thesis on the present reversion to the Georgian type.

In the realm of furniture, the "four-poster" bed was never more popular—and with it there is a

vigorous demand for highboys, lowboys, and all manner of William and Mary and Queen Anne pieces. These, of course, are not, chronologically, Georgian, but, immediately preceding the Georgian period, they are found in many a Georgian house. The furniture of the Brothers Adam, of Heppelwhite, Sheraton and Chippendale are so much a part of the Georgian house that our acceptance of them (once the great Renaissance of American Taste had set in) was never questioned. These things, it seemed, belonged to us from the first, and since the supply of pedigreed antiques in the homes of the "first families" was all too inadequate in quantity, the furniture manufacturers were quick to fashion reproductions and adaptations of pieces which they knew would find ready and continuous acceptance.

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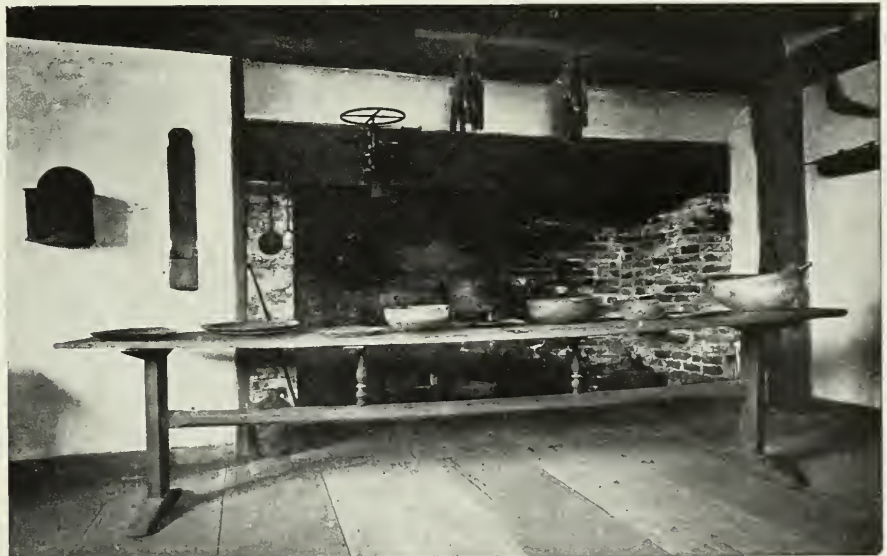
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Negro Sculpture

(Continued from page 178)

expressing their profoundest emotions.

And now come the inevitable questions—where were these things made and when? At different times and in different places would be the safe and sensible reply. About the provenance of any particular piece it is generally possible to say something vague: about dates we know next to nothing. At least I do; and when I consider that we have no records and no trustworthy criteria, and that so learned and brilliant an archaeologist as Mr. Joyce professes ignorance, I am not much disposed to believe that anyone knows more. I am aware that certain amateurs think to enhance the value of their collections by conferring dates on their choicer specimens; I can understand why dealers encourage them in this vanity; and, seeing that they go to the collectors and dealers for their information, I suppose one ought not to be surprised when journalists come out with their astounding attributions. The facts are as follows.

WE know that Portuguese adventurers had a considerable influence on African art in the sixteenth and even in the fifteenth century. There begins our certain knowledge. Of work so influenced a small quantity exists. Of earlier periods we know nothing precise. There are oral traditions of migrations, empires and dynasties: often there is evidence of past invasions and the supersession of one culture by another: and that is all. The discoveries of explorers have so far thrown little light on archaeology; and, in most parts of West and Central Africa, it would be impossible even for trained archaeologists to establish a chronological sequence such as can be formed where objects are found buried in the sand one above the other. But, in fact, it is to vague traders and missionaries rather than to trained archaeologists that we owe most of our fine pieces, which, as often as not, have been passed from hand to hand till, after many wanderings, they reached the coast. Add to all this the fact that most African sculpture is in wood (except, of course, those famous products of early European influence, the bronze castings from Benin), that this wood is exposed to a devastating climate—hot and damp—to say nothing of the still more deadly white ants, and you will probably agree that the dealer or amateur who betickets his prizes with such little tags as "Gabun,

10th century," evinces a perhaps exaggerated confidence in our gullibility.

Whenever these artists may have flourished, it seems they flourish no more. The production of idols and fetiches continues, but the production of fine art is apparently at an end. The tradition is moribund, a misfortune one is tempted to attribute, along with most that have lately afflicted that unhappy continent, to the whites. To do so, however, would not be altogether just. Such evidence as we possess—and pretty slight it is—goes to show that even in the uninvaded parts of West Central Africa the arts are decadent: wherever the modern white has been busy they are, of course, extinct. According to experts, negro art, already in the eighteenth century, was falling into a decline from some obscure, internal cause. Be that as it may, it was doomed in any case. Before the bagman with his Brummagem goods an art of this sort was bound to go the way that in Europe our applied arts, the art of the potter, the weaver, the builder and the joiner, the arts that in some sort resembled it, have gone. No purely instinctive art can stand against the machine. And thus it comes about that, at the present moment, we have in Europe the extraordinary spectacle of a grand efflorescence of the highly self-conscious, self-critical, intellectual, individualistic art of painting amongst the ruins of the instinctive, uncritical, communal, and easily impressed arts of utility. Industrialism which, with its vulgar finish and superabundant ornament, has destroyed not only popular art but popular taste, has merely isolated the self-conscious artist and the critical appreciator; and the nineteenth century (from Stephenson to Mr. Ford), which ruined the crafts in painting (from Ingres to Picasso), rivals the fifteenth.

MEANWHILE, the scholarly activities of dealers and journalists notwithstanding, there is no such thing as nigger archaeology; for which let us be thankful. Here, at any rate, are no great names to scare us into dishonest admiration. Here is no question of dates and schools to give the lecturer his chance of spoiling our pleasure. Here is nothing to distract our attention from the one thing that matters—æsthetic significance. Here is nigger sculpture: you may like it or dislike it, but at any rate you have no inducement to judge it on anything but its merits.

Help in Decoration by Correspondence

THE editors of ARTS & DECORATION invite correspondence from any of their readers who may be in doubt concerning matters of furnishing and decoration. Little doubts as to color, fabrics and furniture often arise which our experts would be glad to discuss, if the matter is laid before them through correspondence.



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ORIENTAL INTERIORS

Architectural Impressions

(Continued from page 160)



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While the majority of the build-
ings illustrated in this article are
of brick with white trim and are
derived pretty directly from Col-
onial or Georgian motives, it must
not be thought that our only suc-
cessful small public buildings have
been in these materials or in this
type of design.

Certainly for New England, and
indeed the entire eastern part of
the United States, the Colonial
precedent naturally suggests itself
for public work with a force that
does not apply to the middle west
(where there is no historic prece-
dent), or to the far west, where
the historic old buildings are of
the Spanish Colonial, or so-called
mission type. I have not been able
to secure any photographs of at-
tractive small public buildings in
the Spanish style, but I am told
that several of the smaller cities or
towns in southern California and
in Arizona and New Mexico have
public buildings of great excellence
both practically and artistically in
which the native style has been
used. Certainly where there is a
style which is historic to a com-
munity the community building
should be designed in accordance
with it, and where an old example
exists it should be carefully pre-
served, as is the case in New Or-
leans, where the famous old "Ca-
bildo" of Spanish times still serves
the city fathers.

The modern buildings I have
used to illustrate this article were
designed for three different pur-
poses: town halls, libraries, and
one community house, that latest
and most interesting development
of modern life.

Of the town halls, that at Hunt-
ington, Long Island, designed by
Peabody, Wilson and Brown, is
the oldest, and by virtue of its ex-
ample has influenced many other
communities for good. It is set on
a rather small triangular lot in
the fork of a "Y" between two
main traveled roads, not directly
in the center of the town but ad-
jacent thereto, which accounts for
its rather unusual plan with the
wings at an angle to the front. The
architects thoughtfully made a vir-
tue of what many of us would have
regarded as a handicap, and have
developed a plan which is as prac-
tical and logical as the façade is
beautiful. The materials are sim-
ple and the ornamentation rather
sparse, but the beautiful proportion
of the order which forms the cen-
tral motive is accentuated by the
simplicity of the other portion.

Not dissimilar in character, al-
though entirely different in plan
and in its location, is the Town
Hall at Milford, Connecticut, de-
signed by Tracy and Swartwout.
This is the fourth of the town halls
of Milford which has been erected
on the same site, the three earlier
ones having been destroyed by fire,
and the site, with the entrance
façade facing the principal street
of a town which has preserved

much of its Colonial air, very prop-
erly emphasizes the simple classic
portico, which was the whole archi-
tectural stock in trade of Colonial
builders, and of which an infinite
series of variations seem to be pos-
sible. The rear of the building
could no more be neglected than
the front, since it looked out upon
a pleasant little lake; and the
architects went to infinite pains to
make this façade one of nobility
without detracting from the im-
portance of the entrance side. It
was a most successful solution of
a simple yet difficult problem.

The newest of the town halls is
that at Hempstead, Long Island,
Stewart Wagner, architect, and it
is indeed so new that the surround-
ings have not yet been completed,
and it was with difficulty that the
architect was persuaded to permit
its publication in its present con-
dition. Perhaps it suffers by lack
of proper planting of trees and so
forth, but it is of a degree of ex-
cellence so great that I could not
refrain from including it among
the illustrations of what I think
the best work we have in the East.
Like all the other town halls illus-
trated, it is of brick and wood, a
combination which our better archi-
tects handle with most felicitous
results, and which is neither too
monumental for the country, nor
unworthy of a public building.
The order is of regular excellence,
and the whole disposition of the
masses of the building and of the
openings in those masses is one
which needs no comment of mine
to compel admiration.

The Weston Town Hall,
Messrs. Bigelow & Wadsworth,
architects, is a Massachusetts ex-
ample which shows the prevalence
of the type in the East, and by a
comparison of it with the others
one can learn how flexible the style
is and how readily the same simple
motives can be varied to meet dif-
ferent conditions and to produce
new and delightful effects. It is
impossible to say which of them is
the best; each is beautiful and in
the same way, but each has its own
peculiar quality of charm which
renders it deserving of attention.

The Community house at Water-
town, of which Electus D. Litch-
field was the architect, is interest-
ing from several different points of
view. The Community house is,
as above said, a comparatively new
development of our country life,
and one which seems destined to
become daily more vital and impor-
tant in our country life, taking, at
least to some extent, the place of
the church in Colonial days as a
center in social affairs, as well as
affording an opportunity for lec-
tures and the like educational en-
terprises. This particular example
is a combination of shops with a
hall and offices, tending not only to
raise the standard of the "village
store" building but also to help pay
the expenses of the community ac-
tivities. The shop fronts them-

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selves are especially worth attention, because they combine a thoroughly practical type of shop front with a truly quaint and picturesque exterior. The entrance to the hall is placed at one side, with fire exits in the rear, and offices below, an unusual and interesting scheme and one which appears to have excellent financial possibilities aside from the delightful exterior from all points of view. We will unquestionably see many more Community buildings during the next few years, but doubt if we see many more charming and more practical than this.

The third type of public building illustrated in this article is the library. It is unfortunate that the architectural tone of the great number of libraries erected by the late Mr. Carnegie did not attain a high standard of architectural merit in accord with their practical excellence, and the two illustrated were erected from other funds, and with architects who designed the buildings to be object lessons in themselves as well as mere containers of books. Both are doubtless familiar to everyone who is at all interested in the art of architecture, for both have been very fully illustrated in the architectural papers, and have figured prominently in the architectural illustrations. The library at Great Barrington, designed by Blanchard and Barnes, is smaller than the Ferguson Memorial Library at Stamford, Connecticut (Tracy and Swartwout, architects), but does not yield place to its greater brother in exquisite conception or perfection of execution. They are both most admirable structures, so good that nothing can be said which they do not themselves say better.

Fortunately those shown do not exhaust even the limited list with which I am familiar, and it is a

matter of congratulation to many another American town, Naugatuck, Goshen and Nutley, to mention only three, that they have honestly striven for an ideal and accomplished it. Here in the United States we have accomplished enormously in the few generations since the settlement, and the common tendency seems to be to pat ourselves on the back for having built so many miles of road, installed so many telephones and built so many automobiles, with an amount of labor far inferior to that of any European nations over this same term of years, and to fatuously regard art as a frill, a fad, or an unnecessary adornment to be added if it didn't cost too much, but looked at somewhat askance as savoring of European decadence. Good architecture is far from being a frill or embroidery on the solid fabric of our buildings, but should be as definitely a part of it as good plumbing or adequate ventilation: our ancestors were far less able to pay for useless ornament than are we, and did not; but they got, even without insisting on it, good architecture. Their buildings are in consequence preserved, where our modern structures of commercial type are ruthlessly replaced by bigger (if not better) ones when the conditions indicate a better investment, and there we lose annually enormous sums of money unnecessarily through wastage of what might be useful if it were more beautiful. Our ancestors got good design unconsciously, automatically: today we must take thought to secure it, and until we are as a nation accustomed to demand that good design be thrown in with the practical and sensible planning of every one of our structures our country will never attain the uniform high standard of a hundred years ago.

The Nobuzane Scrolls

(Continued from page 180)

hearing this report, all the hangers-on at the painter's house quickly deserted him and his family, and his affairs became more and more deplorable. The painter lost no time in complaining to the official in charge of the state of the land tax on his domain, but, as ill fortune would have it, the domain itself, according to the statement of the official, was found to have been privately transferred to a certain temple. Thereupon the artist was very much disheartened and went back to his home. He then took the matter to a superior official, who immediately told the Emperor the particulars of the painter's straitened circumstances. The Emperor was greatly moved, and was graciously pleased to bestow upon him the province where his estates were to have been. The painter now implored that his domain might be changed, as the province was too far from his home. Upon this the Court decided to take the matter into consideration. He waited

and waited, but no further report reached him. His family stood face to face with ruin.

But the most interesting thing with this scroll is its strange story; it was formerly preserved in Kyoto, though the original possessor of it still remains unknown; but on February 23, 1848, Ryoban Kohitsu, a well-known connoisseur of pictures and calligraphy, who became its owner in course of time, presented it to the Shogunate. When the Emperor Meiji was pleased to visit Prince Tokugawa at his mansion on October 31, 1887, the family presented to His Majesty an old sword and this famous scroll. The general public, however, still believed that the scroll had been burnt at the time of the downfall of Yedo. On the demise of the Emperor Meiji, on the 30th of July, 1902, the Imperial treasures were examined, and among them this scroll, together with the famous scroll, "Invasion of the Moguls," was found at last.

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The Recent Convention of the American Federation of Arts

WITH a record attendance, the American Federation of Arts held its eleventh annual convention at the Metropolitan Museum, just recently. Suiting its text to the occasion of the Metropolitan's semi-centennial, the Federation devoted its sessions this year primarily to museums as factors in the growth of American culture.

A good sign of progress in our land is the concrete evidence of the work of this live, hard-working art organization. For eleven years this national society, consisting of 225 affiliated chapters in forty states, besides thousands of individual members, has been building up a reputation for solid service along lines of great value to the American people.

In all, forty-four exhibitions, covering painting, sculpture, textiles, wall paper, etc., etc., were circulated during the season now closing, these having reached ninety-seven different communities, each a separate city or town. Last year there were only thirty exhibitions circulated, these reaching only sixty-eight communities. And this success during 1919-1920 was achieved in the face of the hardest transportation conditions the country has ever faced, with strikes and embargoes without number. In addition there have been the untold obstacles of influenza epidemics and other causes to cancel listings.

Several addresses at this convention were of special interest.

WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR., Curator of the Metropolitan Museum, spoke of illustrated papers and magazines. For many years on the editorial staff of various leading publications, both literary and illustrated, Mr. Ivins was especially well fitted to speak on the cultural value of illustrated magazines. As Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan he is particularly anxious to encourage popular appreciation not only of rare etchings, but also of the cheapest form of printed thing made, namely, the newspaper illustration. "The illustrations and typographical decoration of current newspapers and magazines," said Mr. Ivins, "are prints, to be selected for preservation, classified and used just as etchings and engravings are. Their greatest use in the art museums is possibly to the student of design in the arts and crafts, for whom they contain much valuable information not otherwise to be had."

An interesting reference was made by Mr. Ivins to the comic cartoon, his criticism of which was not as dark as that of artists generally is. He declared that prints must have three guiding qualities—design, drawing, human interest—and that unless they have human interest they are not real.

For this reason the series cartoon of the daily papers appeals to the people. It always has human interest, even though this quality may be overdone or underdone, as the case may be. He said that he, as a curator of prints, looked forward to the cartoon in his morning paper. The speaker, above all, made clear that the cheapest illustration, namely, that in a two-cent newspaper, was as much a print as a Rembrandt and had its own educational value. It was not the cost of reproduction that counted so much as the individual character of the print.

ROBERT AITKEN, the well-known sculptor, sharply criticized the methods of exhibiting the works of famous sculptors in modern museums. The criticism was meted out without stint to even our leading institutions, like the Metropolitan Museum of Art, while the Louvre in Paris was given similar treatment. He quoted Rodin to the effect that "shadows in sculpture are nests of beauty," and explained how poor lighting destroyed the works of the masters and ruined marbles as well as casts for either appreciation or study. He was particularly critical of the placing and lighting of the famous Venus de Milo statue in the Louvre, saying that it has for all these years been exhibited under conditions entirely different from those which the sculptor chose.

Mr. Aitken especially praised the efforts of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to place before the public, as is now done, collections of the works of modern American sculptors.

RICHARD F. BACH, Associate in Industrial Arts at the Metropolitan Museum, spoke of "Museums and the Industrial World," bringing into his address the result of his experience in connection with manufacturers and designers in their use of the collections in building up American design in industrial arts. Mr. Bach's major premise was that museums are educational institutions, and that no modern museum in the art or science field could be established or maintained without due regard for a well-developed educational machinery as part of its fabric. Museums consist of collections in a physical sense only; in practical working they consist in equal degree of exploitation of those collections. As instruments of public service in the broadest sense, museums of art must reach as many classes of the public as possible. In many instances they have already established themselves as agencies for school children, as well as for adults, in some cases even reaching the blind and deaf.

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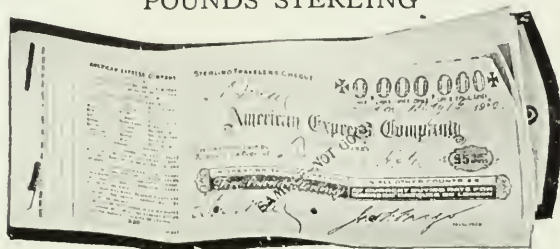
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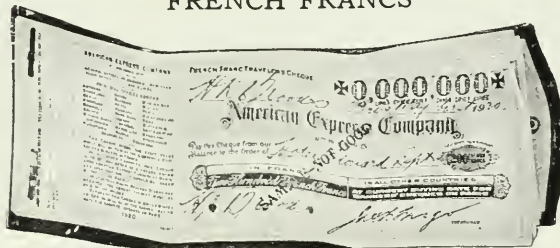
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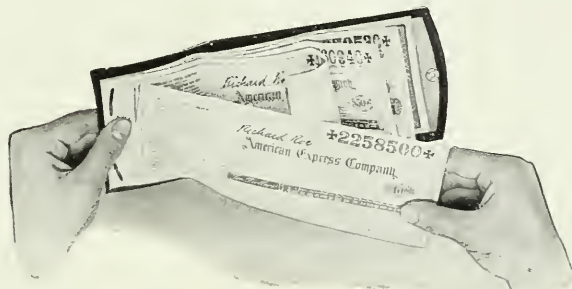
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An Interesting Musical Development in Rhode Island

A LITTLE more than a year ago a trio of prominent musicians then living in New York left the metropolis and settled in a small Rhode Island village, Harrisville by name. They had responded to the call of Austin T. Levy, treasurer of the Stillwater Worsted Mills, who believed in the value of fine musical activity and decided that Harrisville should have the opportunity to hear and to study music of the highest quality, something that the life of the average small community lacks conspicuously even in the year 1920.

In the thirteen months which have passed since the formation of the Rhode Island trio a great deal of interesting work has been accomplished. For the men whom Mr. Levy brought to Harrisville were all three of them sterling musicians, whose work individually and together has been on a high plane. Wassily Besekirsky, the violinist, is the son of a distinguished Russian musician of the same name, who played an important part in the development of musical Europe during the fifty years preceding the Great War.

NATIONALITIES vary in this ensemble, Jacques Renard, the 'cellist of the trio, being a Hollander by birth. His early training he received in Amsterdam, and was solo 'cellist at the age of seventeen at the Royal Opera. When the New Symphony Orchestra, now the National Symphony, was formed under Bodansky last spring, Mr. Renard was invited to become its solo 'cellist; but the opportunity to work in the chamber music field proved too alluring and he declined, so that he might become a member of the Rhode Island Trio.

The pianist of the trio is an American, Alexander Rihm, who both as a performer and as a composer is known here and in Europe. He completed his musical education abroad. Mr. Rihm's playing is of the chamber music type, so seldom heard these days when the heroics of the piano has been developed to the *nth* power. He is a close student, whose seriousness has not prevented his playing from being brilliant; his art appeals to those who love the finest. Many of his songs have been recently published, and sung by prominent singers.

SO much for the personnel. What has been done? Each day the three artists devote part of their time to practice, preparing repertoire, gaining an ensemble by living so close together that could not be obtained were conditions otherwise. They teach a class of more than fifty students—the population of the village proper is only 2,500!—and they have given a series of concerts, some of them in small villages, others in larger cities, and everywhere they have found a hearty response, have found their audiences hungry for good music. Among their students progress is being made and a few cases of marked talent have been discovered.

Mr. Rihm organized in December, 1919, the Harrisville Glee Club, composed of sixty mixed voices, and presented it in its first concert last month with splendid success. For the coming season plans are under way, with every indication of a steadily increasing interest in music in a Rhode Island village, which has become a far better place through the coming of the gentlemen who comprise the Rhode Island Trio.

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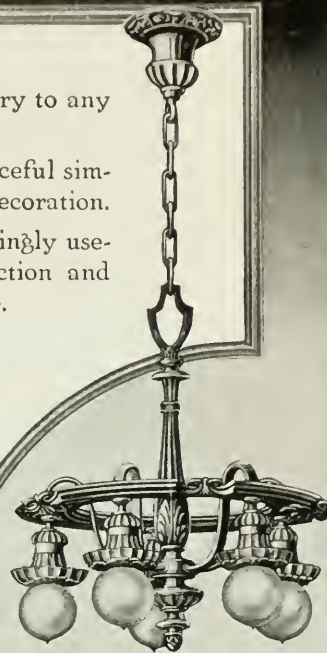
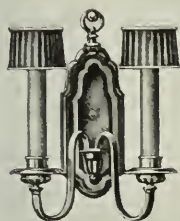
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WILLEM MENGELBERG, who next season will be one of the conductors of the National Symphony Orchestra, was a born musician, although not an "infant prodigy." One of his earliest feats was the composition of a Christmas song when he was eight years old. This he presented to his parents, and so pleasing did they find the melody that the song has remained a favorite in the family until the present day.

When Willem—he was born in 1871—was six years old, he showed such a fondness for music that his musical instruction was begun. When he was eight he made it a practice to play the piano by ear several hours a day and when he was ten he was sent to the Cathedral School in Utrecht. There he devoted much time to the study and singing of old music. Later came practice on the organ, the study of the theory of music and the deciphering and playing of old scores.

When seventeen years old, Mengelberg was sent to Cologne to study in the Conservatoire, of which Dr. Franz Wullner was principal. There he gave special attention to the piano under Isidor Seiss and Jensen and also perfected himself in accompanying and in ensemble and opera work. Three years later he was graduated with honors for the piano, conducting and composing; a fourth year he spent in Cologne, appearing at times in the Gurzenich.

In 1892 Mengelberg vanquished some eighty other candidates and became director of music in the municipality of Lucerne, Switzerland. There he conducted male choirs, a church choir, municipal concerts and the school for solo and choir singing. This he found excellent post-graduate education. Meantime he continued composition and several of his works were sung by male choirs. The climax of his career then came at Whitsuntide, 1895, when a mass for choir, soloists, orchestra and organ which he had composed was played in the High Church.

In June of that year Mengelberg was appointed director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam, Holland, a position which he still holds. His first appearance there was as solo pianist with the Orchestra on October 24. On the following Sunday, October 27, he took up the baton. About the same time he was made director of the Toonkunst choir, and with these two bodies he gave nine concerts in May of this year, at which all the works of the late Gustave Mahler were played. Two other great festivals have been features of his term in Amsterdam, festivals of Dutch music, held ten years apart, in 1902 and 1912.

The American Art Exhibition in Venice

(Continued from page 153)

tyranny. And the result too often is mere lurid unhappiness or the pigment torturings of a Mancini. Having the great masters before his eyes every minute, he has lost the flavor of them and slips into the byways of bad taste.

The unofficial painter, on the other hand, takes more direct and even more frantic ways of escaping from the domination of the past—futurism, cubism, internationalism. Or, like the Americans, he turns to France, and it is to this group especially that the best modern Italians belong. But before attempting to explain the impression which the American paintings made on the officials and the quite other impression which it made on the non-officials or intellectuals, it might be well to glance through the galleries of American paintings.

Robert Chanler's giraffes, which hung for some time in the Brooklyn Museum, one of his best decorations and by far the best decoration in the entire International, faces the spectator on entering the pavilion and interests him immediately. Original in conception and consistently carried out, it is entirely different in one frequently overlooked particular from the official clap-trap which passes as decoration among our little group of painter-politicians to whom most of our public buildings have been given for profit to themselves alone. The difference is that instead of merely covering the wall, like a Blashfield, it actually decorates it. On the other walls of the same gallery will be found two typical Glackens, *Girl in Blue* and *Columbus Day* in Washington Square, Eugene Speicher's *Golden Shawl* and his *Young Girl's Portrait*, which mark the highest point of his achievement. A very representative portrait by George Luks, the *Dance of the Spirits* by Maurice Sterne, a group of Navajo Indians by Paul Burlin, Abbot Thayer's *Mount Monadnock*, a characteristically American landscape by Redfield, George Bellows' *Easter Morning*, and a perfectly clever mechanical Paul Dougherty offer, together with Robert Henri's brilliantly executed if not too sound portrait of Fay Baynter, give to the interested foreigner a fairly varied glimpse of certain tendencies which affect American art.

In other rooms there are very representative canvases by Weir, Twachtman, Robinson, Lawson, and Hassam, as well as by Thomas Eakins and Alfred Collins, Albert Ryder and Arthur B. Davies, Guy Pène du Bois, Henry Lee McFee, Allen Tucker, and Howard Cushing. This does not complete the list, but it is sufficient to indicate to the American reader how much

A
Detail



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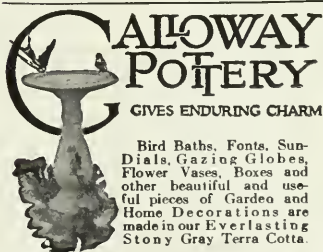
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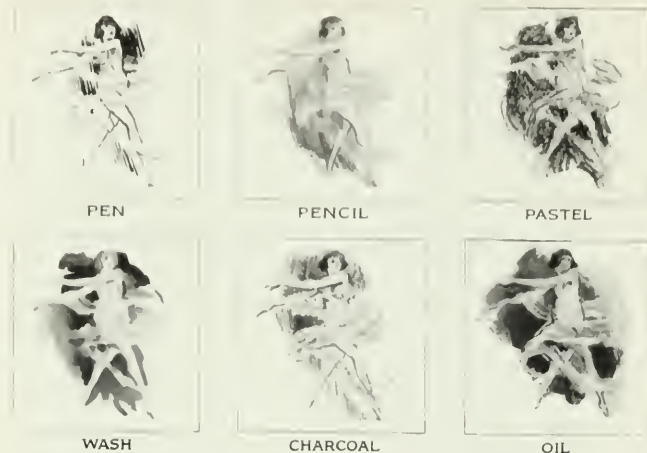
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there is in the exhibition that is new to Italians who only know Sargent and Whistler and a handful of the Americans in Paris.

The exhibition may be a little limited on what is called the modern side. Yet Burlin, McFee, Sterne, Tucker, Glackens and Davies make a strong group. The Impressionists who preceded them are the best that we have from Robinson to Lawson. Sargentism is not illustrated, doubtless both because it has already been so widely seen in Europe that it has created in European minds the predisposition to believe that American painters are primarily clever and imitative; and also because it is a dead issue today. Nor is the innocuous school of near-Vermeers represented nor at the other extreme the Cubists and their relatives. But considering the size of the American exhibition, it is quite remarkable how fully it represents us. With very rare exceptions it brings out clearly the fact that the keynote of American art is refinement. Almost none of the flagrant exhibitionism which screams from the walls of most large exhibitions is to be found in the American pavilion. Refinement and good taste and real understanding of the quality of the medium of oil paint marks this exhibition. It is sane and agreeable. But enough of what an American thinks of these pictures. Let us follow through the galleries a good official Italian, than whom there is nothing more official, and an intellectual than whom there is none more devoted to the latest fashions in independence.

THE official finds few pictures which quite fit his predisposed ideas of American art. He asks if there is not a Sargent or a Whistler. He looks at Maurice Sterne and is grieved to find that even in America such things are done. He looks at Glackens and dismisses him as too Renoiresque, at Robinson, Twachtman and the others of this group and murmurs Monet. He says that Paul Burlin is not American, that Henry Lee McFee is over-cerebral, and he does not look particularly happy until he comes to Mr. Henri's canvases. Here is that cleverness he has been looking for. Here is something close enough to Sargent to be safely called American. He likes Bellows' landscape and Luks and Sloan; and Ryder is far enough away from modern cross-currents to come within his ken. Indeed, the beautiful little Ryder, Mending the Harness, lent by Adolph Lewisohn, delighted more artists of opposing viewpoints than perhaps any other single painting.

The non-official more or less agreed with the official in finding something to admire in Ryder. John Sloan, du Bois, and one or two others. But the painting which he liked most was the Dance of the Spirits, by Maurice Sterne, and after these in order came Henry Lee McFee, Paul

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Burlin, Allen Tucker and William Glackens. He allowed the two latter to escape from the suave dismissal which he handed to Robinson, Twachtman, Weir and Haslam. It is the fashion now to dismiss Impressionists, and the non-official Italian is nothing if not fashionable. His reply to the official who was delighted to find that there were no Cubist pictures was that the exhibition was too old-fashioned and that a dozen or more experiments in the abstract would have added greatly to its interest. However much the officials and non-officials agreed or disagreed, on one point they were in accord, "This is a very nice exhibition," they seemed to say, "but it causes us neither a shock of pain nor a shock of delight."

THE official found us much too imitative of the French. Beneath the French exterior of so many of these paintings he could not see to the American heart of them. The non-official thought that our most "modern" pictures were trailing in the wake of the modern movement rather than directing the head of the procession. American reputations do not count with Europeans. They were not in the least impressed, for example, by the reputation of Arthur B. Davies, whom they admired patronizingly as if to say: for an entirely unknown artist this is a very promising young man. They said that Eugene Speicher was able, but too affected by French influences. All of these remarks are remarks made to me personally by one foreigner or another. The question is, do these criticisms amount to anything? I think they should be discounted by two considerations: first, that the European has pre-disposed ideas about American art which it is hard for him to shake off because he does not know American art intimately enough to see into it. The slightest trace of French influence blinds him to the intrinsically American quality of many of our painters.

But it might be worth while also to remember that although the European cannot be expected to form a very knowing or sympathetic opinion of American painting until he is more familiar with it, his insistence on our tendency to imitate France too much ought not to be overlooked. Is he right, after all? Our art derives from France and we showed good taste in the selection of our masters, since France is the fountain-head of modern art, or at least has been; but has the Italian, sympathetic or otherwise, hit upon the truth or is he just repeating an oft-repeated idea? He says we are clever imitators of the French. Are we still just a little too subservient to our masters, a little too sentimental and timid about French opinion? I know several Italians who think so.



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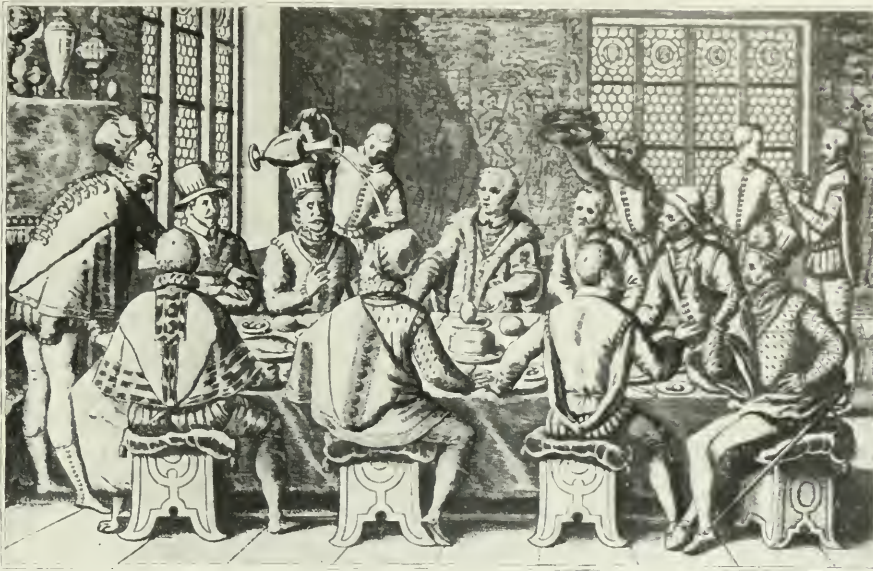
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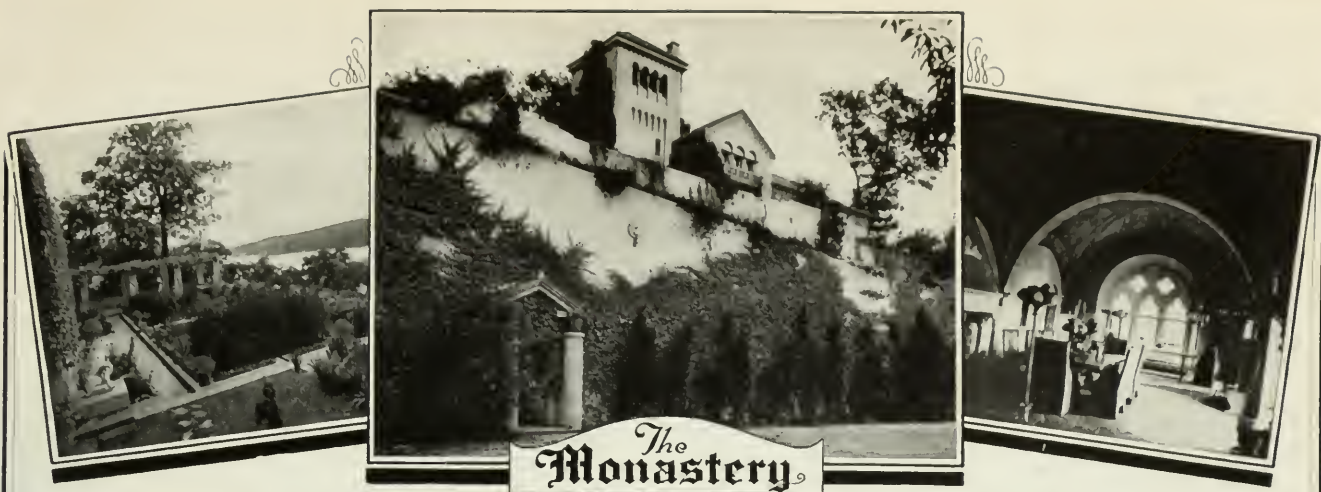


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PORTRAIT OF A MAN SEATED, BY FRANS HALS

LOANED by Mr. Henry Goldman to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition, this portrait is one of those characteristic Hals' that have so long been the cause of despair among those painters whose brushes wanted nimbleness and authority. It has a directness and simplicity which explains the firm hold that the painting of the Dutch master has taken upon objective Americans. It has been said of Hals that he saw with his eyes only. Like Monet, but in another camp, he has been called the greatest painter—this in the craftsman sense—that ever lived. Mr. Goldman's picture shows the reason for both those contentions.

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The Machine as an Art Medium

THE EDITOR

WITH the arrival of instantaneous photography a great many false prophets, posing as connoisseurs, gave voice to the conclusion that the end of painting, or of graphic art as it was then understood, had come, that a machine was to supplant the hand or the eye of man. Those connoisseurs were undoubtedly of that pseudo-variety who believed that art reached its summit in the meticulous fidelity of a Meissonier, a Bouguereau or a Barge. That idea anyway was received generally with considerable credence for it was in accordance with the tactics of the most popular art of the day.

Twenty or thirty years ago, however, the defence of art was built on a technical basis, on the basis that what you said counted tremendously less than how you said it. We heard that the camera could not supplant painting because it could in no way duplicate the brushwork or the pyrotechnics of painting. We were in a simpler age. Sargent with the acrobatic brush of a true virtuoso ruled the world's painting. Liszt had stunned it musically into the most abashed of humble admirations. Victor Hugo was a king of literature because he commanded the greatest variety of words and of ways of marshalling them. We were more interested in mediums of expression than in expression. "Art for Art's sake" was a too often repeated and certainly ambiguous slogan. Ambiguous because to say art for art's sake, as it was meant then, is really to say art for technique's sake.

SOMETHING like this has prevailed in all those industrial arts in which the hand of man has been, in the form of machinery, supplanted by the mind of man. For man instead of mastering his machine has been mastered by the machine, mastered by it with the help of the tremendous force of traditional opinion which insists that a work of art must be the work of the hand of man, must be touched intimately by him. Thus wherever the machine has supplanted man's fingers in those factories which produce objects of industrial art an attempt is made or has been made to imitate man's fingers. And the characteristics or the virtues of the medium are hidden.

There is no better example of that which is meant here than the one given even up to this day by "artistic" photographers. When the preposterous claims, mentioned at the beginning of this writing, were made for the

camera a great many deluded photographers took them seriously. They began by believing that their machine was the ultimate graphic art medium. But while they could believe that it was the ultimate graphic art medium they could not believe that it could, untouched by the hand of man, untampered with, produce art. They had more faith in the old tradition than in the new machine. Thus we find them believing that the camera will supplant painting while sedulously attempting to make photographs resemble paintings.

IN the last few years a new consciousness has come to artists—the consciousness of their material or of their medium, of its virtues and limitations. Thus we shall find that the water colorists Marin and Demuth are admired, even by those who can admire nothing else in them, because they hold to the limpidity, clarity, lightness of their medium, and never, like so many members of our two official water color societies, imitate with water color the texture of oil paint. Thus Paulanship, who is admired for so many good workman qualities, for a very great conscientiousness, is derided because he gives to a marble bust an exquisiteness which more readily belongs to ivory, to a less weighty, less solid, more malleable material. And the technicians again looking upon the sea of modern painting will jump with a certain malicious joy upon the works of Henri Matisse, those in paint, because they have no apparent oil in them, no fat but rather the textural translucence of water color—because they are lean textural puritans when they might better be corpulent orientals. Of course the complaints in the field of etching are numberless, are really so many that it would be unfair to take an isolated example and make a scapegoat of him. A man is or is not an etcher with the connoisseurs of that field who know the rules and will not allow any infringement.

Now there can be no reason why this consciousness of material and of medium should stop short at the machine—why it should be asked of the machine that its products resemble those of the hand-working artisan nor why his designs, which belong to the traditions of his hand work, should be reproduced by the machine. They were not originally made for the machine, they own little or nothing in common with it. Indeed it is time for man to fear his machine less or, which may

be truer, to approach his machine with less superstitious dread of overriding the traditions of art. If he must be true to all his other mediums of expression he must also be true to this one—this one which in every sense is the product of his own age, and, as it must become, the best medium for the expression of his every day experience, of his choice—though it be, artistically, subconscious—and of his philosophy. Whether the ideal of efficiency is due to the machine or the machine succeeds the ideal matters very little in this argument. It is enough that the ideal exists. It is enough that a process which produces things in thousands has supplanted one which produced them singly—for with the new vision thrown before the eyes by this process there must be born a new philosophy. And this philosophy, as it grows, must feel more and more antipathy toward waste, go more and more toward the counting of units in masses and neglect of the individual.

IT is the strength of the dead, of those dead whom academic thought persists in keeping alive, that has put machinery at the ungrateful task of imitating hand work—but it cannot and will not keep it there. We shall have a machine-made industrial art which deriving its character from the virtues and the limitations of its medium, of machinery, will derive its character from the temper of its epoch. It will be a precise and economic and democratic art. And it will come when man, rid of his artistic superstitions, will cease to be ashamed of the artistic capabilities of his machine. There are signs now of its coming and there is more than one singer who, like the painter, Marcel Duchamp, can devote praise to the machine itself. The examples of the progress made in the publishing of books and in the manufacture of shoes show that man has begun to understand, to better appreciate the qualities of machinery as an art medium. He will go still further when he is able to rid himself of the hand-made fetish. He has done something very like that in his republican form of government which, at least theoretically, is a government not by individual vagary, but by mass or by majority opinion.

Indeed, the condemnation of machinery, as it applies to machine-made furniture, for an example, is one of those misapprehensions which come with the continuance of an idea beyond the period of its usefulness, or until

(Continued on page 275)

Prince, Bourgeois and Bolshevik

The Coming of a New Rule in Art

By FORBES WATSON

IT is now part of the historical records that Prince Udine, representing the King of Italy himself, officially opened this summer's Venice Art Exhibition. Slender, graceful, self-contained, he did his duty like a prince—a twentieth-century prince, that is to say, a being almost pathetically forbearing. In the first place, Prince Udine allowed several of the King's subjects to torture him and a number of other subjects of the King with official vociferations on art, yet he did not order the execution of the vociferators. To such a low estate has royalty fallen in these days of ideal plumbing, that even princes must listen to official vociferations on any old subject if the bourgeois who support them so decree.

Princes no longer lead armies into battle on white steeds. Less hazardous and picturesque functions demand them. One of these is to save the royal heads of their families from attending more popular gatherings than a single royal mortal could possibly live through. If King must pin a decoration on the public's favorite aviator, Prince takes his place at the ladies' guild for the prevention of cruelty to bank presidents. If King is booked to confer knighthoods on the officers of the profiteers' union, Prince must open the horse show or the art show, must occupy the royal box at the opera or attend the national orange growers' banquet. For though kings like crowns, common people love dragging the royal ones to their unroyal celebrations, and in return for supporting royalty the bourgeoisie exact whatever quaint decoration royalty can confer on bourgeois meetings. Difficult as we may find rising to the heights of princes at least, now that no coat of arms is safe without a bolshevik rampant, it is not, as in olden times, very difficult to drag princes down to our own everyday level.

AFTER those terrible official speeches, the Prince, unprotesting, smiling, even, though not exuberantly, permitted himself to be rushed through the entire exhibition, acres of art, gallery after gallery, pavilion after pavilion. An excellent walker, he easily broke all artistic walking records. Coming up the sloping garden path which leads to the French pavilion his royal highness' body guard of officials was puffing and red-faced with the heat, but the Prince walked coolly and briskly, keeping without effort to his schedule of about four miles of art per hour. It requires royal blood to see four miles of art per hour without color coming into the cheek, or a wild, uncontrolled look coming into the eyes. The Prince did the French pavilion in about five minutes, the American in something under seven and a half, the Polish in a similar period, and finally the royal party was wafted away in gondolas of state toward Venice and a well-earned lunch.

Gracious compliments had been scattered through the various pavilions of the different nations with perfect impartiality. A very innocuous American painter, whose name I have forgotten, who once sold a very innocuous little picture to the King, received a special little tribute for himself. His ethereal pictures, ever since the King bought one, float past the jury onto the walls of the international section (not into the American pavilion fortunately) and are regularly noted in the journals. These harmless small paintings have no other claim

to fame than the fact that one of them belongs to the King. In all this we have perhaps a symbol of what royalty means to art to-day. It means a prince, polite, but human enough to be bored, opening a vast bourgeois exhibition, and the occasional purchase of a mild picture against which bourgeois visitors to the King's apartments could not possibly take offense.

Kings and queens, princes and princelings finished with art about a hundred and fifty years ago, when the English duchess could be painted as she wished to look, and at the same time acquire a pleasing decoration for a Georgian room, and the French countess could have *fêtes Champêtres* in her gardens, and paintings of them on her boudoir walls. To be sure, in England, in Germany and in Italy, vast blocks of stone and unending rolls of canvas have been transformed into representations of Victor Emanuel (indeed there must be somewhere a Victor Emanuel factory for flamboyant equestrian statues) or the Emperor that was, or Victoria and Edward and George; but these Germanic labors, for somehow most later nineteenth century likenesses have a Germanic quality, seldom if ever come within the scope of art. They are mostly fat, lifeless advertisements, efforts to impress vulgar voters of the budget, screens thrown up to hide from the bourgeois the deadly fact that royalty has fallen to dowdiness on its way to oblivion.

THE king and the prince, the queen and the princess are no longer art patrons or art factors. They may deter the advance of independence in art, or be a foil for it; or they may be merely ornamental functionaries at official art gatherings. Otherwise they do not matter artistically. At the best they make some portrait painters supreme in the eyes of brewers' daughters. We may dismiss them and pass onward to the bourgeoisie, the middle class, the untitled, who have supported art haphazardly for the past century.

But since the Prince has graciously opened the Venice Art Exhibition, which is essentially a middle-class affair, as are all great official art exhibitions today, and since he has given his royal sanction that all is well within the gates, and pleased the voters by his decorative presence, let us go in and look about a bit. Is all well within? On the contrary; underneath the placid exterior of this famous international exhibition the delicate ear can hear the steady ticking of a little mine of artistic bolshevism well-timed for effective explosion.

The expressions of the officials, so peaceful and settled heretofore, like the expressions of men who have finished with violent struggle, and accommodated their needs to bureaucratic remunerations have become suddenly anxious. Their movements are less restful. A sharp word occasionally cuts through formalities. Nervousness is in the air, to be seen or felt by those who could register it. For even while the Prince was gliding to lunch, conscious of a dull task well done, letters were continuing to be sent in bundles to Rome and terrifying echoes of them were resounding in Venice. Roughly what some of these protesting letters said was: "down with the bourgeois! down with the officials! give us modern art! the Italian pavilion does not represent Italy, nor anything else, except the will to manufacture

salable exhibition pictures, the desire to keep out the more enlightened modern, and to feed bonbons to the ignorant, which they call art."

In a word, these letters proclaimed that the strike habit, which prevails in Italy in almost all circles, has also threatened the sanctuary of art. They were addressed to the minister of fine arts, and so numerous, so ardent, not to say violent, were they, that the minister's artistic knees shook in his artistic trousers, and orders were despatched to Venice commanding the unused Hungarian pavilion to be placed at the disposal of the modern artists, the very modern modernist bolsheviks, abstractionists, internationalists, cubists, futurists, sphericalists, dadaists, etc., etc., etc. The minister himself thought that this was pouring oil upon troubled waters, but lesser officials thought that the oil was boiling. They began to run up and down and back and forth as if the floors of the galleries had become overheated.

Doubtless the letters protesting against the insistent middle-class quality of the Italian section of the Exhibition were far from unprejudiced, and contained many unfair statements, but in spite of its size that section is almost devoid of modern pictures. Ferruccio Ferrazzi's two canvases, showing that this clever young painter has not looked in vain upon the work of Henri Rousseau, and one or two other paintings, such as Guido Cadorni's Venetian Girls, are the nearest approach to the modern, yet even these are hardly what the confirmed modernists consider modern. With the exception of these few canvases the numerous rooms in the Italian section are essentially but a smaller Salon and eminently official. For all trace of modern work we must look in the pavilions and galleries of other nations, whose exhibitions, for the most part, are less subject to official control. The commotion raised by the artistic bolsheviks or the fashionable intellectuals is such that although the bourgeois official still controls the Venice International Art Exhibition, even as he controls the Royal Academy, and our own ingenuous National Academy, and all other official art exhibitions the world over, he has begun to tremble for his three meals a day.

SINCE time passes and changes occur, it may be that now, about a hundred years or more after the exit of the Prince as a factor in art patronage, we are witnessing the beginning of the end of bourgeois patronage. The period coming to a close, if not already closed, has been an amazingly rich, productive period; but artists were ever anarchists, and they have long been bored by the slow, delinquent appreciation of their bourgeois clients. They have produced, not so much because of the bourgeois as in spite of him, and, while working in a bourgeois period, they themselves remained, for the most part, either aristocrats or bolsheviks. For more than a hundred years they have carried on a continuous fight against the bourgeois's insistent dogma that all ideas could be brought under the rule of a majority. And on this rock the bourgeois rule is breaking. The middle-class majority has had its Salon for more than a century, and Bougureau ever was, still is, and ever will be the ideal of this Salon. The bourgeois himself has come to see that the official organization which he has built up might

dispense medals of gold, but not medals of immortality, and finding at last that neither the size, majority, nor political power of an art organization could assure him of making a financially sound collection, he has put himself into the hands of the dealer and the subsidized expert. These wise people have found a way out of the dilemma by encouraging the belief which belonged to the past, the past of thirty years ago, or the past of seven centuries ago, or the past of seventeen years ago—in any case, a movable past depending on how long it requires the experts and the dealers in any particular instance to spread the ideas of the minority, until at last they become in turn the ideas of the majority. That is where the bourgeois stands today—hopelessly behind the expression of his own time, or involved in admiring the imitator who paints down to his level.

Just such an artist was perhaps the most popular sensation of the Venice Exhibition, an artist who will exhibit next year in America—Beltran Masses, a Parisian Spaniard. Employing the properties of Zuloaga, he has softened them, placed them under theatrical, starry, blue skies, made them at once sweet and unhealthy. They are just what a profiteer would select as being artistic, a profiteer who had not yet taken shelter under the wings of a dealer and expert, and been duly warned against the perfidious changes that artistic reputations undergo. If these pictures are successful west and northwest of Fifty-ninth street, at least they will fail utterly south of Eighth street as far as Grand. They were, or rather looked as if they were made to strike the eye in the big exhibition, and catch the fancy of the "amorous stockbroker" bent on making a present to his lady of a portrait that would throb many a bulging shirt front at many a dim-lit part.

Between this sort of theatricalism and the safer and saner speculations in old masters, the bourgeois lets the genuine contemporary artist slip through his fingers and is losing control of the situation. As the Prince made his exit a century and a half ago, similarly it is not fantastic to imagine that the bourgeois is making as inevitable an exit, if a slower and less graceful one, from the patronage of living art.

The popular success of Beltran Masses was nothing compared with the unpopular success of Alexander Archipenko, another painter, who will exhibit next winter in New York in a new gallery of so-called modern art which is expected to appear on the horizon under the auspices of Miss Katherine Dreier, according to the announcement of the artist himself. You could find an intellectual raving over the painting, painting-sculptures and sculpture of Mr. Archipenko, and reading carefully the little booklet which the artist had on hand to explain his work; for the energetic young Russian is distinctly fashionable and determined to be talked about. It appears that this artist's work was selected for the Russian pavilion on the strength of some clever academic drawings which consciously were redeemed from academic completeness by a grasp of the latest international fashion in such drawing. But Mr. Archipenko's sculptures and painting-sculptures (that is the name he gives them) brought tears and moans to the officials, and beatific seriousness to those

who like to call themselves intellectuals. Mr. Archipenko claims to have passed out of the antique school of cubism. He has mounted to the higher realms of the pan-rhythmic. Color and form and line all play at rhythm together simultaneously, and the fully initiated claim a perfect understanding of the result. This artist is one of the busiest exhibitors in the world. He carries his works of art and the explanatory notes, claiming the invention of a new expression, to all countries, and his fame is wide-spread, for he certainly does not believe in being more than five or ten minutes, at the most, behind the latest fashion. He is one of the many artists first introduced to America at the historic Armory show, who is now coming to have a show of his own.

He might be called an artistic bolshevist. In any case, the intellectuals, the out-and-outers, and the parlor bolshevist flocked round

well he must be free to enjoy his own vision of the world. Must he paint à la bolshevist or be excommunicated? Proportionately, there are just as many dull ones in the modernist academy as in the National academy.

Nowhere is the current of creative art running stronger today than in America. But this current is not so powerful that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped by a public too timid to encourage its own artists, a public afraid of its own spiritual life, a public which, if always content to hear itself referred to as being commercial and material, is likely to end by thinking of itself as being merely that. It can be enormously strengthened, moreover, by that interchange of ideas between nations which exists only when each nation intellectually respects the nation with which it is exchanging ideas. In this respect nations are like individuals.

However, it is not necessary to cry any longer. The tide is turning. Several significant events have taken place. The ill-fated Luxembourg exhibition, so badly mismanaged by Léonce Bénédite, as he himself ingenuously explained in an article on the exhibition, was none the less an event of a sort. Since then Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, at the invitation of the directors of the Venice International Exhibition of Art, has taken upon herself the difficulties and hazards of sending to Venice a selection of fifty-odd American paintings, which at present occupy a pavilion at the International.

The main point is that another rule is coming, political life and economic relations are changing—in other words, social truisms are being shaken up once more and put down in a changed order of importance. Such changes bring corresponding changes in art. They look very big when we are face to face with them and pass into the general order of history as time separates them from us. We can simply point to the fact that the bolsheviks, or whatever you wish to call them, upset the middle class equanimity of the Venice international, and that the trend of art is especially worth watching.

I like everything else today. I believe that the bourgeois has had his day in art matters, as surely as the princes and duchesses had theirs, and the church its day before them, and that, while no period ends one minute to be succeeded by a new period the next, we can at least see the end of the bourgeois reign. Certain "isms" will pass and leave no ripples, while others will contribute elements that will amalgamate with the long tradition. The word bolshevism is growing up, becoming a little stale with over-use, but whatever the label of the new order, the artist will continue to be an artist only so long as he is himself, and to have a soviet master dictating rules to him will be just as futile as having bourgeois paying for academies in Rome or elsewhere. The most modern painters today are not "ists," though some of them are called "ists." They are men and women of sufficiently ebullient spirits to take their own line of expression, regardless of the latest fashion, and equally regardless of academic dogma. Artists are independents today, and only the long vista of time dims for us the clear fact that the artist was always an independent spirit of strong contemporary leanings.



"Hospitality," a silk batik wall hanging designed and executed by Arthur Crisp for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney

This hanging, which is placed in Mrs. Whitney's studio in Eighth Street, measures approximately about nine feet by seven. The central upper panel shows Mrs. Whitney entertaining Robert W. Chanler, who recently completed the decoration of her studio. The remainder of the panels may be left to the interpretation of imaginative spectators. They are the chapters of a story known only to its designer and capable of a multiplicity of interpretations. The design is of especial interest as an example of that trend toward story telling which is being displayed here and there among those modern painters who feel that the formality of the conventional literary picture could be broken a little by touches of informal or merely human wit. It is probably because Mr. Crisp has English antecedents—he was born in Canada—that he dressed his romance in ancient garments. That one is a way of removing romance from the familiarity of the commonplace.

his exhibition like bees round their own hive, and at these meetings you could hear all about officials and ministers and bourgeois art. There were sneers for everything but the latest thing. One had to be dead or of the last cry to be redeemed. Of course the bourgeois simply chortled or cursed, taking the whole thing too, too seriously and returned to his enjoyment of maladive Franco-hispanic theatricalism. He treated this bolshevist art very much as the ordinary secretary of state treats the Russian problem. But we must go back a little. The Prince, as we have seen, has become a fading ornament, the bourgeois a purveyor in popular exhibitionist pictures, or a speculator in dealers' old masters, both spurious and guaranteed, the ideal bolshevist a seeker after new channels of expression which shall cut his mind away from czars and bureaucrats, while finally the alleged intellectual chases the butterflies of artistic fashion and mental dissipation.

But the artist remains just an artist. He may be either a traditionalist in politics and a bolshevist in art or vice versa. The thing to do is not to judge his art by his politics or his politics by his art. The artist has had a hard fight to escape from the heavy domination of bourgeois majority rule. To produce

The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

American Influence on Foreign Sculpture

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

WE are the descendents of men who fought for their independence. In order to throw off the tyranny of other lands, these men came to what was then a foreign land, made it their own, stamped it with their individuality, and on its shores carried out their ideals. Years ago they took to the open road, content and strong. "Allons! to that which is endless."

It had been a physical, mental and moral yoke which galled them, and in their response to the call of freedom they gave up their homes, fought and died that we might inherit independence.

Nothing develops patriotism like struggle. With our success came the disintegration of our united strength. Each war and each big crisis through which we passed called to life again our patriotic feelings. Before the Great War we lived apart, each working for himself, for his own ambitions and aims. Again in 1917 came the "call to arms," and with it the re-awakening of our patriotism. We are more closely knit together now than we have been in years. By reason of the difficulties through which we have passed, our joint suffering, the necessity for accepting the same cause and for standing on the same platform and adopting the same ideals, we are growing all the time closer together. Out of this unity must come a corresponding expression of our unity of feeling, or, in other words, a national and independent art. From patriotism comes a renewal of independence, and in our independence is our inspiration; in our apprenticeship our facility; in our war our spiritual hope.

The ingredient which we do not put to use in developing the art of America is that of courage, and unless we have courage, our art cannot attain the fullness of its growth. The spirit of all America's force and strength, the spirit of a new land—if only that spirit could exist in art as it does in other forms of activity! Surely that spirit would move the mountain to Mahomet.

Art springs directly from a 'want—from patriotism, religion, fear or love, and to touch

"OUR day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1837)

us must have for its ancestors besides technique, imagination and passion. There are two things necessary for a picture to be a work of art. The man who paints it must have something to say, and he must be able to say it. Painting is not a game without rules, as the Independents would have us think. In the great artist there is a humble attitude towards his work, and a love and reverence for his trade. No matter how beautiful my thoughts may be, if I cannot speak correctly

lish themselves, and in the America of those days no encouragement was to be found for a new art. All the more to Copley's and Stuart's credit that they should have surpassed their contemporaries. The Puritan idea was in full power; hell fires and the tyrannical anger of the Almighty hung menacingly over a fearful people. The nude was indecent and wicked, happiness immoral, the stage demoralizing. It took a big impetus to push art from the conventional portrait into the field even of landscape painting.

In their day, Vanderlyn, Washington Allston, Jarvis and Sully all occupied important positions. They painted just like every one else in England, and this satisfied our people. They were part of their time, but not of their country; they applied the formulas of the day, but the workings of their minds were neither the result of a great conviction nor of their own particular feelings; and so their place in the development of the art of painting is not of great importance. The same, however, cannot be said of Copley. Copley is still an important figure because his technique is something so closely connected with his own sentiments that it will live for all time.

Though the painters of "The Hudson River School" may not have excelled either in painting or in refinement of expression, one thing is pre-eminently to their credit, they had imagination and were distinctly American in character. The absence of any outstanding names in the movement is significant.

Two influences began to manifest themselves after this school emerged. The German influence, known as the Düsseldorf School, which influence was slight, Leutze, Chase and Duveneck being its only prominent followers, and the French, which found a very much more sympathetic foothold in America. William Morris Hunt brought it here, just as his brother introduced French and Italian architecture.

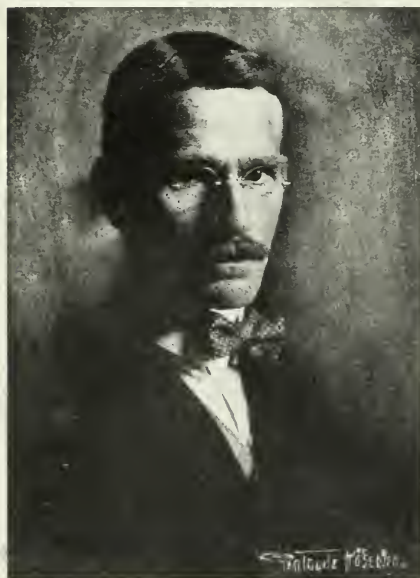
In the early days the English exclusively moulded our taste. The pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary painters were without any



James A. McNeill Whistler

and clearly, I cannot express them to you. I must learn the grammar of the language in which I wish to speak.

It was not until the "Hudson River School" appeared that anything nationally American could be said to exist in the art of painting. Smibert, West and Peale had lived. Copley, a truly vital factor in our art, and Gilbert Stuart, were equal to the best in contemporaneous work, for Stuart not only knew how to paint, but he saw through his own eyes, and therefore added his vision to the creation of the day. But the pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary painters had taken their inspiration, as well as their technique, from the existing English school. They were almost Eng-



Arthur B. Davies



Winslow Homer



Alexander H. Wyant

sign of French influence. They were Anglo-Saxon in spirit and mode. Our romance and our history up to that time were intimately connected with England. Later it was France where they took part in French training and French life. Some of them returned with an excellent knowledge of the language of their art, but not possessing any character themselves, had nothing to say. Others developed their own personalities and used the language as a point of departure from which to start an individual and national art.

Of the many excellent artists that were now to come to the front I have space unfortunately only to mention a few.

George Inness stands out as a dauntless adventurer. He had the courage to change his style. He, A. H. Wyant and Homer Martin are called the "fathers" of American landscape painting.

There is a noble quality in Fuller's pictures. A fine character and a clear vision of nature contributing to bring his great talent to a point of high excellence.

An unusual circumstance was responsible for La Farge being both a scientist and a painter, and which may account for his very extraordinary career. An artist acquires from some source a certain technique to which he adds his personality, and by so doing re-creates the art to his own special uses. No one has done this more thoroughly than La Farge. He studied with Gérôme and Couture, learning what the French had to teach. There are differences of texture in paintings which are often the cause of the artist's individuality. In La Farge we find the innumerable memories of past painters combined with his own memories and supplemented by his particular texture. The art of glass had been allowed to fade out of existence. In its revival by this great man we may justly say he gave back to the world a lost joy. But the most important fact about La Farge was that he combined intellectualism with emotion.

Mr. Cortisoz says: "Emotion was, with him, saturated with intellect." And again "he drank of civilization as one drinks from a bubbling spring."

His versatility was a part not only of his work but of his life. He was complex, he was constructive, he was courageous. Above all,

he was "a man whose feelings for the past never for a moment detached him from the current of modern life."

The art of decoration had up to a short time ago little opportunity to exist in America. It is an art which comes into being only after a country has attained a high degree of civilization. Walls we must have, but why decorate them when you can buy excellent wall paper at twenty cents a yard? That is the attitude of a nation.

La Farge was the first man to give an opportunity in decoration. He "invaded" this art as completely as he did the art of easel painting and stained glass.

Then Blashfield, Flinn, Cox, Mowbray and others made decorations for a number of public buildings. They searched in the annals of old Italian art and found old Italian art. Another phase, which took its cue from the English story-telling school was typified in Millet and Abbé.

It was not until Cushing and Chanler appeared that a distinct mark was made on the decoration of today. Cushing loved the Orient, but was born in New England. In his portraits as well as in his decorations the Orient is always felt. His sense of rhythm, his reserve, his love of color and his understanding of its scientific significance are what make his decorations so intensely vibrant.

In no country has there been any work which dimly approaches Chanler's. He inspires himself from the Gothic, the Renaissance; we feel he is in sympathy with the grotesque, that he has loved many gods. But the



George Inness

he reflected solely his epoch. So easily did he discard the regulations of his French training that we forget his early masters. He was exact, he was inevitable, he embodied America's Puritanism and its intolerance towards evil. Had he lived in other times he would have been considered a reformer or a saint. He could face nature with a meticulous conscience and make a broad report of its fundamentals.

Nothing could be more different than the work of Ryder. He has often been compared to Puviss, but though they have points of resemblance, they are utterly different. They had towards life fundamentally the same feeling, but here the similarity ends, for one was a Frenchman, the other a fearless American.

Perhaps the greatest achievement in the history of American painting was the work of Winslow Homer. His work assumes the "grand style" from the very outset of his career. He worked out his own individuality regardless of the influences about him. But he was complete master of his language. That he was original and impressive was always apparent. He added to the painter's art, and his power was as national as that of Saint Gaudens, and its appeal as direct, possessing too the greatest of techniques—that which is unobserved. Almost all his life he lived here, painted here and was inspired here. Having worked in the Civil War, he evidently never forgot its lessons; having gone through the experiences of a war, he could not for a long time interest himself in the ordinary matters of human existence. He devoted himself to his work, inspired either by the war or, later, by the Gloucester fishermen, but always he portrayed America. His genius is probably best shown in his water colors. The rugged strength which characterizes his work is an entirely native product. His painting

is not based on the imitation of work already produced, but on his personal experience, which experience is derived directly from life. He would stand waist deep in a rushing stream to get the feel as well as the vision of it.

What artist is there in any country who has surpassed this colossal power? Courbet, a French genius whose realism was not as great as Homer's and whose vision was less new, was worshiped by his compatriots. How many of us know or care about Winslow

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John La Farge

all-important fact is that he himself has endless things to say and it is his own personality which always overshadows his traditions. He has depths to his surfaces, mystic significance to his compositions; his fanciful, allegorical themes are always varied in their expression. He is one of the few people unafraid of his imagination. His virility fused with his sense of composition make him a power in American art.

Eakins was a remarkable character in that



Architectural Impressions

AYMAR EMBURY, II
Editor Department of Architecture

Some Unusual Shop Windows

IT has been very gratifying to see the steady advance which has been made in the United States in the treatment of shop windows during the past five or six years; and to find that shopkeepers, especially of the better class, are coming to regard an artistic treatment of the shop front as an index to the quality of the goods sold within.

The shop fronts illustrated on this page are all from small smart London shops, and while we generally associate "smartness" in shops with ladies and lingerie, one at least has little feminine appeal, for it is the shop of Loewe & Company, known to every pipe smoker for the excellence of their pipes. Incidentally, the sign over their door advertises them as purveyors of snuff to the royal family.

While in New York we can show few or no shop fronts so old as these, we can exhibit many new ones which can compare favorably with these London shops in dignity and design, although but a very few are so reticent as these English examples.

The development of the show window has been both natural and interesting; the earliest existing shops are probably the mediaeval ones still in common use in Brittany and Normandy, and occasionally found in England, where the whole ground story of the building is open to the street, and is closed up at night

by wooden shutters. Such fronts afford excellent display places for goods, and in a mild climate are quite practical, although it is



very surprising to find the Breton shopkeeper muffled to his ears trading with a similarly clad customer in the cold penetrating drizzle that is the usual winter weather in Brittany. Even fine linens, silks and velvets are thus displayed and sold under conditions which seem unendurable, and the French seem to prefer to trade in this casual outdoor way.

Such conditions are, however, nearly impossible in severer climates, and as large panes of glass were not to be had a hundred years or so ago, the earlier American and enclosed English shops differed very little from living rooms with shelves and counters. The small windows gave room to display but a few articles, and as most shops catered to a local trade entirely, there was little need for display, since all or almost all possible customers were familiar with the contents and their quality. Occasionally showcases were built against the outside walls of the shops, or around the window, to attract the passerby, but it was not until plate glass was manufactured that the great show windows of today were possible.

The majority of people prefer progress, and regard the man who introduces a novelty as being progressive, so that we can easily imagine the sensation that was created by the first plate glass show window in New York. People must have stopped to stare at that

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A Page of London Doorways Which Show a Great Similarity to Our Own Colonial Styles

IT is the habit to regard our Colonial architecture as a thing quite apart from any European precedent; as of native development. This is in a measure true, but that our local work was not closely allied with Europe is far from being the fact. Our work was probably the latest and most remote variant or derivative from the revival of Classic architecture which began in Italy, and spread slowly over the whole territory occupied by people of European races.

From our Colonial to the fifteenth century Italian is a far cry, but the intermediate stages are clearly to be traced, and are both racial and periodic. In other words, all Italian or all English work has a family resemblance, regardless of the time when it was executed, and likewise all European work of the sixteenth century exhibits common characteristics, differentiated by racial qualities. Thus the European architecture of the late eighteenth century is not entirely dissimilar from Colonial, whether we take Italian, French or English as a standard of comparison.

Every art, or rather every "style" or every "development" of every art seems to pass



through a fixed cycle; its rise, its apogee and its decline. The great Greek architecture passed through a cycle substantially similar to that of Colonial; each at the beginning was marked by uncertain handling of unfamiliar motives, and a vigor and daring in combination of forms, perhaps due as much to lack of precedents as to originality of mind on the part of the designers—then followed a period when forms were fairly settled, and the attention of the designers was focussed upon the selection and assemblage of the best forms rather than upon further development of the forms themselves. And last, during the decline of the styles, subtlety of decoration, grace and attenuated purity of line were the characteristics of both styles. Not only did Colonial architecture, but the whole art of Architecture during the Renaissance pass through these phases, although they were not precisely contemporaneous, but, as the movement had begun in Italy, so Italy led in all phases, the others lagging behind as they were distant from Italy, although as communication became more easy between the various coun-

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The garden, looking toward the house. Here may be seen the graceful handling of grades, and the perfect adequacy of the informal planting, which has all the accidental charm of great age

The Garden of Charles H. Sabin at Southampton, L. I.

Photographs by Mattie Edwards Hewitt



The garden, looking out to sea—a view which shows its admirable axial planning, as well as the delightful sense of unity and seclusion attained by the use of walls



A bit of garden design worthy of Maxfield Parrish. The unusual arches terminating the seat in this exedra are antique fragments used with delightful ingenuity and effect



Above the coping of the garden wall, a flower-strewn meadow stretches away, while the secluded wooden bench, with its quaint attendant figures, invites a quiet escape with a book



Beautiful proportions, perfect simplicity, and a graceful handling of the grades make of this fountain detail a charming example of garden architecture, and an absolutely happy setting for informal planting. And garden architecture of this kind only takes on added charm with age



Reception Room of Mrs. Willard D. Straight's residence showing a painting by Zuloaga inset in a wall-panel

The Architect and the Decorator in Harmony

They Should Be Co-operators, Not Rivals

Photographs from Tebb's Architectural Photo Co.

APITY it is that war should ever show itself in place of amity between architect and decorator. Perhaps war is too strong a word, and for it might be substituted the more insidious one, jealousy.

The architect, being first on the field, has a natural feeling of proprietorship which is affronted by the appearance of another worker whom the client has invested with authority. And thus trouble arises.

The client—innocent man—becomes aware of this only through the scattered and puzzling evidence of alterations—an indulgence on which he never counted, but which looms large in the bill.

When the house—cot or castle—is to be erected on the only lot in the vicinity which really embraces every advantage, the architect is regarded as the medium through whom dreams are to crystalize. His is the intelligent pencil which sketches in quick strokes the ideas which mother has matured—mothers al-

ways knowing how a house should be built. His is the knowledge of the market price of brick and labor; his is the keen bargaining with contractors which will procure marble for the price of cement. In short, he enters into the vital personal matter of a new home with the fidelity and sagacity of a true friend, and such a friend he becomes.

A sketch of the exterior of the house is one of the first sweets with which he spreads his table. Because the style is well adapted to modern American living and prevails as a model of conservative taste over so large a part of our country, let us assume the style chosen to be the Georgian.

Fitting the client's plan for room arrangement into this exterior is the architect's own peculiar trial, which he will work out with the sweat of his brow and the oil of midnight. But all professions have their agonizing hours when the ideal and the practical refuse fusion, so away with sympathy and look at results.

This accomplished, the next work at the drawing table is to reproduce the fine old lines of original Georgian interiors as they pertain to doors and windows and to the circulation system, which is the beautiful stair, not forgetting the possibilities of mantels.

It is a fascinating work to plan the end of a Georgian room, making a continuous composition, as did the olden architects. Happy is he who can place therein a fireplace flanked by doors, or by two "beaufats" which serve as bookshelves. (Why should we have anglicised the descriptive *beau-fait* into beaufat?)

The front door viewed from the inside, the architect loves to play with. He centers it in the space accorded, he sets peep-windows at its sides, he flanks it with pilasters and panels, making it altogether so gracious an affair that it speeds the parting guest with the suggestion that he come again to fall under its spell.

There are floors to be considered all over



In the dining-room of Mrs. Willard Straight. The furniture, of Hanoverian inspiration, accords with the Georgian setting



The reception-room of Mrs. Willard Straight's house looks upon the park, and takes on the simple informality of the country house



The furniture of Duncan Phyffe suits the gentle formality in the house of W. T. Grant at Pelham, N.Y.



American styles of about 1800 give happy results in landscape paper and formal furnishings

the house, and the simpler wood-trim that is wont to trail around the room to unite the walls and floor. And there is the matter of marking wall-spaces off into sketchy panels, which yet are appropriate and drawn in style.

All these things will have cost the architect much pains, which means that they come at last to occupy a place in his affection. Add to this the crowning satisfaction that the client is pleased.

All is well to this point. Up the sleeve of his kimona, the client has concealed a decorator, who is now produced. Why not before? Because in some subtle way the client knows that he is introducing a rival, an element which might, if used earlier in the game, "cramp the style" of the enthusiastic architect.

Sometimes all goes well, in spite of this timorous vicious method. But, again, the decorator—man or woman—is a person of talent and erudition and has strong as well as correct views as to how a situation should be handled. Moreover, he is able to carry with him the enthusiastic approval of the client, who is pleased past expressing at the beauteous possibilities which his house is now shown to possess.

Thus it may be that this beautiful house of fine Georgian feeling is forced to develop a living-room after the manner of the Italians in the Sixteenth Century; and a library in the paneled oak of Tudor Gothic. The decorator

makes of these rooms the perfect haven, a delight to look upon, a joy to live in. Comfort and convenience meet therein with good taste beyond criticism.

But the architect who sees such anachronisms spoiling the harmony of his plan, withdraws with a bitter heart. The decorator's plight is endurable, for as his work is limited to the rooms apportioned him, the general responsibility is not his. He may feel pride over the perfect rooms he has furnished with the approval of the client, and it is not his fault if the architect failed to make an exterior which bears any relation to the period of art they express.

This is, then, the logical result if architect and decorator are rivals: that harmony cannot prevail. It is not the result if architect and decorator are engaged at the same time, and the two work in absolute agreement on the style or "feeling" which the house is to bear when complete.

The man who builds his home is at a disadvantage if any other course is pursued; his money is wasted, and delays result from work done twice over under different directors.

There is no lack of harmony between architect and decorator if both are invited by the client to confer and to co-operate. But it is the place of the client to engage these two professionals and to bring them together, the perfect home for which all nest-builders yearn,

attracting strangers with its finely studied exterior and welcoming friends into its sanctum of home-like beauty.

The architect is known to step into the arena of the decorator and to insist on buying furniture appropriate to his interiors which he has marked with a definite style. This is done in no feeling of usurpation, as some insist, but is a natural self-protection against having his work spoiled by conflicting furnishings. But such a procedure should not be, for the sake of the profession of the decorator.

The ideal is the triune harmony of client, architect and decorator all working together from the start. The accompanying illustrations are chosen as examples of homes which were constructed under the influence of this sort of harmony. The town house of Mrs. Willard Straight is of Georgian type and looks upon Central Park. That of William Beard reaches back to the Directoire and that, too, has the advantage of trees before it.

It is of interest to note that the town house of Mrs. Willard Straight is one of the few American houses wherein the work of a contemporary painter is built into the wall. This work, a full length bullfighter by Ignacio Zuloaga, while magnificently decorative, is essentially an easel picture. Something like this was done at Arden with J. E. Fraser's bas-relief of the late E. H. Harriman.



Correctness of the Directoire period sets the note, followed by the furnishings, in the dining-room of William Beard in New York



In this room is a delightful harmony of architectural detail and furnishings, all inspired by the Adams



Terracotta Group, Nymph and Satyr, by Clodion. Collection of Mortimer L. Schiff



Madame de Pompadour, marble bust by Jean Pigalle. Collection of Jules S. Bache

Pigalle and Clodion at the Metropolitan

Two Loans in the Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition

AMONG the loans to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on its fiftieth anniversary is the marble bust of Madame de Pompadour. It was finished in 1751 by Jean Baptiste Pigalle. In the dominating presence of the bust, which possesses the power of life itself to charm and interest, perhaps the artist is forgotten. It is of La Pompadour herself that one dreams in studying the cold forceful face, marked with sophistication while rounded and dimpled with youth. Pigalle has chiseled a beautiful woman, one who piques with her charm, and repels by her insolence.

She was but twenty-six when the bust was commenced, in the full strength of her position, and the portrait carries the conviction of fidelity to likeness, both physical and psychic. The fashion of the day is suggested, rather than followed, in the well-coiffed head of close-curved and platted hair, and in the almost insolent lack of jewels. That she should be the most profligate spender in France and show nothing of riches in her toilette for the portrait was a clever stroke.

The history of this marble bust is full of incident. It was ordered by the Director-General. The quaint complaining of the artist in securing sittings from the capricious and autocratic favorite is written in his own words in documents connected with the affair. He must needs catch the likeness in clay while the Marquise was flitting from place to place in the constant restlessness of one who sought

amusement. It was in 1748 that the first modeling was done, La Pompadour being at that time already an influence in the world of art, which she stimulated by the importance of her commands.

Carrara hitherto had furnished marble for similar works, as it continues to do up to the present day. But it seemed desirable to find a quarry within France itself which would supply the needs of her sculptors. Tarlé, the controller-general of marbles, found in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, the stone sought, a marble of satisfying whiteness. From this quarry Pigalle received the block from which the bust was cut.

But the newly discovered stone was of such excessive hardness that Pigalle found his powers taxed to cut the subtly modeled portrait. Again we hear his plaint, half humorous, about difficulties, this time not the indifference of his sitter, but the obduracy of the stone, which put obstacles in the way of cutting the fine lace which drapes the exquisite neck, and the tiny rosebuds which ornament the hair. Two years were spent on conquering the difficult marble, and in March, 1751, the portrait of Madame de Pompadour was entirely finished. Someone has been so tactlessly explicit as to record that La Pompadour's bill to Pigalle was not entirely paid until 1760.

The bust belonged to the lady herself, a fit addition to her marvelous collection of objects d'art. It is supposed to have occupied

with her her favorite châteaux, notably that of Menars, and was in Versailles on her death in 1764. Many are the records of its ownership since then, including its safe conduct through the perilous times of the Revolution. It has come at last to rest in a country of ever-increasing appreciation in art, and is included in the collection of Jules S. Bache, Esq., by whose favor it is on public view.

In an utterly different mood from that which inspired Pigalle in his hauntingly puissant bust of La Pompadour, is modeled the exquisite small sculpture in *terre cuite* by Clodion, a group of Nymph and Satyr. The unbounded talent of France in the Eighteenth Century almost universally expressed the life of a frivolous Court, of a pleasure-seeking aristocracy. Art was prone to depict the Fête Gallante, and the amours of light ladies and their cavaliers. But Clodion went to Nature, and mixing with its moods a haunting memory of the classics, he produced such enchanting loveliness as that of the Nymph and Satyr. Many generations of critics have noted its skillful composition, and artists have been inspired by its spirited beauty. It is left for us only to admire and enjoy, and to rejoice that this gem of an earlier time is accessible for our pleasure. Mortimer L. Schiff, Esq., allows it to rest among the loans on view at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which, though of equal interest and importance, are not of the same character.



Willem Mengelberg

WILLEM MENGELBERG, the National Symphony Orchestra's coming guest conductor, who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, has just retired from the directorship of the Frankfurter Museum Gessellschaft and the Cascilien-Verein of Frankfurt, after thirteen years of service. His retirement was made a municipal occasion with a final concert and later a dinner at which the Mayor of Frankfurt presented to him a silver plaque as "a token of particular esteem for the man."



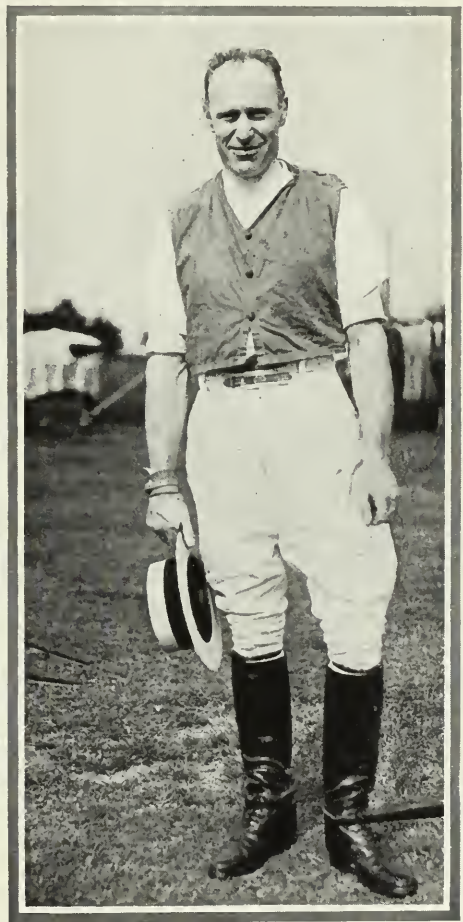
Lambert Murphy

THE exchange of compliments by the allied nations in these times of comparative peace has taken the form of an effort to reach a better understanding by the introduction of the national arts and artists. For this reason the New York Symphony Orchestra played abroad and exhibitions of pictures were sent to Paris and to Venice. There has been some doubt expressed regarding the cordiality with which the so much discussed Luxembourg exhibition was received. There was absolutely none in the reception given in London to that group of American singers, of which Mr. Lambert Murphy was an important figure.



Alice Duer Miller

MRS. MILLER as the author of "The Charm School" now being produced in New York City makes her initial bow as a playwright. She is well-known in society and as the author of "The Modern Obstacle," "Calderon's Prisoner," "Less Than Kin," "Blue Arch" and "Are Women People?"



Charles Cary Rumsey

MR. RUMSEY is probably the only sculptor in America with a reputation as an athlete. He is one of the American polo players now practicing for the approaching international match. He at one time held the amateur boxing championship of Paris. His most important official work in sculpture adorns the Manhattan Bridge.



Arthur Crisp

ANY younger man adventuring into the field of mural painting in this country must be prepared to combat the traditions set down by a group of men who could prefer, and did in many instances, Baudry to Puvis. Mr. Crisp has had considerable official recognition as a mural painter. He is of those able to make the very ancient modern subjects conform to academic laws and while his designs always contain something of the coldness that is inevitable in formal art they are rarely without something of the wit demanded by the world-weary modern. He was born at Hamilton, Canada, in 1881.



Reinald Werrenrath

MR. WERRENATH has probably more friends on the press than any other tenor in existence. He has recently returned from a flying trip abroad having sung two concerts in Queen's Hall, London, and one in Paris at the home of Mr. Schoelkopf, Secretary of the American Embassy. He has been re-engaged for a third year with the Metropolitan Opera Company. His series of New York recitals will be given in Carnegie Hall. He is quoted as saying upon his return from the other side: "I was born a Yank, and, by George, I'm going to stay a Yank through and through all the rest of my life."

In the Field of Art



George H. Wilcox



Frank A. Wallace



Emil W. Kohn



Julius Wodiska

More About Art in American Industry

Expressions From the Trade Point of View by Men Prominent in the Ceramic, Jewelry and Silverware Trades

By W. FRANK PURDY, *Editor Department Industrial Art*

THESE further expressions of opinion and thought on the part of busy American business men in the art industries of our country give additional power to the views expressed by their confreres in other fields of endeavor published in our August issue. They emphasize and amplify to a remarkable degree the point of view already expressed in favor of the rich promise to American industry, and to the American people, through the development of some form of a national school of industrial design. Further, they give additional proof of the fact that industrial art in any country never had a more fertile field, nor were the possibilities for its most perfect development so varied, so extensive, and so live. Through lack of space, only a portion of the wealth of material secured as a result of our survey has been published, and we are still in daily receipt of similar expressions from every part of the country, and every phase of our industrial art.

As we have said before, repeatedly, America is now at the threshold of her great art opportunity. Hitherto her attainments have been pre-eminently along material lines. The art element has been lacking. She has become a great industrial nation without a national industrial art; her industrial art she obtained from abroad, while her own talent was neglected. The pause in industry caused by the shock of war has brought this home, together with the realization that if we are not only to hold our commercial success, but meet the coming intensified world competition in trade, we must add, develop, and emphasize the art element. This strengthening of the art element in our industrial production is essential; it is not only a great industrial and commercial necessity, but one of our most valuable national assets.

Close study, careful analysis, demonstrates very clearly that the claims of industrial art for any nation are two-fold: (1) that the art element introduced into manufactured products can increase their value indefinitely, and is, therefore, a possible boundless source of material wealth, thus aiding the economic progress of a country; and (2) that through industrial art the artistic energy and creative talent of a country is developed and directed

into useful channels, and as a result public taste is cultivated, the fine art is more universally appreciated, a nation grows in culture and refinement, and its spiritual side is strengthened.

A national school of industrial art for America means, then, material wealth, economic progress, and cultural advancement. Through it art in its truest sense will come to form a part of the daily life of our people, and the way will be opened for America to her great art opportunity. In any campaign for furthering a national indusro-art development there are three factors to be considered: (1) educational, as represented by our schools and educators; (2) industrial, as represented by our various manufacturing and trade interests; and (3) the public or consumer. To bring about the successful establishment of a national industrial art for America, these three interests must co-operate, and must in turn be supported by our national government.

ARTS & DECORATION has pledged itself to the support of such a movement, will spare no effort in furthering it, and its pages are open as a medium for the expression of the best thought on the subject. We feel that no publication could have a nobler nor more patriotic purpose.

James McIntosh, Vice-President Ovington Brothers

THE increased interest taken in homes is seen by James McIntosh, Vice-President of Ovington Bros., as the principal cause for the present great vogue for pottery.

"Now that people are taking more interest than ever in country homes," said Mr. McIntosh, "pottery is increasingly in demand. Artistic pottery is appropriate for table decorations, fruit bowls, candlesticks, sweets compotes, vases for different purposes, and now even ash trays."

In speaking of the artistic preferences of the American public, Mr. McIntosh declared that the American people are as a whole more artistic in their tastes than any foreign nation. That is to say, he specified, a larger percentage of the people, due to the fact that we have more money here to spend for beauty and

education in the fine and applied arts.

American manufacturers are more practical in the making of useful things. They understand better than any others how to combine utility with beauty. The American manufacturer is probably more conscientious in studying his home markets, whereas the European producer attempts to cater to the world. The result is that while the American business man may be accused of greater provincialism, he is nevertheless more successful in achieving happy results for his own country.

Turning to the subject of porcelains and chinaware, Mr. McIntosh stated emphatically that there was no good reason why the domestic industry should not be developed to a higher plane—to a level with our pottery making, which deserves highest praise. It might be recalled that our two big factories (Lenox and Onondaga) have been far behind in their orders for the last three years, and this activity may have taken attention away from new development. However, the need for new development is clearly understood, and there is now no good reason for domestic porcelain manufacture remaining behind the high standards set by some of our other industries.

Commenting further on this situation, Mr. McIntosh said: "American manufacturers in this field have not yet developed a sufficient group or self-consciousness. As soon as they meet with one another and hold exhibits a great advance will be made. With the rush of business in the past three years they have not given sufficient care for the future. There is no question in my mind but that these manufacturers are sufficiently enlightened to care for art. And there is no doubt about public appreciation."

"Other countries have had the advantage of first-hand study of past master-works. We have been a bit isolated here. The better influences of past art have been nearer at hand in Europe; and this is a factor in influencing the people—both manufacturers and the public. Because what the people want will be manufactured."

"The current vogue in pottery is for plain lustre colors. Solid colors rather than highly decorative designs, and simplicity rather than ornate lines are popular. The American pub-

lic is more interested in artistic novelty pieces than foreigners. Our taste is less orthodox than that of other countries. New ideas are always welcomed here. We are more enthusiastic about new things, and this presents wonderful opportunities to business. New styles of dishes, bowls and table ornaments, if artistically made, will find a ready sale, a condition which should make for a wonderful pottery and porcelain manufacture in America."

Frank A. Wallace, President R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.

WE have abundant evidence that the taste of the American people is improved as witness the appreciation of the beautiful in furniture, pottery and textiles; so in silverware, designers are encouraged to produce wares of artistic character in accord with the evident desire for perfection in the domestic appointments.

The architectural productions of the recent years have undoubtedly stimulated the industrial arts, and we doubt not that we are slowly settling down to a standard of taste which will, by steadily growing, lead to a national art in industry, even though it be nothing more than an Americanization of the styles of art of the older countries.

We have probably emerged from the period of "fads" in art styles—our increased contact in recent years with the European peoples, with the more general opportunities for closer acquaintance with their possessions, is bound to have a great influence upon American industrial arts.

Mr. Henry J. Fisher, Rich and Fisher

AMERICA has been making artistic pottery for quite some time, both in design and texture; and outside of high-grade porcelains our pottery need acknowledge no superior.

In regard to fine china, our development has been neglected, although we have the talent available to set us far ahead of Europe. But little has been done in this field in America. We need more enterprise. Enterprise to build more factories, employ more artists, try more new ideas. We have the artists and the designers, but capital must be interested so that we can compete commercially with Europe.

Industrial art cannot thrive independent of capital. It has always been so since the rich men of the Middle Ages encouraged the great artists of their time. The practical element in the present situation is this: The clay for fine china must be imported. The proper clay is not indigenous to our soil. Then labor is so much higher here that the prices of fine domestic ware are likely to be higher. If we had a universal labor wage scale, such as some economists declare is an eventual necessity, we could compete on even terms in this and every other line of manufacture.

I am not the least bit worried about the artistic end. Once capital has found that it is worth its while to engage in this field as a purely profitable business venture, we need not worry about art in the ceramics industry.

Artistic pottery and porcelains are always salable. Pottery, in this discussion, is to be distinguished from porcelains and china. Mostly all the fine pottery sold here is made in America. Domestic pottery is in most respects the equal of foreign, and in some re-

spects superior. Glazing is understood better here than abroad. American pottery is more salable on Fifth Avenue, with the result that very little pottery is now imported.

Europe still makes better porcelains and china. However, high class wares have been made here equal to any fine English china; but we could not begin to cope with the demands of the country for finer goods because of the lack of facilities to which I already referred. More enterprise and more ideas is the answer to this problem. We have some very fine factories which are showing us the way—concerns doing fine new work with American designs. The principal need of the ceramics industry in America is a quantitative one—more production to establish commercial independence. Art will come hand in hand with commercial expansion because our manufacturers are aware that art in pottery is essential.

Joseph D. Little, Manager The Gorham Co.

SOME fifteen or twenty years ago the public taste seemed to drop down to a low level, and I regret to say that silversmiths, instead of trying to raise the public taste, also dropped to meet the public taste, and for awhile, in my judgment, we were working on a low level; but, fortunately, I think that has changed, and today our designs are better and the public is demanding a better grade of silver, of better design, and a great deal more attention is paid to Period Decoration than formerly, so that today we are called on frequently to carry out in silver the Period Decoration of the dining-room and also the dressing-table. Furthermore, the demand for *hand-made silver* is increasing, and that is a very hopeful sign, and would seem to indicate that the public was being educated along artistic lines.

George H. Wilcox, President International Silver Co.

DURING the past five years, roughly speaking, there has been a noticeable reac-

higher quality and more artistic designs is welcomed by the makers, whose hearts are in their task.

Today the silversmith is producing and selling ware that five or six years ago would have gathered dust on his own or the jeweler's shelves. We believe it is a hopeful sign. The wider distribution of quality goods cannot but breed a higher appreciation of good silverware, and with the demand for high grade ware comes a greater discrimination in the matter of design.

That there is a real need for the training of artists and craftsmen we believe cannot be gainsaid. There should be a better linking up of the artistic and theoretical with the practical details and requirements of commercial art in some of the institutions that are devoted to that work if we are to have what we should have, an adequate and satisfactory corps of native-born craftsmen and designers. The revival of interest on the part of the buying public and of appreciation of what is good in the silversmith's art will, no doubt, help to increase the number of native-born designers and artists.

From Mr. Emil W. Kohn, President Retail Jewelers' Association of Greater New York

THE turn of the tide, from inartistic jewelry production to artistic, came at the very beginning of this century. It is not so many years back since the commercial idea predominated. Staple articles were made and sold in quantities. But the beginning of this century saw the turn of the tide. The Paris Exposition of 1900 accomplished an artistic revelation which promised a wonderful revival of art in industry. Nor were the promises unfulfilled. The Exposition had a tremendous influence on American industry. Up to that time art in industry was decadent—in America we had practically none at all.

We have in New York a public which, I am often inclined to believe, is in advance of the dealers in matters of taste and appreciation. While there is a great need for more general art education, I am conscious of the fact that dealers and manufacturers need this education even more than the public. The public is discriminating, and while not always well informed in artistic matters, nevertheless has keen perception of beauty in design and appreciation of the best technique.

We should encourage young men and women in art education. It is high time that provision be made for the future of industrial art in this country. Artisans must be trained. The present condition should compel the attention of every serious-minded producer. Most young Americans want to be financiers in Wall Street. Very few have the necessary qualifications for that sort of career. Now, we know that there is a great field for young people in the industrial

arts. We also have a public that can be successfully appealed to, for, as I said before, artistically the public is often more advanced than the merchant. And, above all, there is a substantial need for this kind of activity. The artistic side of industry should be attractively presented to the growing generation, with every assurance that real talent will be amply rewarded.

Since 1900 American jewelers have given thought and time to individual pieces, all of

(Continued on page 275)



D. C. Crawford

A leader in the textile field in the United States

John P. Adams

President Kensington Manufacturing Co., makers of furniture

tion on the part of the buying public toward a higher quality of silverware, both sterling and plated ware. Twenty years ago such a demand existed, but gradually gave way before a laxer standard on the part of the consumer.

The makers of silverware, like the producers of all merchandise, must meet the demand as it exists, if they are to stay at the forefront of the manufacturing procession, and the supply has to conform to the public's dictates. The gradual return of the consumer to the

The Juilliard Five Millions for Music

A Constructive Proposal for Its Spending

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

A RECENT announcement that the interest on the five million dollars bequeathed by the late A. D. Juilliard to the art of music would soon be available for use will doubtless bring out a new crop of suggestions as to how this princely gift should be spent. Everyone will have a word of sage advice for the trustees, and there will be a goodly pile of axes stacked up for the grinding. I hesitate to add another to the pile; and as I am a composer, I can never be certain that a plea for composition is as disinterested as I hope it is; but, none the less, composition seems to me to be by so far the most vital of all our musical activities that I cannot bear to see it neglected, or patronized in conventional and dubiously valuable ways, for want of a little plain speaking from those who, in Thoreau's phrase, have been "in at the life." I therefore crave the patience of the music-loving public, and of any long-suffering trustees of the Juilliard Fund whose eyes these lines may meet, for the following considerations.

The Problem of Composition

The sincere lover of music is inclined to resent all discussion of the art in economic terms, all suggestion that the higher functions of it, such as composition, can be facilitated or retarded by financial conditions, all treatment of it as a business as well as a vocation. And this suspicion of the economic approach to music is indeed well founded and salutary, so long as our point of view is that of the composer. History shows that all the greatest workers of all periods, the Mozarts, the Bachs, the Beethovens, the Francks, have been men in love with the process of composing, indifferent to the rewards that might follow it; only the hucksters—the Rossinis and the Meyerbeers—have thought much about payment, either in money or in reputation; and it would be a sad and rather absurd fiasco if in our endeavor to aid composition we succeeded only in pauperizing and debauching the composers from whom it springs. But from the point of view of society, or the consumer, the matter looks rather different. As consumers we are interested to see that the condition of the market be such as to maintain a supply of the commodities we need; if it be not, we are interested to correct it as may be necessary. As music lovers, then, we are interested that the financial return of composition should be, not indeed luxurious, since Stevenson is right in saying that the artist's reward is not in his livelihood but in his life, but sufficient to make the act of composition economically feasible. And if we find that it is not economically feasible, or only with such hardship as seriously and needlessly to diminish the supply of compositions, then we are not debauching or prostituting anybody if we set about devising machinery by which the hardships and handicaps may be a little lightened, and the economic feasibility a little increased—always providing, however, that this machinery is of a kind that will work impersonally and that will not introduce any artificial principle of selection among the compositions it is to conserve. We shall see presently that this proviso is more far-reaching and difficult to satisfy than it appears, as many elements not at first apparent must be considered.

NOW one need have no hesitation in saying that what I have called the "economic feasibility" of composition approaches, under ordinary present-day conditions, zero—if, indeed, it be not a minus quantity. In our society the painter who paints well enough can support himself by painting; the essayist who writes well enough (though not, I fancy, the poet) can support himself by writing; as for the writer of fiction, though the big plums go to the crude work, it is probable that work of real merit usually receives a financial return not ludicrously disproportionate; but a composer who dreamed of supporting himself by composition would be mad. A man among us must have either independent means or abilities in other more money-making directions in order to gain time for the luxury of composition. The more he composes the poorer he will be.

Even in the most profitable of all departments of music, opera, it is only one composer in a hundred that makes a living. The usual fate is to be read between the lines of some interesting figures given by Mr. Krebbel of the expenditures in one year of the Metropolitan Opera House, under Heinrich Conried: To "artists" (i.e., singers), and staff, \$544,153.11; to composers "and others" (presumably publishers and copyists), \$3,499.67. The symphonic composer, of course, makes less money than the operatic. It is only in the case of exceptionally successful works that he gets, in the form of rental of score and parts, any return at all. If we put the cost of copying score and parts at from \$50 to \$300 dollars, according to the length of the manuscript, and the average rental fee at \$25 to \$50 a performance, it can easily be computed how long it will take to get back actual money spent, to say nothing of the far more material element of time. As for chamber music, it is an indulgence, like a steam yacht, or at the least a Ford. In the time that it will take you to write a sonata for violin and piano for which you may get, in the course of ten years, from ten to a hundred dollars, you could earn five hundred by teaching, writing, lecturing, playing, or accompanying.

The Pitfalls of Prize Composition

Thus composition is always achieved under certain heavy economic handicaps; and it is, I think, to the removal or lightening of these handicaps, so far as they are without benefit to the work achieved and merely vexatious and burdensome, rather than to the awarding of prizes, that a fund for composition could most hopefully be directed. . . . There is something tragic in the needless friction and loss of energy of a career like that of the late Charles T. Griffes, prematurely cut short, which a few hundred dollars in the right times and places might have tided over into untold fruitfulness. For years Mr. Griffes supported himself by the drudgery of hack teaching in a boys' school, detestable to a man of his imagination. Spending his leisure in composition, he produced some admirably skillful music, and though at first much influenced by the modern French style, was in his later work rapidly discovering his own individuality. But this double work was done at too great a cost of health. In the end, it is said partly by copying at night the orchestral parts of his

"Kubla Khan" for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he taxed his strength too far. He died just as his work was beginning to be known, at thirty-five. . . . And all the while the musical papers were bursting with "propaganda" for "the American composer" that benefited only self-advertising mediocrities, and public-spirited philanthropists were offering prizes which were frequently being taken by facile, shallow writers with pieces quite up to the last word of the latest musical mode. It would seem as if we owed it to Griffes' memory to devise something a little more effective.

I SAID, a moment ago, that any such machinery must be impersonal, and must not introduce any artificial principle of selection. Perhaps we have here a clue to the usual failure of prize competitions. A prize differs from a payment in that it is disproportionate and uncertain—in short, highly speculative. If you get it, you make perhaps much more than your work is worth; if you don't get it, you have nothing. In other words, a prize is a gamble, to which a composer, being human, may very possibly be corrupted, but by which, in so far as he is a conscientious workman, he cannot be sustained. In the second place, while it offers him with one hand this bait, it takes away with the other the natural conditions under which he might profitably strive for it, and substitutes artificial and paralyzing ones. Free selectiveness is the inmost essence of art, unhurried contemplation its necessary method; and the competition prescribes the type of piece and names the date. . . . Finally, prizes are awarded by judges; and judges are not the great, indifferent, stupid, keen, tolerant, gullible but in the long run indecipherable public, asking only to be stirred, demanding nothing but power, life, originality. Judges are professional persons, highly respectable and conservative, with narrow professional standards, precise notions of technical fitness, and an incorrigible distrust of originality. If judges had had anything to say about it, we should never have had Beethoven's symphonies, nor Bach's fugues, nor Wagner's music-dramas, nor anything but music most timidly *à la mode*. If we want to discover any potent new personalities in the future, we had better put on their scent, not the judges, instinctively playing the "safe and sane," but the public, so wholesomely indifferent to correctness, so eagerly sensitive to power.

A Library of Manuscripts

While no system can be safeguarded against all errors and miscarriages, a plan has recently been suggested to me which a good deal of experience, observation, and thought led me to believe might meet the needs of the situation, and would certainly avoid the more glaring evils of the prize-competition.

Composers should be invited to send their works to certain central offices, which could easily be maintained in connection with public libraries or with musical bureaus in important musical centres, say, to begin with, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and San Francisco. Directors of orchestra and chamber-music organizations should be asked to refer to these collec-

(Continued on page 280)



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American Taste and Artistry in Jewelry

Looking Back Over Fifty Years

By JULIUS WODISKA

THE fine art of manufacturing jewelry in this country has grown very rapidly in the last twenty years. This includes all branches of the industry, from the production of the highest-priced diamond and platinum pieces to the cheapest articles found in a retail jeweler's stock. The American public demands the best there is in all the different grades, and is willing to pay to the fullest extent for the quality and beauty it wants and can afford. Taken as a whole, it is extremely critical, but at the same time it is quick to see and appreciate the artistic. Further than this, it governs its purchases more by this recognition and acknowledgment of the truly beautiful than by any amount of crafty salesmanship or cheapness of price. To say that American genius is today able to meet the demands of such a public is one of the highest honors that can be paid it.

In my enthusiasm of things American I must not lose sight of the fact that a great deal of inspiration, as well as jewelry itself, is drawn from the efforts of the French and of other peoples of Europe. But I can say, safely and fairly, that while high-class jewelry is designed and made with great beauty and fineness in Europe, the American artisan can reproduce and improve it, with added strength of construction to make it available for practical purposes, without losing one whit of its artistic conception. Further than this, I may truthfully say that both the medium and cheaper grades of jewelry made in this country are very carefully designed, in order that they may possess not only beauty but that durability which is so highly necessary in articles that are worn very frequently, if not almost continuously. In this respect American-made jewelry of the grades in question is far superior to the corresponding products of the European shops.

Looking back fifty years to the time I became identified with the jewelry industry I see many things that were different from what they are today. The factories themselves, now models of convenience and mechanical efficiency, were then often located in the garrets of ancient dwellings on John Street and Maiden Lane. But even of greater contrast than the physical changes in the industry has been the change in the styles of jewelry in demand from decade to decade.

In 1870, for instance, the articles in vogue were massive. The greatest demand then was for rings. Men's rings of the period were literally immense. Some of them embodied cameos and onyxes five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Women's rings were lighter, and were set with amethyst, topaz, turquoise or other semi-precious stones. Sometimes they were set with half-pearls. Diamond jewelry for men at that time was largely confined to tail pins, which were worn

in the bosoms of their ruffled white shirts.

A great deal of heavy jewelry was brought into this country from Great Britain in those days. German manufacturers also sent massive pieces here, many of which embodied the expression of their admiration for nature. Leaves, twigs, branches of trees and sprays of flowering plants frequently appeared in the designs which ornamented their pieces, many of which, especially brooches and earrings, were stamped out of gold. Jewelry sent here from France, on the other hand, was wrought on lighter lines. Most of the pieces imported from that country at the time consisted of very delicate designs in engraved and enameled work, both with and without precious stones.

Fashion looked with favor on initial rings during the five years beginning with 1880, and a number of interesting developments came about. Interchangeable initials were brought out, and numerous devices were invented to effect the changing with facility and speed. Next came the vogue for moonstone, which lasted until 1890. During the five years these gems were in favor some very remarkable cuttings were seen. These varied all the way from a ball, or cameo intaglio, to quarter, half and full-moon effects. They were mounted in every conceivable style, and many of them were "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Hardly had moonstones begun to lose their

into this country from Australia and mounted into every known form of jewelry.

The development of diamond jewelry in this country is one of the most interesting things I have ever witnessed. Fifty years ago diamonds were not so abundant as they are today, and trade in diamond jewelry was almost exclusively confined to a few leading jewelers. In those days about all the purchaser wanted to know about a diamond was that it really was one and for the dealer to guarantee that to be the case. Nowadays the purchaser, if he is at all wise, wants to know about the "make," shape, color, degree of perfection, brilliancy, proportions, cutting and imperfections of a stone, all of which have direct bearing on its value.

At this point it may not be improper to bring out the fact that the finest diamonds in the world, both cut and rough, are reserved for the American market. Not only does this country offer a remarkable outlet for the best gems, but the most skillful diamond cutters and polishers that can be found are located here. Although it may surprise many persons to learn it, American-cut diamonds are preferred to those cut abroad, and it is an everyday occurrence for a fine diamond, imported in the finished state, to be re-cut here in order to improve its brilliance and increase its value.

It was not until platinum was introduced into jewelry-making in a serious way that diamond jewelry really came into its own. No other metal ever harmonized so thoroughly with the chaste and distinctive beauty of the diamond. It was first used in the manufacture of diamond mountings in 1887. During the next ten years it became recognized as a serious rival of gold for the purpose, and in another decade it not only became the premier metal for diamond mountings, but exceeded gold in value. At the present time, in connection with the manufacture of high-grade jewelry, the two metals are hardly mentioned in the same breath.

In concluding, let me say that the topmost heights of artistic possibility that were presented with the introduction of

platinum into the jewelry industry have as yet by no means been scaled. Particularly in diamond jewelry has it offered, and still offers, possibilities for the manufacture of wonderfully beautiful pieces. No other metal possesses its amazing adaptability to the jewelry worker's art. It has afforded the artistically-inspired mechanic every opportunity to produce his best work. Every high-class jewelry store in the country bears silent tribute to the fact that these opportunities have not been overlooked.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anything from Julius Wodiska, the well-known jewelry expert, is certain to be authoritative.



Four examples of modern jewelry

popularity before opals came to the fore in the style world. Beginning in 1890 and running until about 1900, these gems were in high favor. To Queen Victoria of England is given the credit for removing the superstitions which for a long time militated against the commercial success of opals, the belief being that they brought the wearer bad luck. However, when the Queen presented each of her daughters with opal jewelry as wedding gifts, and that fact became generally known, this belief was abandoned. Whether it is true or not that the Queen did so in order to aid in the development of the Australian opal fields, the fact remains that hundreds of thousands of carats of gem opals were imported

CHENEY
SILKSCHENEY
SILKS

Kubla Khan makes inquiry about Iran or a Korean Phrygian, Cho I. (Marco Polo is seen on the right)

*"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."*

SO wrote the poet, Coleridge, recording for literature "the insubstantial fabric of a dream" in words which for fantastic imagery are possibly unequalled upon the pages of genius. As to the palace so conceived, it seems fantastic to speculate upon it. Yet what a panorama of historical movement it would bring before us, and what an evolution of decorative style could thus be visioned, compelled by the events.

One in imagination would see the mighty armies of Ghengis, of Ogotai and Batu, his son and grandson, moving to their triumphs over Mongolia, China, Persia, India, the Caucasus, Poland, Silesia, Hungary, Russia. And by comparing decorative styles before and after these achievements one would be rewarded by a suggestion, at least, of their effect upon textiles. We would discover how strongly Persian decorations reflected Chinese influence. We

would appreciate how, as the tide of conquest swept westward, the Persian-Chinese influence flowed with it. Gradually we would find the geometrical compartments and figure-groups to disappear and to be surrounded later by a wealth of flower and leaf-motifs. Parallel with this and doubtless influenced by it we could discern the development of verdure ornament, crudely rectangular in Kubla's time, but more varied and vivid in the late 15th and 16th centuries.

Finally we would come to see how closely the textiles in Kubla's palace, in their decorative aspects, might suggest designs not unfamiliar with the motifs in our own homes. For many of the beautiful fabrics produced by Cheney Brothers whisper a far faint echo of the ancient conquerors — and perhaps even of those stately interiors which were Kubla's pleasure-dome.

CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York

**Spect. Kubla: here to conform
with the poet's spelling. The word
however is spelled "Kublai" by
most historians.*

*The decorative border was suggested
by a dragon motif on a piece of
Chinese decorative silk on exhibit
in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

© 1920 Cheney Brothers

Duncan Grant

A Great Modern English Painter

By CLIVE BELL

THE recent exhibition at the Carfax Galleries of the work of Duncan Grant—the first “one-man show,” by the way, this artist ever held—brought home to the cultivated British public what had long been known to acute judges here and abroad, that Duncan Grant is much the best painter in England. To begin with, he is really an artist: he sees first, then he feels, then he sets himself to create a formal equivalent for what he felt. This feeling—this peculiar reaction of the artist to external reality—call it what you will—this aesthetic sensibility—is just what distinguishes him most sharply from the bulk of his modern compatriots. Also, it is this that makes him an artist.

The bane of modern English art is Pre-Raphaelitism. Our most enterprising young men, who affect to ape the manners of the French masters and to beat Matisse and Picasso at their own game, are, in fact, the spiritual children of Ford Madox Brown. Theirs is not an art of expression but a trade of observation and anecdote. They do not feel for what they see as artists; at most they comment on it as moralists. Thus, in that much be-lauded collection of British war pictures, recently on view at Burlington House, you could find hardly one where the painter had felt and expressed the formal significance of the scene before him. At most he had felt, in a general way, its horror; and out of that made an illustration.

Duncan Grant sees and feels as an artist: so far as sensibility of reaction goes, he wants nothing. How far he can completely realize his vision is another matter. No one has suggested—at least I have not—that Duncan Grant is a perfect artist. But sensibility both of reaction and touch he possesses in the highest degree. His touch is as charming as a kiss. The sheer quality of his paint is so delicious that one feels sometimes that his pictures must be good to eat. Here he is thoroughly in the English tradition; sensibility of reaction and touch—especially the latter—having ever been the great virtues of English paintings: let Hogarth, Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Turner, Conder, Steer, and, amongst Americans, Whistler and Davies, be my witnesses. What the English painters have generally lacked is something far rarer than sensibility: it is creative power. It is the power of grasping firmly that conception which visual sensibility provoked, of grasping it and enveloping it in a form, a form which exactly fits it and lives by its significance. No English painter ever possessed this supreme power to perfection: that is to say, there was never an English painter of the first magnitude. But Gainsborough, Crome and Constable had a fair measure of it; Blake had a touch of it by fits and starts; and because, perhaps, the name of Duncan Grant must be added to this tiny list, we, in England, are all a good deal excited about him.

By the swiftness and richness of his reaction to external reality, and by the ease and beauty of his touch—not such uncommon gifts, either of them—Duncan Grant is in the best English tradition. And he is in the great tradition, too—the European tradition. To begin with, there is something Greek about him; it is not the archeological Hellenism of Germany nor the Græco-Roman academicism of France, but that sensuous, lyrical Hellenism

which everyone can see for himself in Theocritus and that sharp eyes can detect in almost all the great Attic poets—in Aristophanes, in Euripides, in Plato, too—and which pervades English poetry from the Elizabethans onwards. Then, there is the very marked influence of Piero della Francesca: he has been an attentive wanderer through the Fifteenth Century. He has contemplated the great Italians to some purpose. Finally, at the right moment, he went to Paris and saturated himself in Cézanne, studied Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, allowed himself to be swept along on the full flood of the movement, casting his bread upon the waters. The flood swallowed him up; his personality seemed to disappear; for a year or two he was painting French ex-

ercises. But it was all as it should be. The seed was germinating. Already by 1911 the green corn was waving its head freely above the weeds—the weeds that creep and hug the parent soil—and giving promise of a rich harvest. Before 1915 Duncan Grant had shot up out of the rich, fertilizing, spate, in which for a moment he had seemed to disappear, a complete individual artist, quite distinct from his French contemporaries—a modern English artist, and perhaps the only one that we possess.



Still Life, by Duncan Grant

Duncan Grant is nothing if not personal. He does not paint Cézannes or Picassos or Matisse's or pictures that are a little of every one else's; he paints Duncan Grants. And wherein lies this personality? In his touch and in his temperament. There is a peculiar exquisiteness in Duncan Grant's touch—a peculiar liveliness. In every art there must be a technical bridge of some sort between the mind of the artist and the external, realized form which expresses that mind. That this bridge should be as short as possible is clearly an advantage: that is why the history of art is the history of a series of revolution against an over-elaborate technique and in favor of simplification. But, far over and above theories, is the power that some artists possess of

giving vitality to the bridge itself. Duncan Grant's sensibility is so abundant and fluid that it seems almost to run off the tips of his fingers onto his canvas. The more important cause, however, of Duncan Grant's originality is his temperament. He is a poet. There is danger in this. Blake was a poet; and because he was a poet in his paintings he too often lacks artistic integrity. It was tempting for him to try to externalize the poetical conceptions that crowded his brain by suggesting them intellectually instead of finding for them a plastic equivalent. Blake took to symbolism, which means that he shirked the appalling labor of creating expressive forms and contented himself with suggesting ideas. Herein lies the secret of his innumerable failures. We feel that he was a great man who too often produced what comes short of greatness.

The quality of Duncan Grant's mind is essentially poetical: what is more, it is poetical in the English, the Elizabethan, way. He is fantastical, gay, lyrical. That is how he feels about what he sees and that is what he has got to express. It behooves him to be rigorous with himself. With such gifts, clearly he is in constant danger of becoming literary and symbolical. He is rigorous. He sets himself resolutely to create a palace of pure form. Only, when the scaffolding has been cleared away, we cannot fail to notice that the very stuff of which the palace has been built—the bricks and mortar—is poetry.

Consider the picture here reproduced. This *Still Life*, a recent work, is perhaps the best thing he has yet done. If you look into it closely I think you will be able to get a taste of the beauty of his brushwork: on the other hand, the poetry, though there, is not conspicuous. It is a superb piece of painting. The original aesthetic experience has been intensely felt, and then formally realized with a power of which no British painter, since Constable at any rate, has been capable. Such a work lifts its author a good head and shoulders above all English contemporaries and sets him down only a very little below the four great living masters—Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Bonnard.

His water-color work is so lovely and sympathetic that it speaks for itself. It is as lyrical and gay and fantastic as a little song by Campion, and as completely realized in its rapid, modest way. No one will miss the beauty or the poetry here. And in the portrait of Lytton Strachey there is the same delicious handling. And here is the poet, again. Though the picture is no more than a slight sketch, what a whimsical view of his eminent friend! It is generally admired for the beauty and suavity of its color; and these delicate, charming colors do but accentuate the painter's affectionate, mocking vision of the writer. No student of that amazingly witty book, “*Eminent Victorians*,” but will feel that this is just how its author should look. Only it needed a rarely gifted artist to see him so and make us see what he felt for what he saw. To give a finishing touch to the whole thing; I was standing once with Simon Bussy, the French painter, and Lytton Strachey himself, looking at this sketch. “And what book are you reading there, my dear Strachey?” enquired Bussy. “‘*The History of the Inquisition*,’” replied the author of “*Eminent Victorians*.”

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Diaghilevism

Meaning Dictatorship by Diaghilev, Who Has Created a New Art That Has Conquered London

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

WHAT is Diaghilevism? Is it allied to Bolshevism and the control of art by the proletariat? It is not Bolshevism in the theatre, let me say at once, though perhaps to those Academicians who so abound in London these new productions of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden are as near to Bolshevist or Soviet aesthetics as they care to get. As a matter of fact, "Diaghilevism," a word which was the invidious invention of the mystic critic, Edward J. Dent, to describe some of the recent activities of Mr. Diaghilev's troupe in Covent Garden, is of a true and very special significance for all of us. Applied to the ballet as a term of opprobrium, it should be seized upon for a new and successful theory of co-operation between artist and business man, between artist and producer. For Diaghilevism is something new and something worth studying in this post-bellum world of ours.

Instead of dictatorship by the proletariat, Diaghilevism might be described as co-operative control by a far-sighted business man. Sometimes, after an evening in Covent Garden—where things do not on the whole run as smoothly as at our Metropolitan—I come to the conclusion that Serge Diaghilev is the shrewdest and cleverest man in the modern theatre. There can be no denying that after that first fine outburst of his ballet in Western Europe, when its personnel included such stars as Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokin, and especially that master of decoration, Leon Bakst—after this fine flare, this comet-like apparition that awoke our western theatre out of its dogmatic and inartistic slumber, there was a grave danger of the whole thing going to pieces. Pavlova left, other stars followed her; there seemed to be no cohesive force in the whole organization. How to renew this former prestige, how to retain the enormous interest that had been awakened among the critics and the more discriminating public? A new ballet was an event not merely for the theatre critic, but for the music critic, the art critic, and the littérateur. These productions had stimulated other artists—painters, etchers, designers. There is no need here to repeat the story of that influence. Diaghilev came to America. The tour was a disappointment—a financial disaster, if I remember correctly.

But Diaghilev was a sound business man, first, last and always a business man. But a business man, let me hasten to add, with a keen insight into the trend of modern art and modern interest. Instead of blindly trying to repeat his initial success, he perceived at

once the necessity of novelty—true and not false novelty. Let those who were thrilled by the earlier work criticize and bemoan the "good old days" of Bakst and the "Spectre

Matisse, Erik Satie and Jean Cocteau. Massin, the leading dancer and choreographer, may receive full credit from his enthusiastic admirers. Diaghilev remains discreetly in the

background. And the great outstanding fact remains that the backbone of the Covent Garden opera season, ostensibly under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, is the Ballets Russes, which are presented on the best evenings every week, and help out the presentations of operas that would seem to the regular patrons of the Metropolitan somewhat less than mediocre.

A good example of the method of Diaghilev in organizing the arts is to be found in the recent performance of "Le Astuzie Femminili," an old Italian opera by Cimarosa. Hitherto and almost universally the policy has been, in making such a revival, to collect from the corners of the earth a number of famous and expensive singers, who generally consider themselves much too gifted and experienced to undergo the ordeal of sufficient rehearsal. The result has usually been some good singing, together

with a great amount of very poor stagecraft. What did Diaghilev do? He collected six singers who did not even pretend to greatness, but who were quite prepared to take whatever trouble he considered necessary in making this revival. The young lovers in the production at least have the advantage of looking young, and the rest of the cast drop into their places with corresponding ease. The point is, as Edwin Evans recently pointed out, that though none of these singers in "Le Astuzie Femminili" are stars of the first magnitude, and though they do not, as the dear French say, cost the eyes out of your head, they have youth and enthusiasm, and they are quite willing to follow the directions of the producer, Leonid Massin—a youth whose talent, as we now realize, has been extraordinarily developed under Diaghilev. The results really satisfied even the most discriminating critics here in London. "It really did make us feel that this opera buffa was a sprightly entertainment, and not merely a display of vocalization. This one production opens up for us the treasure house of Pergolesi, Paisiello, Cimarosa, the early Rossini, the lighter Donizetti, and many other delightful composers who wrote for the joy of mankind." Mr. Evans fails to mention Gilbert and Sullivan. What an opportunity they would present for Diaghilevism!

The Diaghilev influence is not confined to Covent Garden. It is quite evident in that most delightful production in London at the present moment: I



Courtesy Leicester Galleries, London

Seen from the front row by Laura Knight

of the Rose." The fact remains that the greatest coup of Diaghilev's career was when he made his ballet not Russian but European, by enlisting the very leaders of the modern movement, such artists as Derain, Picasso,



Courtesy Leicester Galleries, London

Parade by Laura Knight

(Continued on page 288)



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The London Musical Season

It is Dominated by the "Beggar's Opera"—a Forerunner of Gilbert and Sullivan

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IN music and in various other fields, England just now is very patriotic. Great efforts have been made, for instance, to put opera on a new and national basis. Covent Garden lately ended a short season in which every opera performed was sung in English—the example in New York at the Metropolitan, and in Chicago at the Auditorium Theatre. The status of "Grand" opera in London today differs from that of pre-war times. Formerly grand opera was a sport—a something for a fashionable few, a pleasing pastime. It ranked with golf and cricket and lawn tennis. It was "good form" here not to understand librettos. But while the opera house has lost its social glamor, the operas of themselves have gained attention. The public has been warmed into a real interest in lyric art.

At the Lyceum the hard-worked Carl Rosa Company has, for two months or so, been drawing ample audiences. And even in the suburbs one attempt, at least, to imitate the Carl Rosa troupe has been recorded, at the ancient Surrey Theatre. In the concert rooms a new work, by a composer born in England, is now and then sandwiched between Debussy, Brahms, Bach, Mendelssohn and Beethoven. A symphony, the "London," by Vaughan Williams, has caused a flutter by its quite unusual beauty. An excellent conductor and composer, Albert Coates, is mapping out an excursion to New York, where, next autumn or next winter, he will give two all-British programmes, including the "London" symphony, under the auspices of Mr. Walter Damrosch.

I hear good things of an opera named "Dante and Beatrice," the invention of an Englishman; while the "Village Romeo and Juliet" of Delius, another Englishman, has twice at least this season been performed at Covent Garden. A renascence of importance has begun in the English music world.

In the casts of all the companies now giving opera in this country the names of foreigners are last among those of artists like "Dame" Butt and Burke and Hislop. Few foreigners familiar to New York sing opera here. Today the English do not flood the opera house to hear stars. Those who spend money at Covent Garden or at the Lyceum now seem to crave opera first and only next great singers. This is, of course, a very healthy sign.

Another proof of the renascence I speak of is the new interest aroused in the performances of Purcell's earlier opera, his "Dido and Æneas," not in a theatre, but *al fresco*, in Hyde Park. Covent Garden still refuses to revive Purcell. But by the critics and by many quick-eared thousands his old opera has been hailed with almost ecstasy.

But the most fascinating and arresting symptom of the English renascence in music

is the revival of that naughty, classic work of art, Gay's "Beggar's Opera."

We have all heard of Gay and of the curious spell wrought by his so-called operas. They had the widest kind of influence in their day, when men and women loved free speech. At school, if I do not mistake, they taught us that Gay's quaint creation was the first of all the operas composed in England. The "Dido and Æneas" of Purcell, however, came

his irreverent skit. The audience did not, as in former times, invade the stage and hustle the performers. They sat in front, quite in the usual way, divided from the actors by the orchestra. One scene, with trifling changes in the background, did duty for a jail, a street, a room. The costumes of the period (the beginning of the Eighteenth Century) were odd and accurate—delightful to the eye, with their brave color and their ancient styles.

The hoops the women wore were not so huge as in Velasquez pictures, but they were huge enough. The men affected scarlet or scarlet coats and white silk stockings. They also had their pates below long wigs, and they regarded women as inferior animals. Gay dogs they were, those men, and rogues of various patterns. The keynote to their most unpleasant characters was suggested in the opening song of the jailer of Newgate, a rascal named Peachim.

The beggar in the case appears in the prologue. He confides to a player that, though in rags, he has written a real opera (but there, I think, he lied), adorned with catches, to do honor to James Chanter and Moll Lay, "two most excellent ballad-singers." Then he departs and the play proper is produced. The central figure in the plain, plump, home-spun plot is a bold highwayman, Macheath, who gambles, flirts, robs, cheats and wins all hearts by his devotion to the sex and by the gallantry with which he laughs at fate. Three times he is imprisoned and released. Three times he is betrayed by shameless jades. Towards the close, he has been sentenced to be hanged. The noose is round his neck, his doom seems fixed. But—in an interlude—the player of the prologue entreats the beggar not to send Macheath to death. And, to oblige him (or perhaps to please the audience), the pretended author of the

"opera" saves his hero. At the last moment a reprieve arrives. And the bold captain is surrounded by ten victims of his wiles—ten wives—of whom four bring with them their new-born babes-in-arms. There is no heroine, in the right sense of the word. But two fond women, Polly Peachim and Lucy Lockit, have large places in the story. Polly has certain qualities of the ingenue, while Lucy is a sort of female villain. Much of the humor in the plot is owed to Peachim, the unscrupulous Newgate jailer, and to his brother-scoundrel, Lockit, a hired hangman. None of the characters pretend to worship morals, and everyone concerned, from Polly on, seems to be prompted by the most amusing cynicism.

"The Beggar's Opera" is, from end to end, an ironic comment on the facts of life. The philosophy it teaches is outrageous. But one should take it, as Gay doubtless did, *cum grano salis*. It hurts, though, even now, by the consistent and incorrigible disbelief in truth and virtue expressed by nearly all the characters it shows us. Macheath plays fast

(Continued on page 276)



Miss Locke as she appeared in the revival of "The Beggar's Opera"

forty years before it. In the accepted modern sense, "The Beggar's Opera" is not what it's styled. It is a rather grimly humorous play of manners (and such manners!), with incidental songs and a few dances. A rattling, roystering, rakish work, indeed, though it still has a very potent, deep appeal. A vital work, which deals with things eternal—with love and sin and jealousy and treachery.

The little theatre, in which John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," was first introduced to London, is once more drawing thousands to suburban Hammersmith, night after night, by the magic of this old satire upon human life. Some nights ago I could not get a seat of any kind to hear it, and, like some others, had to stand up at the back of a dark, dingy pit. That pit itself was a survival of a time gone by, a free and easy pit, in which one smoked and drank between the acts, and called for coffee. The women—not a few of them, at all events—puffed at their cigarettes as frankly as the men. The setting of the play was very simple, as it was when Gay invented

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Fashion Notes will be found on Page 278

THE DANCE OF DEATH

A Merry Ghost Story

"Zig-et-zig-et-zig, la Mort en cadence,
Frappant un tombe avec son talon;
La Mort, a Minuit, joue un air de danse,
Zig-et-zig-et-zig, sur son violon."



IT IS MIDNIGHT. Twelve solemn strokes from the old bell tower that keeps watch over the churchyard at its feet proclaim this fact and give signal for a strange scene. Death with his violin tucked snugly beneath his bony chin, beats time with his heel on a mossy tombstone, "zig-a-zig-a-zig", and plays a merry dance tune. One by one the skeletons rise from their resting places and join the dance. Woven in the mazes of the waltz one hears the melancholy sighing of the night wind, the branches of the lindens rubbing against one another, and the rattle and scuffle of bony feet over the lichened stones. Suddenly the cock crows and sends the jocular, gruesome crew scurrying back to their graves, while Death, still fiddling, vanishes over the nearest hill.

Saint-Saëns' "Dance of Death" is one of the

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A picturesque house enhanced in charm by planting which gives it a rich and verdant setting

Pictures and Houses

A Thought About the Architect as a Picture Builder

By MATLACK PRICE

Photographs from Tebb's Architectural Photo Co.

THERE are a few architects whose talents class them with that rare species of the *genus homo* which I have heard called "picture-minded." These architects see their buildings in terms of pictures, and their materials in terms of artists' pigments. Brick and stone and slate and timber are the things with which they set out to build pictures, and I, for one, would say that they must have more sheer pleasure doing it than is enjoyed by the most craftsmanlike painter imaginable.

This word "craftsman" is a reminder that there may be a higher order of pure craftsmanship in architecture, quite aside from the pictorial aspect of the whole concept; and if the picture-minded architect is also a man who delights in the natural colors and textures and adaptabilities of materials, the result of his vision cannot fail to have qualities of charm which are both immediate and abiding.

These generalities seem to find graphic testimony in the direction of their truth in the pictures of this house by Mr. Phillips. We can call them "pictures" without meaning "photographs." A photograph may show how a building looks, but there may be nothing there of which the camera can make a picture.

It is perfectly safe to call Mr. Phillips a builder of pictures, because all the photographs of this house, inside and out, are pictures which tell us at once that a house may consist of an infinite succession of inside pictures as well as outside pictures. At this point let the painter, who is used to being called an artist, begin to feel something like envy for the picture-building opportunities of the architect, who is also an artist—but with what a fascinating and varied palette!

Outside, the picture-building architect has stone and brick, with all their marvelous ranges of color and texture; he has timbers and shingles and slates, and the subtle, broken reflections from leaded windows. Furthermore, he builds shadows wherever he needs them in his picture, by designing projections and overhangs—and his shadows are so much more real than printed ones. And either before or after he has contrived the house, he may turn to his inexhaustible palette for the green leafy shapes of trees, the softening drapery of vines or the spot-masses of shrubbery to aid and beautify the composition of the picture he is building.

Within doors he picks up another palette, and proceeds to build other pictures, with

shapes and vistas and lighting as some of his problems—but with what an amazingly rich variety of things to draw upon for the solution of those problems.

There are voids and solids in the walls he is building, real sunlight falling through leaded windows, mellow panelling, tapestries, interesting furniture, with all its latent human personality and friendliness. The palette of Rembrandt was not so rich.

Certainly with these thoughts, carried on in the mind of the reader, who may now find it interesting to see pictures in houses, just as Shakespeare's wise fool found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," some surprise will be experienced that relatively few architects go about their work picture-mindedly, or with little other thought than to construct a conventional and decent shelter from the elements.

Most especially in the realm of domestic architecture, and in the dwelling of moderate size, it must come to appear to the thoughtful mind that the greatest and most delightful opportunity offered by building one's own house is neglected and lost if the architect embarks upon the project without realizing that he is building a picture.



There is charm and romance in the great shadowy window, built in old English fashion with mullioned, leaded casements



Like eyes with lowered lids windows peep through the shingles, which have been laid in imitation of thatch



The quiet garden front of the house is approached by stepping-stones across the lawn

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Interior Views of the Davis House at Quaker Ridge



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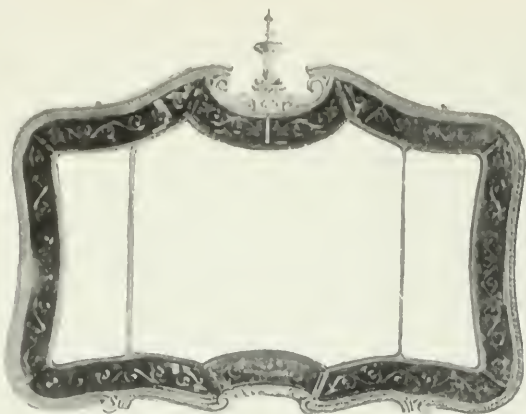
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The Altar of Dedication

The Altar of Dedication. Model for the marble panel in the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, to the memory of Captain Howard C. McCall, A.E.F., killed in action 1918.

From Anatomy to Sculpture

THE American invasion of London has not been limited merely to the theatre. One of the recent exhibitions which attracted widespread attention was an exhibition of the sculpture of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, of Philadelphia. The critics characterized his work, recently shown at the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, as typically Transatlantic. Not all of them, I fear, recognized the true significance of Dr. McKenzie's striking work. More interest attaches to his small statues than is at first apparent. To understand them, one must delve into the biography of R. Tait McKenzie. His approach to sculpture has been a circuitous one. It is this approach that makes his show significant.

Dr. McKenzie is professor of physical education and physiotherapy at the University of Pennsylvania. He has won a distinguished place in this field. During his college days at McGill University, Montreal, he won many honors as an athlete. Later he became a lecturer on anatomy in the Medical School there, lecturer on artistic anatomy at the Montreal Art Association. Then he was called to Harvard, and also took part in the Olympic Lecture course at the St. Louis Exposition. In 1904 he accepted the call to the newly founded chair of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, where he organized the medical examinations and the courses in physical training which have become so successful a feature of the college training in Pennsylvania. In 1915 he received a commission as major, and his work in the rehabilitation of injured soldiers was widely commended, largely through the success of his ingenious appliances for muscular re-education.

Thus to the problem of modeling the human figure, especially the figure of American athletes, Dr. McKenzie brings all this intimate knowledge of anatomy and athletics, of muscular activity and development—in short, of the human body in its most varied and expressive movements. His work should be a lesson for those many American sculptors who attempt the most ambitious and exalted

problems in sculpture without any intimate knowledge of the infinite variety of physical activity and development. We cannot expect all sculptors to go through the athletic and scientific training of Dr. McKenzie, but they would do well to stop and consider his accomplishment, and to reflect on his success—simply in accepting the human form and the traditional modes of representing it, and directly, without any intricacy of technique, acclaiming its beauty. He neither disguises his frank admiration for the American athlete nor his skilled scientific interest. Yet, while he is always purely objective—in his figures of athletes, at any rate—his work is personally and individually expressive. It would be quite as unfair to Dr. McKenzie to judge these statuettes by standards that might be applied to other sculptors as it would be manifestly unfair to compare their work with his. It is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting experiments in modern art, and almost forces one to the conclusion that observation, intimate knowledge, and some sort of magnetizing interest in the human body are of infinitely more value than years of academic training and technical practice. Practice may make perfect in some things, but in art, one feels, there must be some central interest that drives the artist to creation.

I agree with Mr. Sadler (of the *Westminster Gazette*) that Dr. McKenzie practically proves his own case. His portraits, his historical figures, his allegorical designs, when they are devoid of the athletic background, look oddly trivial besides his masterly studies of young manhood. Dr. McKenzie, however, even in this field, may thank the scientific trend of his mind for his restraint; he never falls into sentimentality or bathos. But, as Mr. Sadler recently pointed out, in a tribute to the Pennsylvania artist and scientist, when he can bring to our jaded and conventionalized art world so much that is strong and true and vital, one resents the time Dr. McKenzie spends over politicians, divines, and elaborate memorials.

R. A. P.

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The World-Famous Harpist

By GRETCHEN DICK

ADA SASSOLI, who has long been known as an exponent of the harp, ranks as one of the world's great harpists. She had a very marked success in every way in this country through her remarkable playing while on her first American tour in 1903, and again on a more recent trip the year previous to the great world war.

Miss Sassoli returned to Italy at the inception of the war, devoting herself to various forms of relief work, and has not been in America since 1915. Her first appearance will be shortly after her arrival in September. She will go on tour with Miss Farrar for a period of six weeks or more and will appear in solo and joint recitals until her return to Italy in January.

An Interview with Miss Sassoli

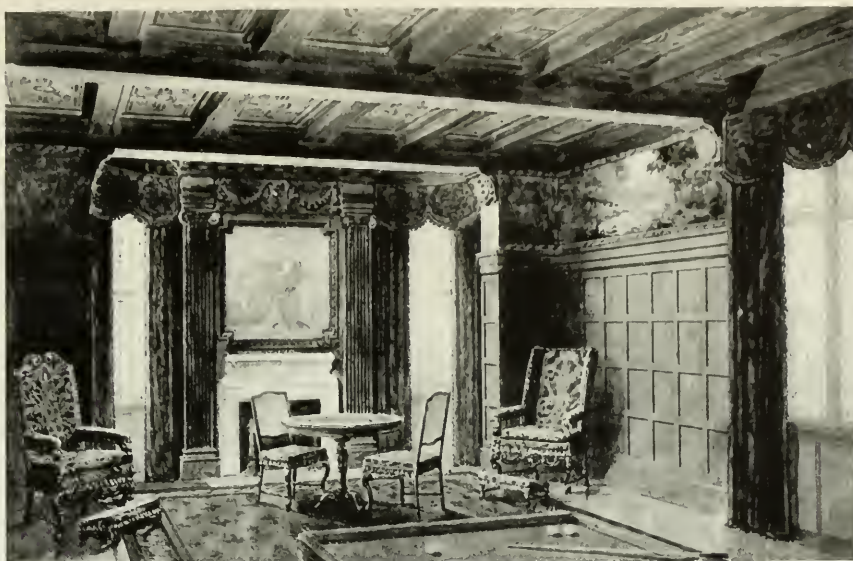
"As an accompaniment for the voice, I know of no other music as delicately feathery and effective as that produced by the harp, and as a solo instrument it has the greatest possibilities for tonal coloring. Its sound gradations vary from deep vibrations of profound sonority to the delicate whispers so necessary in modern compositions. The color of the tone so attracted the more modern masters of instrumentation that the greatest scores of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner are not complete without it. However, the early use of the harp in orchestra appears as far back as the Sixteenth Century, recorded in accounts of the occasion of the marriage of Mary of Lorraine with the Duc de Joyeuse in the year 1851. We read of this orchestral celebration as a '*concert de musique*,' performed at the Château de Montiers, and particular stress is laid on the harp parts."

WHILE the harp is an instrument of great antiquity, it is from northern Europe that the modern harp has derived its name. The earliest mention of the

'harpa' is found described by the Latin writer Venantius Fortunatus in the Seventh Century, though harps in somewhat different form from the modern were found on the frescos at the time of Rameses III. The old Egyptian and Assyrian harps (without the modern front pillar) were an evolution of a primitive instrument called a 'nefer,' a kind of oval guitar. This developed into a horizontal instrument, carried on the shoulder, and then into the vertical harp.

THOUGH it is not known how the early Irish harp is connected with the ancient instrument the hypothesis of Eastern descent is made plausible by an Irish monument in the ancient church of Ullard, near Kilkenny, the date of which is about 830. The first specimen which suggested the beautiful modern form is the famous harp in Trinity College, Dublin, of which there is a cast in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The approximate date of the instrument, deduced from the decoration and ornamentation, is the late Fourteenth or early Fifteenth Century. The next harp of which there is any definite knowledge is 'Lamont's Clarschoe,' which, with one or two others, belonged to the old Perthshire family of Robertson of Lude. This instrument was taken by a lady of the Lamont family, at the time of her marriage, into the Lude family, about the year 1460. From the famous Dalway harp in Ireland, dated 1621, down to the modern instrument, there is a long and interesting history of harp development in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and contemporaneously in Italy and Germany.

Suffice it to say, that the first actual pattern of the modern harp was found in old German and Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts as far back as the Ninth Century. The diatonic instrument was evidently common throughout the European continent, for we find it



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It was not until the Seventeenth Century that it was possible to produce accidental semitones on the harp. Heretofore, the strings could only be shortened by the pressure of the player's fingers. In doing this, for the moment, he lost the use of one hand. It was in the Seventeenth Century that a Triolese maker adapted the screws in the neck of the instrument so that the strings could be shortened or lengthened at will. In 1720 a Bavarian, Hochbrucker by name, invented the first form of pedals at the base, which, acting through the pedestal, controlled the stopping by mechanism. This inventive advantage made it possible to play no less than eight major

upon a modern principle which greatly enhanced the tone shadings.

The relative importance of the harp is difficult for me to determine, for I am naturally prejudiced.

Mr. Carlos Salzedo, a great French harpist, has probably done as much for the development of the harp as any other living musician, particularly in America. He has been a true propagandist, an excellent performer, and has written and arranged some delightful harp compositions. He is responsible for the formation of what is known as the Salzedo Harp Ensemble, a group of six young women harpists, who with him have been appearing successfully since their initial concert during the winter season of 1917-18. Their programs have presented the



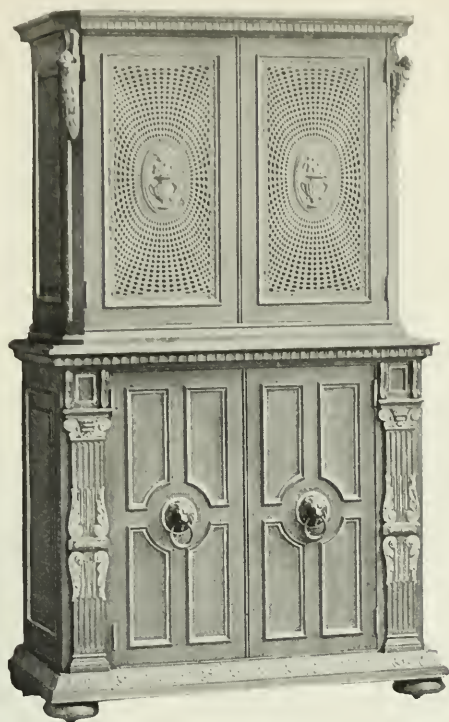
Ada Sassoli, one of the world's greatest harpists

scales. Various defects in Hochbrucker's new invention were ameliorated by a sequence of improvements made by two young Frenchmen by the name of Coussineau.

It is to another Frenchman, Sebastian Erard, whose famous Paris and London piano factories were the greatest in all Europe at the time, that we owe the perfection of the harp used today. To him the greatest credit is due, for he toiled and studied unremittingly for many years in order to achieve perfection of tone and beauty. In the modern Erard pedal harp the young Frenchman gained a distinct triumph by adding, in 1786, what is known as a 'fork' mechanism, and again some years later, in 1810 to be exact, he attained complete success with the double action pedal mechanism. Other improvements are laid to the credit of Erard, for it was he who likewise modified and perfected the comb that conceals the mechanism, and constructed the sound body

best musical literature from the Eighteenth Century compositions of Couperin and Rameau to Debussy and the last word in modernism—from old Italian and old French to contemporary composers of all nations.

I feel I must tell you a word about the Louis XV harp, which is a true romance in the history of the manufacture of musical instruments, for it ranks in beauty and worth with the very finest Stradivarius violin. It was begun some five or six years ago, took three years to complete and represented an expenditure of ten thousand dollars. It was made by Lyon & Healy, who are now making a special instrument for my coming American tour, and was used as an exhibition piece at the opening of their new store in Chicago. Here it remained on display in a glass case for over a year. It was subsequently brought to New York, where it was sold a short time ago to a wealthy resident of New York.



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Current Art Notes

*French Commission Appraises
Art Objects in Vienna*

ABOUT a year ago a syndicate of English, American, French and German merchants were negotiating with the Austrian government for the sale of the Hapsburg tapestries and other collections and the sum to be paid was one hundred million francs. The transaction had so far proceeded that the National Assembly had passed a law authorizing the sale. Then came the Peace of Saint Germain, blighting the plans of the syndicate.

Six months ago a French commission composed of M. R. Kochlin, J. Guiffrey, G. Migeon, C. Dreyfus and Demonts was sent to Vienna to appraise the royal collections. Their evaluations have not been published. But their visit has brought attention to the magnificent art treasures formerly belonging to the royal family of Austria, some of which have never been on public view.

The commission reports that they were courteously received, for their coming meant that the Allies were in the mood to make the Austrian government a desperately needed loan, but first wanted to ascertain the security.

In making the inventory they acted for all the Allies except the Italians, who had already taken back to Italy the art objects to which they felt themselves entitled, leaving the walls blank.

The work of the commission took a month. They put a price on all the paintings of all schools in the Belvidere. In the Hofburg they examined the nine hundred tapestries of the Crown, which formerly were taken out only on occasions of ceremony and are virtually unknown. Spread before them were the imperial religious treasures, consisting of ecclesiastical vessels and jewelry in abundance of all periods and styles, and the civil treasure, which had never been publicly displayed, including, as it does, the priceless coronation paraphernalia of Charlemagne. In the Galerie d'Este they were shown the well-known antiquities of classical art there and the Renaissance sculpture, which includes several fine Donatellos. And in the Museum of Decorative Arts they assessed the unrivaled Persian and Hungarian tapestries.

Further, they examined the collection in the Albertine and in the imperial châteaux of Schoenburg, Salzburg and Innsbruck.

But the jewels and the armor they left to specialists in these lines, soon to follow. Although the late Emperor Charles had taken many of the Crown jewels with him in his flight, there are many left.

Of the nine hundred tapestries in the Hofburg there are a few of the Fifteenth Century, a number of the Sixteenth in gold thread, and many Flemish examples of the Seventeenth Century, and that

which the commission considers *the most beautiful of all known tapestries*.

All of the Crown treasure, however, could not be catalogued as security for the Allied loan, for the Czecho-Slovaks have appropriated what they have found in their domain, and there is some in Prague, Budapest and other places.

According to the Commission, the art possessions of various noblemen have not been sold. Indeed, the old collections are almost intact. As before the war, it is possible to visit the Lichtenstein, Czernin and Harnach Galleries, though not the Rothschild.

The commission predicts that Vienna will supplant Munich, Berlin and Dresden as the chief art-centre in Central Europe.

*France Has Much to Learn from
America, Especially from the
Art Museum at Newark*

ACCORDING to M. Arsène Alexandre, France has much to learn from American art museums, and the vitality and the co-ordination with which they are organizing art education throughout the country. France has been and is like the ostrich hiding its head in the sand. She did not want to see the lusty growth of German rivalry before the war, and she has not concerned herself with the progress other countries have made during or since the war. According to this celebrated Frenchman, who was sent to the United States by his government when we entered the war, in all industries related to art there has as yet been no constructive effort in France to dispel the uncertainty and disorder occasioned by the war.

All tradition, he says, has been lost or denatured. In the great cities workmanship is lazy, indifferent, vulgar, wobbly. One has only to realize how immensely the products from Limoges and Aubusson have deteriorated! France has lost many of its pre-war aptitudes, but it is only asleep, he believes, waiting for wise encouragement and instruction.

There has been a Comité Central Technique des Arts Appliqués, but it has accomplished nothing other than to advise getting to work. And a politician has just been appointed Minister of Professional Instruction. M. Alexandre suggests finding the Professional Instruction first.

In America there has been neither such a Comité nor such a Cabinet Minister. Here certain centres have crystallized; they have grown; and they have developed an enthusiastic publicity and co-operated with other such centres.

The museum at Newark, organized by Mr. Dana, receives M. Alexandre's special praise, as well as a detailed description of what is to be found there. Mr. Dana has not bothered himself with prece-



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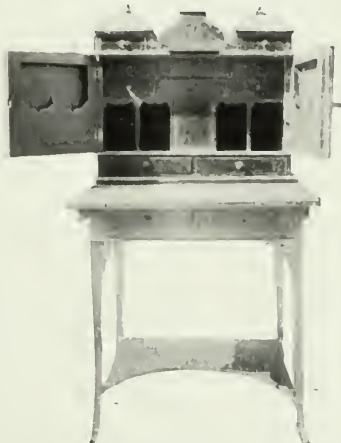


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dents, but has proceeded to build up an institution to meet local needs. In each art industry the material elements as offered by Nature are shown in all their processes of modification to their fabricated end. The museum, according to M. Alexandre, is "a model of good sense and originality," offering "an encyclopedic education, complete and exact," in no matter what department of industrial art, yet stressing the resources of the region in which it is situated.

France must give up its traditional self-satisfaction, its habit of routine, its little rivalries. It must remember what to expect from Germany and from South Kensington, and it must learn that in America thousands of eager students are now receiving a thorough training in the applied arts.

The Expansion of the "Modern Idea"

AT last, "a man of taste who wishes to be of his time" is "free of all prevention." No longer is he constrained to be "modern" in part. His whole environ may now be "modern." He may now quench his fancy for modern wall papers, modern furniture and modern lighting effects as well as modern separate *objets de luxe*. Modern decorators have at last attained unity of style. They are entering upon a period of initiative and spontaneity such as so often succeeds a period of uncertainty. Manufacturers may yet be somewhat more hesitant than desired to sponsor modern designs, but they are rapidly coming round. Indeed, so "free, clairvoyant and of their epoch" have "modernists" become, the objects they are now selling to private individuals and museums, in another century or two will be reproduced wholesale by the manufacturers of Marais and the faubourg Saint Antoine.

It must be confessed the group is strong in hope.

The occasion for their rejoicing is the recent and the eleventh exhibition by "La Société des Artistes Décorateurs," which was founded in 1901. The latest exhibition was organized by MM. Sézelle and Georges Buxard and held in the Pavillon de Marsan.

The work exhibited included furniture, pottery, decorated materials, jewelry, bookbinding, weaving, mosaics, stained glass, brass, illustrations, painting and sculpture.

Styles, Man-made Today

IT seems that "la mode" of today satisfies nobody. Certainly it does not satisfy woman, who reproaches the dressmaker for her fantastic imagination, nor the dressmaker, who denounces the audacious demands of the woman. To which woman only despairingly replies that man is to blame. So it is man who has made the prevailing mode, and he has taken a deal of trouble to spoil the woman's "plastique," according to M. Eugène Delard.

Monsieur does not hint that this is a new field for man.

It is to be inferred, therefore, that man alone approves the décolletages, which continue to lengthen and the skirts, which continue to shorten.

But some day soon, without doubt—no, the décolletage and the hem will not go marching on—they will right about face, violently and suddenly, and we may expect the opposite of the present mode, which must be chokers and trains.

Silks alone have remained French and beautiful, according to Monsieur Delard. In spite of increasingly precarious sales, increased cost of production, increased difficulty in obtaining raw materials and increased cost of living, the output has not deteriorated in quality or design.

But there are no modern styles, he declares. There are merely more styles.

Yes, women designers have appeared in the industry, and yes, they are not without new ideas or talent. In fact, the war has virilized certain brains.

As for the competition with German manufacturers, the Germans are bragging about their painted textiles. Now, any amateur can paint textiles, and painting can hide defects in weave and dye.

For the Propagation of Modern Art

VISITORS to the Société Anonyme are told that the exhibitors do not paint what they see. They shut their eyes and paint what they don't see. In other words, they paint what they feel.

And the results, strange to relate, would appeal to the manufacturer of ribbons, the pictures being "modern," flat, bright-hued abstractions, which, in the case of the large canvases, to be sure, would require an immense reduction of scale before they would be of use industrially.

In an alcove one is shown a small library on "modern art" and told that the society was founded for the study of and research in "modern" art.

The Prado Doubled in Size

THE exterior of the vast new addition to the Prado, Madrid, Spain, consisting of twenty-two rooms and doubling the size of the Museum, has recently been finished. It is hoped that several of the rooms at least will be installed by next November, when the Centenary of the Museum will be held.

Don Amos Salvador, Jr., is the architect, and has aimed to alter the appearance of the original building as little as possible, utilizing the space at the rear between the Museum and the Church of San Geronimo.

The most notable feature will be the Imperial Room, which will contain the most famous of the royal portraits and other art objects of great historic interest.



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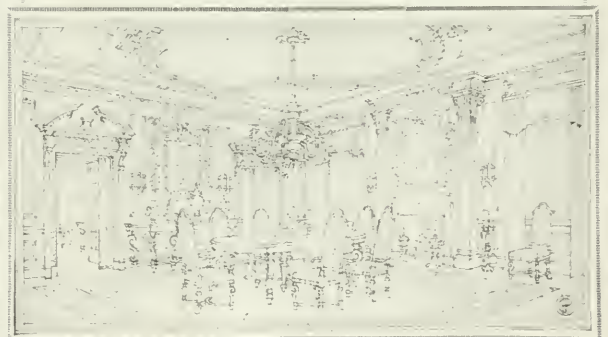
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The Earliest Christian Art— the School of Antioch

THE art of the catacombs is not the earliest Christian art, it would seem. Soon after the death of Christ, it is now maintained, there grew up what is called the School of Antioch. It is thought even that portraits of Christ and various of his followers have come to light, the artist having seen with his own eyes probably the founders of Christianity.

Whatever the difference of opinion regarding the date of its birth, the School of Antioch died with the invasion of the Arabs in the Sixth Century. On this point archaeologists are agreed.

Until recently almost nothing has been published regarding the various objects, which from time to time for twenty-five years have been leading us to suspect the existence of this distinct school—a school combining the highest technical knowledge of the Greeks and a peculiar purely Syrian quality—a Christian quality it may be; a certain scrutiny, a certain naivety, minute attention to details and a penetrating interest in character as expressed in physiognomy, similar to that in early Flemish art.

Thus far, the identified examples of this school are not numerous. And doubtless, the treasure already unearthed is but a small portion of what the whole will be. Syrian research, indeed, has only just begun. Nevertheless, what we have is sufficient to establish not only the existence of such a school but two different periods.

M. Louis Bréhier, writing recently in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, calls attention to two important specimens in New York City:

The first is a marvelous silver chalice in the possession of Kouchatki Frères, of New York and Paris. It is called The Chalice of Antioch.

The other is The Cyprus Treasure, in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, the gift of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Without question the Chalice is as old as any object of Christian art yet discovered. It may be considerably older than any other known example. At any rate, it demonstrates the characteristics of the early and best period. On the other hand, there is no finer specimen of the latter period than the Morgan gift.

The Chalice of Antioch

M. Bréhier, who has seen only photographs of the Chalice, assigns it to the end of the Second Century at the earliest.

Director Edward Robinson, of the Metropolitan Museum, Sir Charles Read, of the British Museum, and M. Migeon, of the Louvre, also, several years ago, attested to its very great antiquity.

Dr. Gustavus Eisen, however,

archaeologist, biologist, horticulturist, and one-time Curator of the California University Museum of Science, after more than four years of intensive investigation, places it about the year 72 A.D.

THE Chalice, which was discovered in 1910 by some Arabs digging a well near the supposed site of ancient Antioch, is held by Dr. Eisen to show two portraits of Christ, one as a youth and one as a man, surrounded by ten apostles, symmetrically arranged five to a side. The faces, though but a centimeter long, show an astonishing individuality, all the more pronounced when magnified and photographed. Several are the features of young men. Others are old or middle aged, with heavy beards. Nearly all of them show the profile and the ear-lock of the Hebrews. One has the outlines of a Greek; and another, an anthropoid homeliness; while the face of Christ stands out beautiful, oval, serene and philosophic, the brow broad and the eyes deep set.

According to M. Bréhier, a chalice cover in the possession of MM. Kalebdjian of Paris represents Christ as the same type of individual, surrounded by followers, portrayed with similar diversity in personality. M. Bréhier declares that this is the traditional Oriental representation of Christ.

On the Kouchatki cup, Christ, as a youth, is opening a double scroll, the scroll of the Law. As a man, wrapped in the toga of the time, he lifts his arm with a gesture of authority.

AS to the cup's being a Christian vessel, the symbolism alone would leave no doubt. The general decoration takes the form of a vine and its branches. Above Christ's head there is a star and a descending dove. Near his hand are the seven loaves and the two fishes. The lamb also is represented, as well as the Roman eagle eating from a Christian basket.

Dr. Eisen's reasons for the early date, 72 A.D., are the following: First, cups of the peculiar ovoid form of the Chalice were not made after the First Century.

Second, the workmanship is Greek, indicating not only the hand of a master sculptor, trained in the realistic traditions of Scopas, but a knowledge of Greek symmetry as expounded within the last few years by Mr. Jay Hambidge. And such excellence of workmanship could not have been produced after the First Century, as Greek art declined.

Third, the Boscoreale Cups found at Pompeii and owned by Baron Rothschild are similar in technique, design, shape—despite handles—size and attention to portraiture. It is suggested that the Chalice and the Boscoreale Cups

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The Cup of Antioch

were made by the same artist, who was probably the greatest sculptor of his day and perhaps a convert to Christianity.

Fourth, after the martyrdom of Stephen, Christians sought refuge in Antioch, then a city with many Greek inhabitants.

It will be remembered that Peter, Barnabas and Paul fostered the colony thus begun, and later that Constantine built a great cathedral there, when Antioch became the centre of Christianity in the East, until it was razed to the ground in 526 A.D.

The Chalice consists of two parts: a crude inner cup of silver and the exquisite silver support, just described, ornamented with red gold at the top and with yellow gold at the bottom, and so carved in relief that it gives the appearance of heavy filigree, the background being cut away.

The unperforated inner cup is so unfinished and clumsy in workmanship it may have been a sacred relic, possibly a communion cup used by the disciples.

It ought to be explained that the Chalice is by far the most important of the objects constituting the Antioch treasure, which includes, besides, three book bindings, a crucifix and another chalice.

The Cyprus Treasure

The influence of the School of Antioch, with the growth of Christianity, spread throughout the Roman Empire.

The examples of the later period in the Metropolitan Museum con-

sist of six silver plates, representing episodes in the life of David, and six pieces of gold jewelry, of which coins make up part of the girdle.

Portions of the same treasure are to be found in the British Museum and in the Museum of Nicosia, Cyprus. The find was made at Karavas, near the ancient site of Lapithos, in 1899 and in 1902.

In these plates, the former reverent preoccupation with portraiture has disappeared. The purpose here is to tell the story at a glance, to represent a spectacle, the attention being given to movement and the details of the costume of the period. The background is not cut away to give the appearance of filigree, nor is it adorned with any design. With the exception of the two small plates, the composition is basically architectural. And on the under side of each dish is a series of stamps or hall-marks.

What there is in common between the very early and the very late periods are the high relief, the use of gold for emphasis or decoration in line and dots, attention to accessories, and a Hellenistic use and treatment of animals. In the later work the classical influence is greatly debased.

M. Bréhier claims that the realistic "human interest" art of Antioch triumphed in the Middle Ages over the geometric Persian and the symbolic Egyptian-Hellenic influences, so variously and frequently discernible.

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The Machine as an Art Medium

(Continued from page 227)

it can no longer be applied. The idea that furniture must be hand-made dates from the period of the cabinetmaker in his dusty shop and the small community. It dates from mediæval times. It dates from a period when all but the very rich or very powerful made their own furniture. It has nothing, except reminiscently, to do with the tremendous communities of our day, with the tremendous demands of our day, nor with the democratic—as has been suggested before—ideas of the day. And yet we have seen how the new machine, in conflict with the new democratic ideal and the very old

hand-made ideal, has turned a great deal of very good wood into very unbeautiful furniture. The democratic idea is the practical application of the Christian idea of the brotherhood of man. But instead of making every man feel that he is as humble as his neighbor it has made every man feel that he is as good as his neighbor, which is to say that instead of making the rich man humble it has made the poor man vain, and making him vain has made him want to have his machine-made furniture a duplicate of the rich man's hand-made furniture. A more integral use of machinery will change all this.

More About Art in American Industry

(Continued from page 241)

which had to possess artistic merit. Consider this significant fact as evidence of the remarkable change within the past twenty years. A generation ago a jeweler showed two or three styles in ring settings; today the progressive jeweler displays two hundred different settings. The old quantity production of two or three styles was typical of the commercial era. A man or woman buying a diamond ring would be concerned solely as to the stone—usually the biggest stone was selected, much as a man would buy coal. This is still characteristic of the attitude towards jewelry in many parts of the country, but it is a happy fact that our American public is slowly but surely outgrowing that point of view. Just as a fine picture is worthy of an appropriate frame, so a fine stone is worthy of the appropriate setting. In fact, the right setting truly reveals the beauty of a stone.

The manufacturer in whom the commercial attitude predominates subordinates art to quantity production. He may gain wealth, but he debases his industry. Jewelry that lacks beauty is lacking in an essential quality. An article of jewelry that merely represents money is usually vulgar and defeats its true purpose.

It is to be hoped that in time every manufactured article, whether intended for household use or wearing apparel or for whatever purpose, will possess artistic merit. The advantages will be substantial,

not only in the creation of æsthetic enjoyment but because of its enduring and inspiring influence.

There is no question as to our intellectual ability to do anything we really attempt to accomplish. There is no nation in the world that possesses our adaptability to adjust ourselves to new conditions. When we realize the need for a certain thing, we can and will do it and do it well. We are not hampered here by class traditions nor by established custom, as they are in the old world. Of course, the need must be indicated. And this is the function of the leaders in the new industrial art movement and of ARTS & DECORATION, which is rendering a splendid service in its chosen field.

Our youth is still actuated too much by false ambition. We want to become rich quickly, preferably without work. The low moral standard existing in industry the world over is due to the common desire for immediate pecuniary results, for wealth, to be acquired, however, with the least possible effort. This is an unavoidable reaction from the war. Slowly but surely we will regain our normal equilibrium. The jewelry industry is suffering, not only from a lack of skilled artisans but also because we have few good designers. There is no school devoted to jewelry design in New York. The few scattered classes in jewelry designing in educational institutions of different kinds are not sufficient to be of any real use.

The Cover Design

OCTAVE GUILLONNET, whose Among the Flowers decorates the cover of this number of ARTS & DECORATION, is a French artist better known in his own country than in this one. He is a regular contributor to the Salon exhibitions. In 1892 he was awarded a third class medal and in 1894 a medal of the second class.

At the Universal Exposition of 1900 he received a silver medal and in 1901 the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He is represented in the Luxembourg and in other important museums of France. The picture reproduced in this issue may be seen at the Dudensing Galleries.

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"The Beggar's Opera," from a print by Hogarth

The London Musical Season

(Continued from page 250)

and loose with women's hearts. The women laugh at human laws and morals. As for the dialogue, it is quite unrestrained. Less in the acted version, though, than in the printed text. The music, disregarding immoralities, enchants one by its light and gracious lilts. At least three numbers in the score are little gems, perfect in form and style and full of melody. You would look far to find the equals of those songs. The gem of gems, maybe, is Macheath's solo in the second act.

it would repeat the great success it has won here—thanks very largely to the three chief serious artists in the cast and above all to Frederick Ralanow (Macheath), a noted baritone, who has interpreted Hans Sachs at Covent Garden; thanks to Miss Locke, in the small part of Jennie Diver, one of the captain's sweethearts; and also thanks to the conductor, Mr. Goosens, who, by the bye, is a composer of much talent.

"The Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," "The Pirates," are all suggested in Gay's "Beggar's Opera," their direct ancestor. It was from Gay and the songs with which Gay eked out his disgracefully smart dialogue that Gilbert learned a great many of his tricks, and Sullivan derived much of his music. The analogies at times are clear and startling. The "Titwillow" song, for example, "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," "The Punishment and the Crime" song, the countless patter songs at which we have all laughed, are in the masterpiece of Gay. Not full-fledged, if you will, but in the egg. So are some other things.

IT is sung as Lucy and Polly, lone on either side, cling gently to the highwayman and woo him. And, like some others, it ends up with nonsense—a *tol de rol* refrain, to make it comic.

The third gem is a trio in the last act. Besides these, in "The Beggar's Opera" we get two songs with which all London used to sing, the rowdy, lilting air called "Lilibullero" and the long popular "Green Sleeves."

At Hammersmith the music of the "Opera" has been re-scored. The orchestra includes archaic instruments, among them a *viol d'amore*, a *viol di gamba*, and what may or may not have been a genuine harpischord.

You may hear "The Beggar's Opera" in New York some day. The London management has had more than one offer to produce it on your side. It will be caviare to the Broadway public, I'm afraid, unless the company now singing it at Hammersmith goes over, too. In the right theatre, and with the original company, I feel quite sure

BUT it is not alone the glittering words and lines which set one thinking of "The Mikado" or "Pirates," it is the dry, ironic point of view of Gay, the lilts of the light songs, the whole topsy-turvy character of his "Opera." Gay was as unmistakably the literary grandfather of W. S. Gilbert—the Gilbert of the comic opera books—as the inventors of the songs sung in that work were the fore-runners of Sir Arthur Sullivan.



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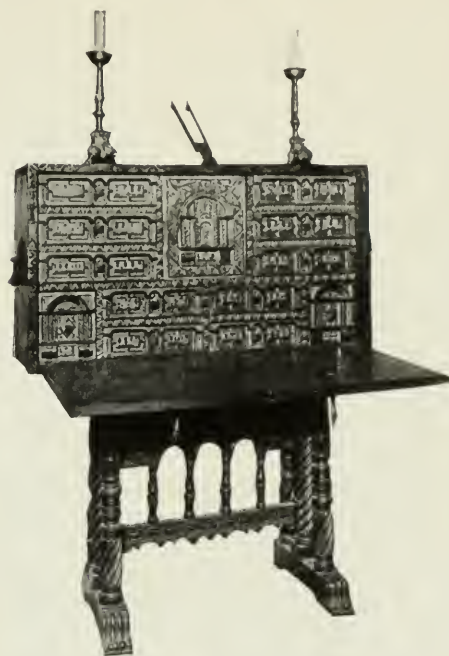
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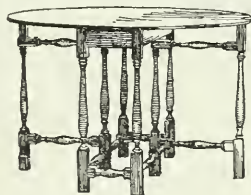
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Two attractive models from the children's department of L. P. Hollander & Son, in which the aim has been to achieve correct lines and simplicity

Fifth Avenue and Paris

(Continued from page 252)

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS.

THE showings of the new Fall styles have been held. And the verdict? The verdict was rendered by Solomon some time ago, when he remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. Paris and Fifth Avenue agree. The prophets who remained faithful to the elementary principles of the art of Dress are vindicated.

Fifth Avenue and Paris showings are largely in accord on sleeve length, skirt length and colors. Here and there minor variations show the failure of trying to be original when you have nothing vital to offer.

This situation should help dress as an art by doing away with artificially fostered rivalry between France and America. We have much to learn from every creative source, and the sense of humor of the American woman excellently balances the genius of the French for emphasis.

The illustrations chosen for this month's department merge the fashions of the new season with those unchanging principles of art which have no season. The most striking achievement seems to us embodied in the ermine wrap, which is not only sumptuous as most wraps of this kind, but shows an unusual effect of artistic elegance in the lines of the drapery. The introduction of artistic lines in the design of furs is a manifestation over which we rejoice, because in too many instances furs follow conventional and stereotyped forms, whereas, in fact, fur materials may be shaped with as

much originality as the fabrics of a dress.

A further study in drapery as applied to fur is given in the illustration of the squirrel wrap, the folds of which are genuinely artistic.

THE afternoon gown featured does not require comment for material or embroidery. It is interesting, because the lines of the dress add to the natural chic of the figure, and this effect is further enhanced by the straight panels. This type of dress reveals the specific American smartness, to which reference has been made in previous articles.

The long train of the evening gown shown on page 252 mitigates what might be considered an extreme style, and at the same time adds the classical beauty of the Greek line.

The illustrations of the children's models (ages twelve to fourteen) convey the thought which mature styles sometimes lack. Since line is the governing principle of the art of dress, it is important that knowledge of the correct line should be implanted in childhood. If we are to develop a school of good taste in this country, the foundation must be laid with the youngest generation, whose clothes are incarnated with simplicity and restraint which in later life will become chic elegance. The two models were chosen because they illustrated the principle of correct line and are simple without being severe.



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(Continued from page 242)

tions for novelties. Whenever a director found a work which, with his experience of the public taste, he considered worth producing, he should notify the trustees of the fund, who would, upon the performance of his work, pay to the composer a lump sum, say five hundred dollars for a symphony, and two hundred and fifty dollars for a symphonic poem, or for a string quartet, or other large chamber-music work. Due precaution should of course be taken that only performing organizations of recognized standing should be allowed to nominate composers.

SIMPLE as this plan is, it has a number of far-reaching advantages that will appear the more as one meditates its probable working out in practice. First of all, it gets as near the source of lastingly correct judgment of merit—the general public—as it seems in any way possible to get, by calling on the practical, experienced, and non-academic judgment of performing directors, eliciting their co-operation by ministering to their natural desire to find novelties of worth. Similarly, their experience guarantees, as far as possible, the prompt elimination of all that mass of botch-work which always forms such a preliminary impediment in all plans for aiding composition. Thus the chance of finding the really original and vigorous works, of disentangling them from the half-baked stuff on the one hand and from the merely clever reflections of prevailing modes on the other, seems better here than in plans less closely correlated to the play of supply and demand.

The conditions under which

the composer would work would be similarly favorable to the production of his best. His freedom would be complete. He could write anything that it occurred to him to write, finish it without hurry, and revise at leisure. There would be nothing speculative in the transaction, no demoralizing suggestion of big plums being held in reserve to reward big effects. On the contrary, the whole affair would be quite simple and business-like. John Smith would know that if he wrote a quartet for strings that the Flonzaley Quartet, let us say, considered good enough to play, he would receive enough for it to pay for copying score and parts and give him a little return for his time—not very much, but possibly enough to justify him in spending time on another quartet bye and bye. In fact, the money return would be sufficient to help the man with a real vocation for composing to gratify it, to his own happiness and the great benefit of society, and not enough to tempt the bounders and the gamblers to waste their time perpetrating "prize-winners." Isn't that about the effect we want to have on composition, so far as financial matters have any effect at all on artistic production? If Griffes had received a small payment for some of his earlier works, played by the Barrère Ensemble, the Flonzaley Quartet, and other well-known groups, might he not have driven himself a little less in copying the parts of "Kubla Khan"? At any rate, I should like to see such a plan given a fair trial. I am sure it would do less harm, and think it might do far more good, than the prize competitions.

An Amendment

J. A. JUDD,
Publisher ARTS & DECORATION.

Dear Sir—I am quoting from an article published in the July ARTS & DECORATION:

"The powerful landscapist Thomas Hotchkiss owned at Rome the two amazing panels of the Life of Primitive Man, by Piero di Cosimo, which are now the chief attractions of the Metropolitan Museum. They lay for years disregarded in the storage room of the Museum, until a British dealer discovered them and brought about their reluctant exhibition, some twenty years ago."

Now the facts are that these two pictures were purchased at a public sale here in New York by Robert Gordon, at the suggestion of Elihu Vedder, several years prior to my appointment as Curator of the Department of Paintings, and were found by me, with other valuable works, in the storerooms in the basement of the Museum. By my direction, they were removed to my studio for examination, repairs, and restoration. Upon one of Mr. Dowdswell's visits, I

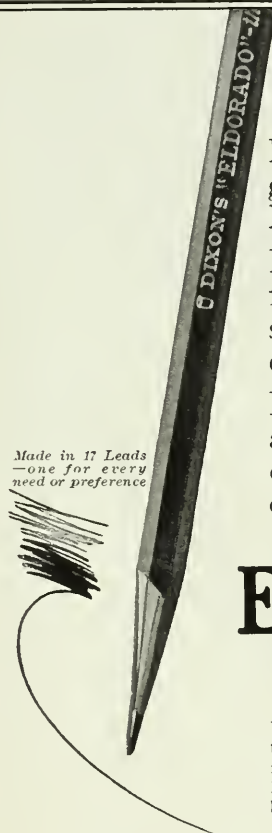
took him in a friendly way into my inner studio and showed him the two Cosimos, which he immediately attributed to Piero di Cosimo. I accepted the attribution, recalling, as I did, the Cosimo in the National Gallery in London.

For the attribution I was indebted to Mr. Dowdswell; for a recognition of the artistic value of the works I was indebted to no one.

It may be of interest to you to know that these panels were finished with a plastic surface, which cracked and peeled off in patches, and during the months which it took to restore them one of the most prominent single figures dropped out and broke into fragments when it struck the floor. It was patched up as well as possible, but finally a whole figure was repainted in its place. Find it who can! When the restorations were complete, the panels were joyfully—not reluctantly—put into the Galleries for exhibition.

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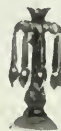
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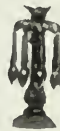
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The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 231)

Homer? How many of us went to see the exhibition of his masterful water colors in the Brooklyn Museum a few years ago? How much, I wonder, of the appreciation which was his due did he receive? This is, of course, often the fate of an artist. But abroad, at least, if an artist is admired, he is made much of; his efforts are recognized by the State, and he himself is treated like a serious member of society. After all, a producer needs an audience. No matter how great the flame nor how uncontrollable the desire for expression, he must be heard or given the chance to show what he can do. It is not necessary that he receive applause or win laurels. Of course it is pleasant to win, but to win purely for the sake of winning is nothing. Artists produce pot-boilers as a result of the desire to win. College athletics become professionalized; in business we resort to a sacrifice of morals; in politics to a misuse of public funds. Success is not the only sign of achievement.

IT is about time that the ridiculous myth which has grown up about artists, believed not only by the "bourgeoisie" but by almost every one, this myth of the artist's outrageous behavior, his "temperament" (horrible word) and his laziness—it is about time that the falsity of this myth should be recognized. The same indiscretions take place among artists as among laborers, business men, shop keepers and men in all walks of life. When these indiscretions appear in the artistic world, they are made more public, and they are heralded with joy by the people who love to say "I told you so." Unfortunately some freaks calling themselves artists, but who are merely in search of notoriety, are doing much to encourage this false idea in the minds of the public.

You cannot lead an idle life if you are going to be an artist, otherwise there would be a surfeit of geniuses! If an artist's scope is not big, his art will not be big, and for that he must be educated as a human being as well as a technician. His hours are less regular than a business man's, but that does not mean that he works less hours. I am now speaking of the great artist, for I have no sympathy with those men who refuse to educate themselves along broad lines, or with those men who are afraid to work with a master because they may lose their "individuality." Such "individuality" is far better lost. The more an artist knows and the better he knows it, the greater artist he will be—unless he is a "mutt," and then it doesn't matter any way.

It would seem that the study of the beautiful, the cultivation of higher attributes combined with

the joy in sight, which is part of an artist's life, should bring out fine traits instead of ugly ones.

At the age of sixty-eight, La Farge, in speaking at the Chicago Institute of Art to an audience of young artists, said: "Notwithstanding my great age, I am still a student."

In the last half of the last century appeared the Hals influence. The modern idea of laying on paint was changed by a study of the great Dutchman's ideas. The French school, which up to this moment presented all details, was soon to be revolutionized by an American. Sargent came on the scene, and instead of painting details, painted the impression of what he saw. The admiration of Hals changed the microscopic way of looking at things. It is of real importance to notice that it was for an American to apply the lesson taught by the Dutchman, and to add to it his own interpretation. I have heard many of the younger artists of today scoff at Sargent. It is rather the fashion among a certain crowd. I have heard the same men admire a Lucien Simon, and rightly so; but if it had not been for Sargent, would the eyes of the Frenchman ever have been opened? Sargent renders on the canvas the generalization of his subject, just as O'Connor renders it in sculpture.

In other countries, very briefly, this is what was taking place. It was a great moment in France, historically and politically, and in consequence it was a great moment for the arts in France. David and his distinguished pupil Ingres were the last exponents of the Academicians. Delaroche and Laurens might be called their followers. There were many painters in France at that time, many good painters and a few great ones. Corot had as antecedents the Florentine landscapists; Baudry's decorative work had elegance; Meissonier's was the microscopic manner of looking at life. Benjamin Constant's portraits were characterized by vigorous brush work.

THEN came in a new school. It was brought into being by men who were above all interested in feeling and in light. Corot himself was part of it. Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz, Millet, all went out into the open air for their interpretation.

The realist movement was headed by Courbet, one of the greatest modern artists France has produced. He was at first spurned by his contemporaries, his early work rejected at the Salon, the very place in which he was later to be received with tremendous applause. The energy of his line and color is in his later-day work particularly fine, for he always seems to fill his canvas, and to fill it with

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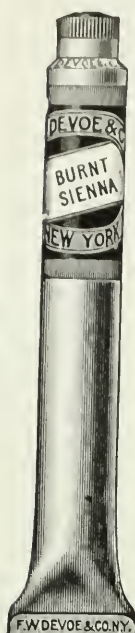
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eloquence not a spot is left unfilled. I remember with great joy the heroic quality of some of his pictures. He is never caressing in his art, but always approaches his subject with a certain majesty. I think that he and Winslow Homer possess some of the same attributes, different as they are in superficial matters.

Manet carried Courbet's realism a step farther. His love of form, color and design, considered at first rather outrageous by the public, were the very characteristics which were to mark him great. But it was Sargent, we must remember, who had first applied the lesson learned from Hals.

Monet had a tremendous vogue in this country. Childe Hassam, his most assiduous American follower, still asserts his own point of view. Hassam remembers his master just so long as he has anything to learn from him.

The chemical make-up of Puyvis de Chavannes necessitates his being an outstanding figure. There are certain unforgettable paintings in the world, and one of these in its simplicity and significance is surely Sainte-Généviève in the Pantheon.

BESNARD is as remarkable in his easel pictures as in his decorations; his forceful personality has marked itself on most of the best works in France today.

The Impressionists in France were strong painters. We learned many valuable lessons from them. There are cases where our men were not sufficiently inspired to do more than copy what they saw in their masters, but in many instances they carried on and developed the suggestions of the French school, interpreting their own thoughts in their own way.

Twachtman, Robinson, Redfield, Lavson, Davies and others have left their individuality on art as distinctly as have Renoir, Degas, Cézanne and Gauguin.

In England, Gainsborough and Reynolds had been the fathers of our portrait painters. It is unnecessary to talk of these men; they are as well known in this country as in their own, and deservedly so, for in their particular style they expressed the superficiality of the day which was as important as the expression of anything true at its time. Wilson, Turner, Constable and Ruysdael were now to put their mark on the art of painting, and they did it with great skill, to which was added a clear vision. The Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti school never had much following outside of England. After this, quantity superseded quality. Today Augustus E. John is a conspicuous figure.

Spain and Goya are linked. And to us Spain has a big significance. For it was Goya who, carrying down the Velasquez influence, brought into being Whistler. Goya is a genius, as great perhaps as any other in modern times. Our own realists, Henri & Co., have attested to this fact. Some of them are

bringing into being with great success little Goyas, who more often take after their American mothers than after their virile father. Others are following the Hals, Sargent, Manet influences and have added to them themselves. Goya, in his strength, makes us feel happiness; in his fantastic whimsical appeal, we recognize his great versatility. He combined force with humor, sincerity with subtlety, imagination with passion.

It was Fortuny who did in Spain what the microscopic painters did in France. Today there are Zuloaga and Sorolla, the former looking at life tragically, broadly, often majestically, the latter living sunlight, the sparkle of water and of flowers, giving us a smile.

Is there any particularly noticeable characteristic existing in all the arts of America? It seems to me that above all other things we express austerity. It is our groundwork. We do not like to think this is the case because we are often ashamed of this Puritan point of view. Strictness and rigidity combined with a large amount of uprightness, a severe simplicity—and power are its ingredients. The faults we hate the most are our own. The weaknesses that go with the virtues of austerity are lack of subtlety, of imagination, and largely of passion. Why not face our faults? We express what we are. How can we tack on to ourselves the things that we naturally do not possess? I remember in Japan seeing, years ago, men walking in the streets who wore Japanese clothes, but who also wore derby hats. The effect was ludicrous, but they themselves were unconscious of the ridiculous aspect they presented.

Of course, our artists have not all been austere. I am speaking now in a general way of certain traits which seem to me to stand out noticeably in all branches of America's art. Saint-Gaudens had austerity in sculpture. French, Adams, Bartlett and Fraser have it, as have many others. MacMonnies and Manship are exceptions who possessed it. In painting, who to a greater extent than Homer, Sargent and Whistler?

AT certain periods in the history of an art, an individual appears who leaves no school to carry on his thought, but whose personality influences the entire trend of art. Even in this barren land, on a soil unproductive, amid unresponsive surroundings, another man was to appear—a seer, a dreamer, a genius—a man to carry on the vision. This man was James McNeill Whistler.

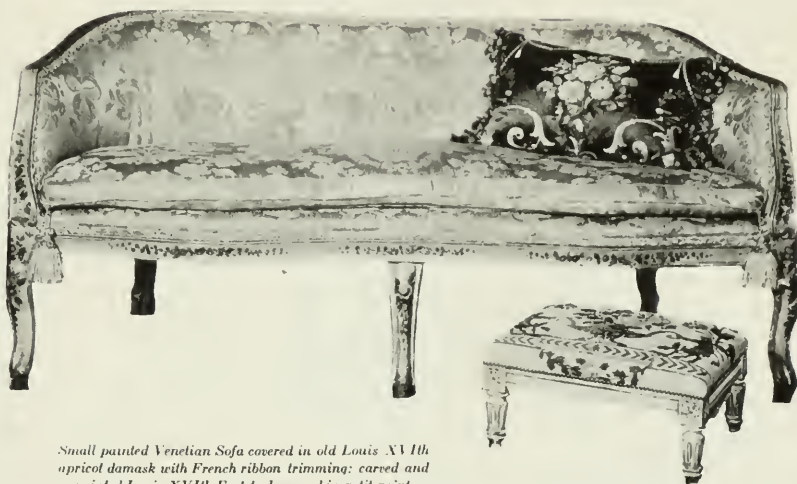
Endless words have been written about Whistler, about his wit, about his art, about his personality, all of which have been extolled. That he lived in a world of his own, that his impressions combined with his uses of Japanese art are startling to the point of impossibility, all this is widely known.

(To be concluded)

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Diaghilevism

(Continued from page 248)

mean, of course, the revival of Mr. Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" at the Lyric in Hammersmith—the Lyric which once housed the perennial "Abraham Lincoln." The visual appeal—Diaghilevism is based fundamentally on visual appeal—is no less responsible for the extraordinary triumph of "The Beggar's Opera" than the delightful musical reconstruction made by Frederick Lewis, or the adequate and inspired conducting by Eugene Goossens. The costumes and scenery are the work of C. Lovat Fraser. They are not so much costly as extremely effective in a posterous way. "The Beggar's Opera" ought to please London's Diaghileviki—if we could call these aesthetic enthusiasts just that!—as much as the production at Covent Garden, one of the last of which has been Stravinsky's ballet, the "Chant du Rossignol."

Nor does Diaghilev's influence stop there. The feature of a recent program at the London Coliseum was a strange pantomime called "Le Bœuf sur le toit," or, in English, "The Nothing Doing Bar." This proved to be, as the composer of the music, Darius Milhaud, suggested to me, a sort of counter-revolution against Diaghilevism. Instead of synchronization of pantomime and music, M. Milhaud wrote lively music to accompany the almost mollusc-like movements of his mimes. All the characters wore large artificial heads, and the so-called American bar—nothing could have been less deliberately American—and furniture were so proportioned that the actors seemed very small in proportion. The whole thing—the lively music that suggested South America rather than North—the wonderfully expressive masks created by the French artist, Dufy, the cool coloring, the great empty yet varied faces, the contrast between the satirical music and the slow and meaningless movements—all of it might be taken either as a satire upon the Diaghilev method, or a real and significant derivation from it—a counter attack upon our sensibilities—which succeeded in getting itself talked about.

These various manifestations in the arts do not by any means exhaust the spheres of influence of that quiet, subtle far-seeing Diaghilev. Machiavellian master of publicity, diplomat, politician, possessor of the secret of getting artists to work together instead of destructively criticizing the work of each other, he may be dismissed by the aesthetes and the Academicians as a "mere business man." To the rest of us, who can occasionally discover in some famous artists the very incarnation of the business man, and in certain business men the true spirit of the artist—we others know that for this miserable, after-the-war theatre in England Diaghilev is the most hopeful sign.



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ALTHOUGH a perfected chronology, ranging from 275 to 610 A.D., has at last been deciphered, so that any specimen within this period may be incontestably dated, no key to the written language having been discovered, it is still unsettled whether or not the ancient Mayan civilization of Central America has any connection with the Lost Tribes of Israel, with the Javanese, with the ancient Egyptians or Assyrians or with the inhabitants of South India. The probabilities are that this ancient Central American race was deeply versed in astronomy or astrology.

Those who have studied the archaeological remains in the region about Honduras, Guatemala and Yucatan believe that here was the seat of one of the greatest civilizations the world has seen, active in the monumental arts, suddenly declining, for an unknown reason, in its Golden Age.

There was recently an exhibition of Maya sculpture in London, and the Carnegie Institute of Washington has just published a highly interesting report on its investigations of the last ten years, conducted latterly by Sylvanus Griswold Morley.

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Some Unusual Shop Windows

(Continued from page 232)

great sheet of glass, so clear, so bright, apparently so frail and yet so strong. And the wares displayed in this first plate glass show window must have seemed glorified to men and women who were accustomed to examining goods in a dingy and half-lighted shop, so that competing merchants must have seen the necessity of at once putting plate glass in their shop fronts, too.

But when everybody had fine plate glass show windows there was no longer any particular advantage in having one, although some years ago the man who did not use plate glass would have been considered as such a back number as to be negligible. The same thing was true of signs. Our colonial ancestors endeavored to attract custom by curious devices and catchy names; the tea rooms are trying the same thing today. Then came along some enterprising merchant and erected a huge attention-attracting billboard; and his neighbor promptly put up a bigger one, until our streets attained their present condition, plastered so with painted signboards that the best way to attract attention is to put up no sign at all. Tiffany has no sign; neither has Altman.

To go so far as these London shop fronts is perhaps not possible for all classes of trade; yet for many people they would be vast improvements over the more expensive common type, and the increased charm of our streets, were they to be lined with shops like these, cannot well be estimated.

London Doorways

(Continued from page 233)

tries, the difference in time became markedly less, so that the Italian architecture of 1770, the French of Louis XVI., the English Georgian and the late American Colonial were nearly contemporaneous, and in scale and proportion generally similar, although the ornament of each country retained its racial characteristics.

The doorways illustrated are all of the late Georgian period, some the work of the brothers Adam, the greatest of the English decorator-architects, and differ very slightly from the American work of a few years later. Indeed, we can well imagine our own Samuel McIntyre as having been the designer of the doors which were actually executed by the brothers Adam. The work of McIntyre and the Adams is a remarkably close parallel in many respects, and while I have no evidence that McIntyre was a pupil or influenced by the work of his English contemporaries, if this were not the case, we have a very remarkable instance of parallel development.

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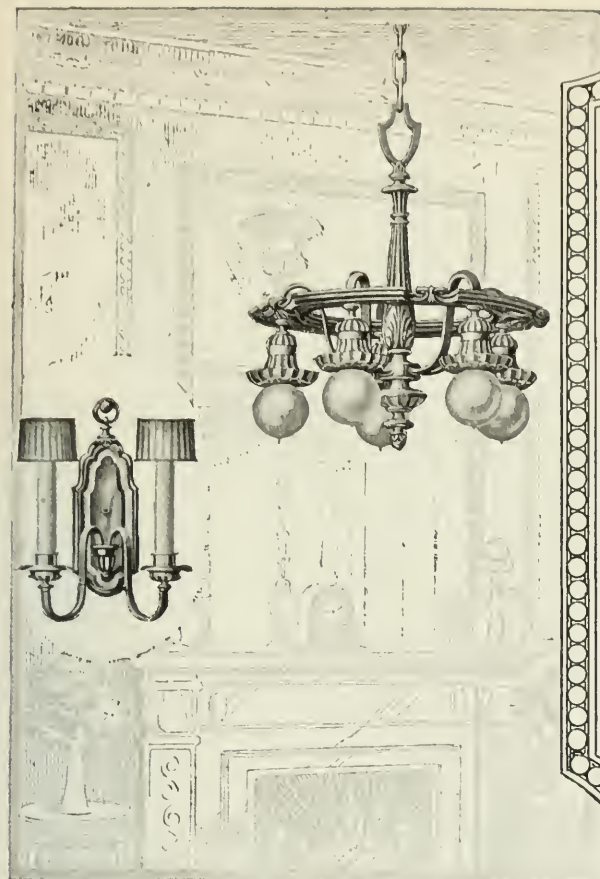
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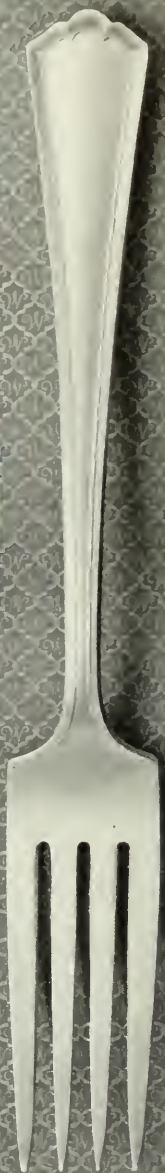
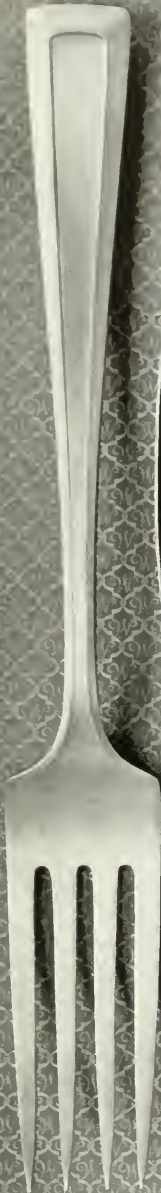


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OCTOBER, 1920

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ARTS & DECORATION

A Magazine of the Fine and Industrial Arts

ARCHITECTURE · SCULPTURE · MUSIC · PAINTING
DRAMA · INTERIOR DECORATION

VOLUME XIII



NUMBER 5

October, 1920

Censorship for Public Memorials

THE EDITOR

THE war has brought censorship into the limelight, given it a definite place in lives where before the war it had either no place or so little as to have entirely escaped the casual inspections which are those of the majority.

The politician wears a public masque in this country and in every country. That is not to say that the politician has a contempt for the public. He does not consider his masque a trick of deceit. He considers it an expedient of necessity. This refers, of course, to the acute politician who will compromise the semblance of intelligence in order to place the real intelligence or the reality in a position where it can be of greater value to his constituents, in a place, that is, of authority. His employment of it there does not cease—indeed, it cannot, for the lifting of the masque has, as an inevitable result, the cessation of authority. Especially is this true of a republican form of government, which, at least theoretically, is a government moved into action by the will of the majority. And that is to say a form of government actuated by the will of the mediocrity.

NOW whether the will of the mediocrity, which we shall assume to be the one of the least intelligence in any country, is actually carried out by the servants elected for that purpose or whether it is not carried out, matters very little here. The acute politician does reverence to the will of the majority, which is to say the traditions of the majority, for these two, will and tradition, in any mediocrity or in any majority are interchangeable. The majority absorbs, it cannot invent. In all such important things as religion, politics and society it can in each generation but slightly and with tremendous sluggishness enlarge the scope and the contour of its traditions. These are its life. They are its code, and represent, also, while representing its vision, its limitations and its prejudices. To them the acute politician must do reverence. Before them he must assume the proper air of servility—of servility and love. The acute politician will always remember the reception given every new form by the majority, every new form whether it is a Darwin theory of evolution or a Fulton steamboat.

It is of the nature of things that this constant bowing to common traditions should mold the character of even the most acute

politician, impose limitations upon his vision and warp his procedure, make a mechanism out of a man. Indeed, it often happens that the most acute politician becomes himself a prey to his real or assumed reverence for the tradition of his constituents. His contact with them is never real, is never in any sense intimate. His masque forbids that or frustrates it. It is the masque of blandness. It is built to reach the greatest number of people and therefore can never reach the particular person, can never come into contact with those vagaries generally subconscious, which burn in a tiny or large flame beneath the traditional veneer of every man, a revolutionary spark, it is, which contributes to progress or admits it.

This means that while he meets the traditions constantly he never meets the man, the man under them, the man who has been happy or has suffered outside one or more of his traditions and has doubted, the unrest in the man, or, as Max Stirner would have said, the person and not the ghost, for the traditional veneer, or the formal crust, which is wherein every man resembles his neighbor, can never be said to be the man, or if man is just this formalized generality, then the person. There is no need here to go into the governmental or public aspects of Stirner's argument, for, besides having certain colors of sedition, it is an old argument.

The important thing to convey here is that the politician does not attempt to face a number of disorganized or dissociated individuals, free agents; he faces no real person. He merely attempts to face a traditional fabric of ideas which he knows as the public, and which is a large crystallite formed of a multiplicity of units made in exactly its contour and color. A still more important fact, though this one be of no use without the other, is that the training of the acute or of any politician aims toward the continuance of that same shape and of that same color. Indeed, to take either of these away from the public would be to take away the politician's bread and butter or that glory—glory from the optimistic point of view—though it may at times seem so shoddily cheap, which is the light and the happiness in his life.

HE is, anyway, a protector and furtherer of traditional saws. No one knows better the kind of pathos, the kind of sentiment, the type

of appeal and phraseology, except possibly the Dr. Cranes of this world, which will most readily move the public pulse or heart. When that heart is really touched or when it is intimately touched, it becomes something else, something which no political bromides can affect. For when that heart is intimately touched it will not stop at rebellion against the Government; it will go further; it will stop at rebellion against nothing short of God.

The world before the war is not the world of today—it is a world open to a great many things which had never existed for it.

Now the censorship of its newspapers which America has known since its entry into the war has affected the public very little, for the public cannot read and think at one and the same time; it cannot, in other words, manage two efforts at one and the same time. It has known how to see for a much longer time than it has known how to read. It will understand its monuments much faster than its editorials or its governmental proclamations. It will be inspired or left cold by the one. It will be dazed by the other. That part of its heart which has been touched by the war—the part which lies dormant in the face of society—is that small part of man which makes him a person, which gives him a personality, an ego, the part of the man which is developed in proportion to the development of his intellect and to that which accrues from his intuitional experience. He has had some experience in war. He cannot be told in political memorials bearing a conscious or unconscious censorship that war is a glorious thing alone, for he knows that war is also a sordid thing. He knows that for every pound of bronze medals there are a million pounds of mire. For every blaze of honor there is a flow of blood.

AND he will not very readily accept that conventional war memorial which is built for his good in accordance with the conventions of politicians who do not understand him. He will question the logic of memorials which show, as do two at least of these recently completed, American soldiers rushing into combat waving their hats instead of their bayonets. He may, at one time, have thought that war was a holiday. He no longer thinks so. He may be befuddled by literary rhetoric. Pictorial rhetoric will have no such effect upon him. While he may not have reached that

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Art Collecting as an Investment

Value Increases Are Enormous If One Selects Wisely

By WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

SOME years ago an Englishman, whose identity has not come down to us in connection with this anecdote, found himself taking an uninteresting walk in an uninteresting countryside in the north of England. He chanced upon a cottage where an auction was going on, and to relieve his boredom he stopped to look on at the sale. Presently he found himself the successful bidder for a "lot" consisting of a little picture in an oval frame, two books and a fan, seven shillings being the cost of his experience. The two books and the fan pass into obscurity, but so many of his friends admired the little picture in the oval frame that the man took it to a dealer in such things and asked him if he would care to buy it. There was some bargaining and finally the dealer offered £50 for the picture, and got it. The next time there was a known financial transaction over that little picture, George J. Gould paid a London art dealer \$15,000 for it. The picture proved to be a very famous miniature by Cosway. And only a few years ago Mr. Gould refused an offer, from the son of the London dealer who had sold him the ivory portrait,

York home, his enthusiasm led him to unpack the cases himself. He found the pieces wrapped up in sheets of Japanese paper, each one of which had a colored picture printed on it. He did not know what they were, but so keen was his interest in everything Japanese that he smoothed out each sheet and piled them on a nearby table until he had leisure from his more definite art objects to study them. But the point is that he recognized their charm instinctively and kept them. Thus was formed the first collection of Ukiyo prints known to this country. But

tion of art objects in this city, twenty-five years ago, the attendants in the gallery where the collection was shown noticed an unfamiliar and not very well dressed man spending a considerable time each day in front of Corot's "Lake Nemi," one of the pictures in the collection. On making inquiries they found he was a well-to-do plumber, wholly unknown in the picture-buying world. It appeared later that he told his family he intended to buy the painting if possible and there was a fine family row over the matter. But he stuck to his plan and on the night the canvas came up for sale it was knocked down to him for \$14,000. As long as he lived his family never forgave him for his extravagance. But they were forced to change their opinion of his action later. For when the painting was sold after his death it brought \$85,000. No single investment of this man's lifetime ever brought him so large a profit.

The speculative value of modern French paintings furnishes many romantic episodes of recent years and some that approach the starkly tragic. Nothing in this last vein could be more illuminating than the story of Edgar Degas and his painting, called "Dancers at the Bar." When he was seventy-eight years



Velasquez's portrait of King Philip IV of Spain

of \$25,000 for it. The history of the commercial side of art has no more perfect, if unconscious, example of the speculative value of collecting.

When Russell Sturgis, the distinguished architect and writer, first went to Japan he fell in love with the art objects of that land and bought a varied collection of them. That was long before Japanese art was familiar to this country. On the arrival of the packing cases containing his purchases in his New



Holbein's portrait of Margaret Wyeth

prints of this school, now so famous, grew slowly in appreciation here. It is not more than twenty years since, at the sale of a dealer's art collections of various kinds, the auctioneer had to offer two of these prints together to get a bid of a dollar to start them. The writer of this account has two such prints of ineffable beauty that he bought for five dollars a little later. Yet at the sale of the Arthur Davison Fitch collection of Japanese prints in this city last February, "The Evening Promenade" by Toyonobu brought \$2,400.

These two illustrations out of many plucked from memories and records of art talks and art sales going back a score of years give rise to the question if there is anything a man can buy judiciously that brings him such large returns as art objects of real merit? Sometimes this kind of buying is the result of the buyer having a genuine *flair* for the right thing. Again it is the result of being well advised by a dealer. I have seen artists of distinction with a rich reputation for fine taste buy the most appalling and, as it proved, worthless art junk. And I have seen a plumber buy a superb Corot, with nothing but his instinct to guide him, that enriched his estate by many thousands of dollars when his property came to be sold after his death. The tale of that purchase is another definite answer to the query I have raised as to the profit there comes from buying art objects judiciously.

During the exhibition of a famous collec-



The Shepherdess, by Jean François Millet

old that picture was sold (in the Henri Rouart sale in Paris, in 1912) for \$87,000. And when he was told of the event, he remarked with grim irony, "And I sold it for 500 francs!" But that was long before collectors with real taste came to see the superb beauty of his pictures.

Miller's hardships in his lifetime over his inability to sell his paintings are one of the most familiar of contemporary artists' stories. Yet what could be more striking as evidence of the growth of appreciation of his works in this country and of their enormous rise in value than the episode of the "Shepherdess."

owned in her lifetime by Mrs. Warren of Boston? In 1889 Knoedler & Co. sold the canvas to her for \$800. When her collection was sold, after her death in 1903, the same firm bought it back and paid \$24,500 for it.

Renoir is another of the French moderns whose canvases show that the speculative value of art works of real merit is as solid as "gilt-edged" bonds. He sold his picture called "Le Pont-Neuf" in 1872 for 300 francs. In the last quarter of 1919 the picture brought 100,000 francs in Paris. Two of his paintings were last sold at auction in this city in January, 1920, for \$27,000 and \$28,000 each.

A generation ago, a Frenchman came here with some of Corot's pictures and tried to sell them among the dealers, with tragic unsuccess. One small art dealer finally bought two of them for \$500. He lost one of them, but sold the other eventually for \$1,200. Yet at the sale of the Emerson McMillan collection in 1913, Corot's "Orpheus and Eurydice," which cost that amateur \$21,500, brought \$75,200.

Have art objects a speculative value? Read this tale of Millet's "The Woman With the Lamp," now in the Henry C. Frick collection: Durand-Ruel originally bought it for \$300, sold it for \$500, and bought it back a couple of years later for \$10,000. After three successive sales that firm bought the canvas back each time at the rising prices of \$20,000, \$40,000, and \$60,000. Each time they made a profit on it from the sale of the picture, as did the three respective owners. And when it was sold for the last time in Holland it brought \$150,000. If Mr. Frick's executors could sell and cared to sell this exquisitely tender picture of maternal care there is no imagining what it would bring at private or public sale!

Nor do modern French art objects alone thus appreciate in value. In 1898 Agnew & Sons of London bought the famous Fragonard panels at auction for \$350,000. As is well known, the Agnews sold them to the late J. Pierpont Morgan. When they eventually passed into the possession of Henry C. Frick, the price he paid for them was stated to be

\$1,250,000. It may well be doubted if any of Mr. Morgan's securities showed so great an increase in value as did these fourteen panels.

Sculptures and Oriental carpets vie with other art objects in speculative value. Out of the profit he made from the sale of a rare equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, George Gray Barnard began his unique museum, "The Cloisters," on Washington Heights, New York City, that is a treasure house of Gothic

abroad during the war and since peace was declared in Western Europe. It was generally expected that art objects would decline in value as a result of the war, but the reverse has been the case. In July a portrait by Reynolds was sold in London for 10,800 guineas (normally \$54,000). In 1881 this same canvas brought only 620 guineas. At the same sale a Raeburn went for 20,000 guineas. A quarter of a century ago it was sold for 3,000 guineas. Last May, at a London sale, a portrait by

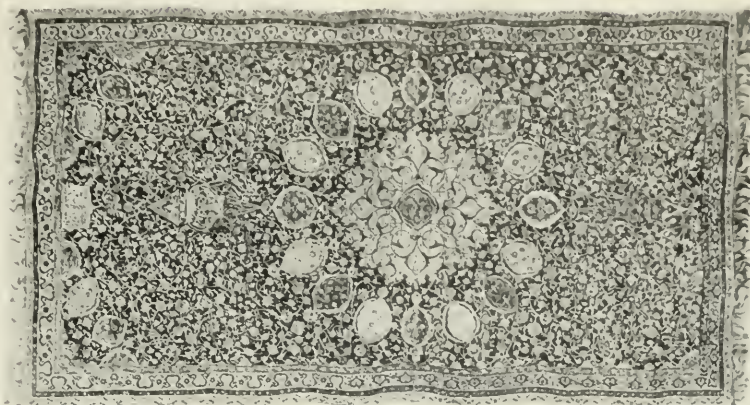
Romney, for which he received 140 guineas in 1786, was sold for 27,000 guineas (normally \$135,000). In November, 1919, Romney's portrait of the Misses Bickford, for which he was paid the equivalent of \$525, was bought for \$273,000 and brought to this country. This price topped the figure of \$206,850 paid in 1913 for Romney's portrait of "Anne, Lady de la Pole." Before that, the record price for one of his canvases had been \$55,125, that was established in 1902.

In the field of American pictorial art there is the same assurance of monetary

appreciation, given what Henry James called "the real right thing." The figure of \$75,000 paid by Henry C. Frick for a Washington portrait by Gilbert Stuart is a proof of this. Also is the price paid last summer by a New England collector of \$33,000 for Winslow Homer's "Coast in Winter." In 1899, at the sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection, this Homer sold for \$2,625, having been purchased by Chauncey J. Blair of Chicago. And the tragedy of Blakelock's "Moonlight" is only another illustration of the certitude of judicious art investments turning to a good profit. Catholina Lambert, of Paterson, N. J., was reported to have paid less than \$1,000 for the canvas. When it was sold at the dispersal of his collection in 1916, it brought \$20,000. Yet when Inness's "Grey Lowery Day" brought \$10,150 at the Clarke sale in 1899, that figure for an American painting was considered truly extraordinary. Within the past year Inness's canvases have been sold at prices reported as high as \$45,000.

It is natural that the "old masters" of

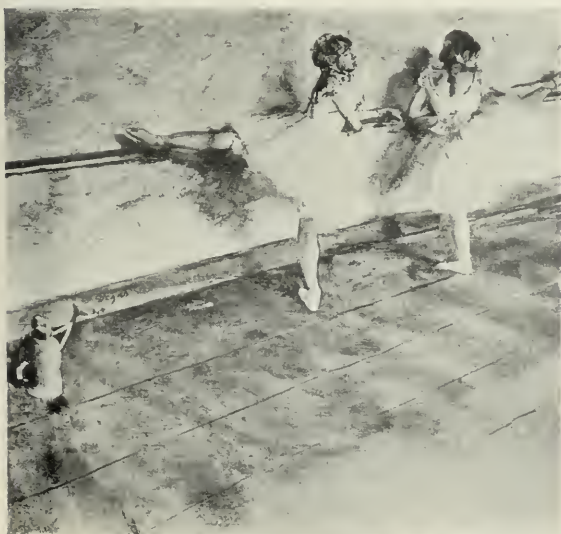
(Continued on page 356)



The Ardebil rug, now owned by the Duveens

art. Henry P. Davidson, of J. P. Morgan Co., is reported to have paid \$170,000 for the bronze statue by Houdon called "La Fri-leuse," a price that has no parallel for a work of sculpture in this country. At the sale of the Yerkes collection in 1910, the famous Ardebil silk carpet brought \$25,000. In 1919, this same superb example of the rug-maker's art was sold in the De la Mar collection for the enormous figure of \$57,000. Possessors of fine rugs and carpets from the Near East to-day have treasures never likely to be approached again for quality, and their intrinsic value must mount to large figures within the next few years, for Turkish and Russian massacres have almost eliminated the rug workers of the Near East and it is doubtful if coming generations can be trained to approach the craftsmanship of their forbears. There is no element of chance in the future appreciation of fine Oriental rugs and carpets. It is a certainty.

Evidence is also to be had of the soundness of the monetary importance of art works in the course of the market for these things



Dancers at the Bar, by Degas



Lake Nemi, by Jean Baptiste Corot

The Musician's Chiaroscuro

Values and Planes in Tonal Art

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ANALOGIES between the arts are proverbially dangerous, apt to mislead; but they also fascinate by their frequent illumination of dark places from unexpected angles. Why, for example, is the even division of a space, as in a landscape where the horizon line comes exactly midway between the top and bottom of a picture, inferior to the uneven division obtained by putting it either higher or lower?

Why, in a melody like "Yankee Doodle," is the precisely even subdivision of the time into equal notes felt to be so flat and stale in comparison with an uneven division into long and short notes, as in "Dixie"?

Have the two phenomena, apparently so disparate, any hidden psychological connection? It is at least worthy of note that in both cases we find a difficulty in holding together the precisely equal elements: the picture tends to break into two pictures, the tune falls apart into notes. On the other hand, the unequal elements more easily cohere. The unevenness of the spaces in the picture helps the mind to pick out one as the more important (not necessarily the larger—apparently it is always the lower portion that is so chosen) and to treat the other as pendant to it, so to speak.

And in melodies the ancillary character of the short notes is quite clear; they are like trains of servants to those important personages, the long notes. Both in vision and audition, then, divided attention is unpleasant and wasteful; we naturally deal most easily with what we can handle as principal and secondary, nucleus and fringe; subordination facilitates synthesis.

This is indeed so obvious, and the supreme importance of synthesis in all art, as the only way of dealing economically with rich material, is so evident, that it would hardly be worth while to call attention to the whole matter, were not the terminology of subordination in music strangely and seriously defective. While the necessity for subordination is quite as imperative in music as in painting, for example, our means of describing it are, in comparison, laughably meagre, loose, and empirical.

A PAINTER has his "chiaroscuro," his "perspective," his "values," "nuances," and "tones"; he has definite terms for at least three planes in his picture, background, middle distance, and foreground.

A composer, on the contrary, can only write "cantabile," "cantando," or "espressivo" over a melody he wishes to have come out, or "sotto voce" over one he wishes to have go back—both highly vague expressions; the French have, in addition, the useful phrase "en dehors," and Mr. Percy Grainger writes "clarinet come out." M. Vincent d'Indy uses the terms "fond" ("foundation" or "background") and "personnages" respectively for the accompaniment and solo parts in a piece of orchestration, obviously by an analogy with painting.

But how meagre and inexact, when all is said, are all of these terms together; how inadequate to describe relationships of the utmost subtlety, subordinations as meticulous as those of Chinese caste, such as we actually use in our music every day!

How sadly the vocabulary needs enrich-

ment! For though indeed no nomenclature can make the dull perceptive, it can at least focus their flickering perceptions; a name is the first step toward dealing with a thing; and what we ignore conceptually we are apt to bungle; even in our purely instinctive uses, or at least to fall short of using as we might. Perhaps if we could talk about subordination we should less ignore it; our notion of "technique" might become less crudely physical, more subtly mental; "interpretation" might less frequently turn out obfuscation; we might have more composers, fewer juxtaposers.

Tonal Light and Shade

TAKE, for example, the matter of dynamic gradation, mere loud and soft, the most fundamental and universally recognized scale of value music uses. Here, at least, we might think, accurate directions would be available. Yet what do we find? The spartan "forte" and "piano" with which Bach and Handel contented themselves have, it is true, been split and multiplied into "fortissimo," "pianissimo," "mezzo forte," "mezzo piano," and the like; but these, having no clear relativity of meaning, make confusion only worse confounded.

Precisely what does Tschaiakowsky mean by the four P's in a row at the end of the Symphonic Pathétique? How much more salient would a part bearing only three of them be? How much more subordinated one bearing five? For, we must never forget, the significant matter is always the relative, not the absolute, values, the salience and subordination of the elements. And no number of P's, were they enough to fill a pod or a basket, will tell me the precise relation between this voice and another, this note and that, which is alone what I want to know.

In Chopin's later years, when long illness had sapped his strength, he was physically unable to produce a fortissimo. Yet, we read, so perfect was his control of the shades within his power, so subtle his command of gradation, that he was able, reducing the whole scale of his dynamics, still to produce the effect of a fortissimo with what was actually, shall we say, a mezzo forte or a forte.

Very well, then, the effect of a fortissimo is a fortissimo, artistically speaking. The actual loudness is a matter of indifference to us. What interests us, what we wish our terminology to describe, is the relation of the values, the hierarchy of relative salience and subordination.

Music, like painting, is a series of planes or values, a background, a middle distance, and a foreground. If we could number these planes we should have a rough but perhaps rather serviceable description of what is essential. Chopin's twenty-first Prelude has an unusual distinctness of planes: the foreground is the melody of the right hand; the background is the base; the middle distance, blurred, mysterious, and gray as a Corot, is the accompanying scraps of subordinate melody of the left hand. Confuse any two of these planes, equalize the values of any two, and you ruin the chiaroscuro of the piece.

Rhythmic Light and Shade

THE adjustment of rhythmic values is almost more subtle than that of dynamic light and shade, and perhaps even more vital, too, since rhythm gives music its most essen-

tial profile. Such rhythmic adjustments are achieved in part, of course, through dynamics, in so far, that is, as they depend on accent; but the subtler aspect of them is that of the allotment of time.

The more important notes of a phrase receive more time, at the expense of the less important ones, just as in speech we dwell upon the important words. This immensely important adjustment of values, however, perhaps the most important, for the purposes of expression, with which the interpretative artist has to deal, is so entirely left to musical instinct that we can hardly talk about it, for lack of terms. Such terms and signs as we have to indicate dwelling on a note, the *fermata* and the *tenuto* line, for instance, are for massive detached effects, which have no more relation to the constant but infinitely slight modification of values that make rhythms significant than shouts or ejaculations have to eloquent speech.

Indeed, so totally traditional and instinctive are these adjustments, so unreflected in the written lore of the art, that most audiences will swallow whole, from a cellist stupidly distorted, unintelligible phrases the like of which in a recitation would reduce them to laughter, and one may even hear a skilful pianist, well-trained on at least the mechanical side of his art, gravely advance the theory that because the "rain-drops" in Chopin's Prelude are all eighth notes they must all be of precisely the same duration. . . . As if one were to say that because words are all printed in letters of the same height, the "of's" and the "the's" were to receive as much of our attention as the nouns and verbs. There is democratic equality for you with a vengeance.

BUT the aristocratic distinction and beauty which are the highest qualities of piano playing come from just the opposite process—from a subordination as rigorous as that of feudal society, though more intelligent, a subordination that assigns each note its true place and prominence in the society of the phrase.

To hear Mr. Gabrilowitsch play the first ten notes of the slow movement of the Mozart D minor Concerto is enough to prove to anyone with ears for gradations the supreme importance of such subordination. Not that the pianist is necessarily conscious of it; indeed, such moulding of the phrase is one of the most deeply instinctive of all musical acts; and our plea for a more adequate terminology is not based on the notion that it would automatically turn the lubbers into artists, but only on the hope that it would direct their attention to quarters where their instincts needed cultivation. None the less it is true, however, that science in its laborious, intellectual way, might arrive at a formulation of what Mr. Gabrilowitsch does (not of how he does it) when he plays this meltingly beautiful phrase.

Science would measure the dynamic force and the deviation from standard time value of each of those ten notes, and plot down for us their scheme of subordination. And without danger of being too drily scientific, we may venture the specific suggestion that the difference between Mr. Gabrilowitsch's exquisite delivery and on the one hand the perfunctory matter-of-factness of the average performance, and on the other the sentimentality

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The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

American Music and Musicians

By GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

STORMS antecede big movements in art. A vast tempest has been raging in the world. Some think the struggle is over, but we are now, it seems to me, in the storm center. Later, the gods alone know when, far from the gloom of wars and the rumors of bad times, among hopes arising from struggle and knowledge, will come our moment to speak sublimely. We have already spoken, we have already many works to our credit, but we have still much to say, for the realities of life are becoming to us more than ever poignant things, we have pushed ourselves through the passage-way of isolation into the open air of world interest. We sense power, manifold possibilities, new outlooks. We are beginning to have a grasp of the fields beyond our own.

There have been in American art spiritually free men, and such men are part of our progress. To be rid of the habit of hiding behind platitudes, to have prejudice swept away, a ban put on sentimentality, timidity removed in the face of art—this will mean the Golden Age for us.

Some men have lived who dug out of the soil of this country. In architecture there are fairy-like buildings, buildings majestic too, full of imagination, skillful in construction, having nothing in common with the world of the past. Artists have appeared whose treatment of old subjects was strongly personal.

Sullivan was the first to make the sky-scraper an artistic work. He embellished it with handsome detail. The Condit Building in New York established the principle in the east. In this building Sullivan insists on the perpendicular and never seeks to suppress it by superimposed motives. The Guaranty Building in Buffalo is another example of the fearless adaptation of this principle.

In Chicago, Holaboid and Roach were pioneers. They built a complete, riveted steel frame in the Tacoma Building. The Bush Building, the Woolworth Building, the Metropolitan Tower, the Singer Building in New York, all assert our power and our independence. In domestic architecture there is the Ponce de Leon Hotel at Saint Augustine built by Hastings, beautiful, original, adapted to the climate, to the life of the inmates and to its setting. Pope's McLean and Hitt houses in Washington show imagination and power.

THERE have been masterful sculptors, a new austerity depicting American forces going strongly towards our own interpretation of life. The works of these men were conceived with fervor and carried out with conviction. We have paintings, too, characteristic of their epoch and country, possessing originality, beauty of surface combined with a deep knowledge of technique. The artists who produced them were often profound, their execution is as rich as it is skillful. Progress in art is a labyrinth. Brave men have plunged into it and have had courage enough and faith enough to go through safely to the other side. At best the pioneer will always be lonely.

Every new building or statue erected, every picture painted and seen, sets a standard, and for this reason: when an artist is asked to make a design, for instance, for a monument to Joan of Arc, he looks into the annals of art, he reads what has been written on the subject. Unless he is a genius he will be influenced by other men's interpretations. So that every work is

either retarding or progressing its art to a very great extent through its effect not only on those who see it, but on the artists who consciously or unconsciously carry on or merely re-produce its impression. If the war monument which we put up to our soldiers in New York (the biggest, most important city of America) is inadequate to its inspiration, we will not only have erected something unworthy in one city, but we will just as surely have erected a thousand bad monuments in a thousand cities of the United States.

Thus there has been diversity of expression and we have combined in our production vitality with austerity.

Why, then, many people will ask, does one see so little American art in America?

The rich man controls in business, he controls also to a great extent in art. He buys, we succumb to his taste. He elevates or debases, as the case may be. He has no time to read about art nor to use his faculties in its interest. He is the hardest worker of all our citizens. After a day of terrific responsibility or tremendous brain work, he is often forced into the social game. Therefore he becomes gullible in the hands of the so-called expert. In business no such thing would be possible to him; in art it is inevitable.

A GREAT many beautiful things and a mass of junk finds its way into this country, and out of this conglomeration grows a house which is full of old lamps, old ceilings and mantel-pieces, damaged goods ranging from statues to crockery, some very beautiful, some rubbish: a house expensive, reminiscent, but—dead. It is the outgrowth of the bartered goods of experts, exquisitely presented and sure to engender envy in the hearts of other rich men.

We northern people cannot naturally feel as did the Greeks and Italians, and that we should live in the same surroundings is incongruous and absurd.

Because we are young as a country, we feel the need of support in our opinions and in the expressions of our taste. Year after year we bought from the inexhaustible foreign market (because it had the sanction of the ages) not only great and noble works but "sera remains," and somehow they all got mixed, the grand and the junk, and just as they got mixed, so did we in our minds get mixed. Fortunately for us there were men farseeing, rich or ambitious enough to bring over the ocean the truly great things which we now possess. To them we owe a debt of gratitude, for many of us cannot travel to distant lands in search of old masters, but we can enrich our experience by the study of these eloquent speakers in our midst.

The eagle and I have little talks once in a while in the morning before he takes his long flights. I said to him the other day: "Stop your screeching, I can't hear myself think."

He folded his wings and volplaned down to earth. "I am standing right here," he said, "with both feet on the ground."

And so am I standing with both feet on the ground. I have not been talking about a thing being great because it is American, I have been talking about a thing being great because of its intrinsic value. We admire those works which seem to us to be fine regardless of their nationality. However, sometimes we are so close to the good thing in our own country that we miss its perspective or cannot see it at all.

The end of America's apprenticeship in art will be the beginning of America's affection for art. Life with its complications, its distressful incidents and the sense which it brings of our own limitations sometimes weighs so heavily that we are bowed by its burden. Being made by man, art is not so vast or overpowering as to terrify and discourage him, as life does. It is the expression of his best and a thing not so big but that he can grasp it. He can be soothed by its emotion and stimulated by the human thoughts which it suggests. If he have no affection or kindly feeling for it, he will follow those who try to lead him into intellectual adventures; but if he have an affection for it he will be a searcher for the grail. He will be led through the forest over the mountain into the temple of achievement, where he will find joy.

In architecture, in painting, in sculpture we have had leaders—have we leaders in music as well?

What is necessary to make a great musician?

He must have a firm grasp of the traditions of music and a broad view of new methods. He cannot be great unless he be well grounded, yet he must have preserved his originality and besides have a clear vision to carry him on. The power of elimination, as in all the arts, must be his; but he must be fruitful, too, and sane, able to use the different elements of composition, of harmony, of tune or color, so that the whole will be full of thought as well as emotion.

Music of all the arts is the most sensuous and the most elusive. Therefore it is the farthest removed from the Anglo-Saxon temperament. One imagines Chopin leaving music behind him as he moved, careless and unconscious of its growth. Such a thing hardly would seem possible for an American. He might attain heights, but it could not be as spontaneous a process. Music is the breath of life to Latins, Slavs and Teutons; to us it is a part of life, a part which we enjoy extremely, but which is not vital.

THE mountain tops of musical art have consistently appeared in certain countries—Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Poland and, of late years, a peak of national importance in Russia.

Germany attained probably the greatest heights. From Bach to Strauss is a long way, both in years and development. During this time the art fluctuates, taking on different aspects, but it was a continuous stream of excellence, and the German of to-day need not look to other countries for his inspiration, he has inherited a national background of musical talent.

Italy, from Palestrino to Puccini, has, almost without interruption, carried on the art at a high level. From church music through opera, concerto, etc., the changes of feeling and thought of the times and localities were registered.

France, too, has had a long list of illustrious ancestors.

In all of these countries a new movement has shown itself in the past fifty years. Men have developed varied forms, different thoughts, unexpected intentions in music. Each, too, is dissimilar from the other, each has blazoned his nationality on the world.

England, with all its encouragement of music, has few outstanding names. Societies for the Improvement, Fabrication, Encourage-

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Mural Decorations in the offices of the Hudson Motor Co.

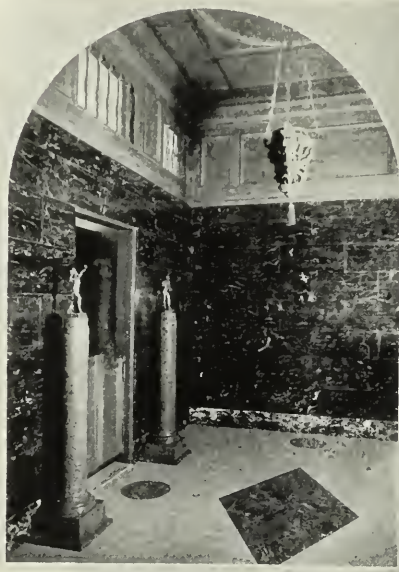
Decoration in Business Offices

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

MAN adorns his office these days because he finds in harmonious surroundings new power and a quickened imagination. Because he is in business he realizes that the more his mind can reach out beyond four walls, the greater will be his meed of success.

It is not given to every merchant nowadays, as it was when New York was rising as a maritime city, to look out upon the harbor and see the ships "which go from lands of sun to lands of snow." And yet, he may have some of the vision of those pioneers of packet glory if, within his private office, there is a touch of the sea. Hence the president of the steamship line, or the Customs House broker, has in his sanctum some rare old print or a model of a lordly galleon of Spain. When the stately pile was built in which duties are paid on imports, the architect saw to it that the Collector of the Port of New York should have the views of the great havens of historic times in the paintings which are set into the carved woodwork of his office. May it not be that the gatherers of imposts who have sat from year to year in that great room have had a closer touch with the commerce of the world because they may look up, from time to time, and behold Antwerp and Ghent and Marseilles and Venice?

Scrooge, grumbling in his cramped and chill little room, thought of business only as scrimping and petty saving. Tulkinghorn, the lawyer in "Bleak House," is depicted by the immortal Dickens as foregathering with the family skeletons of his clients in an apartment rusty and out of date in his London residence, half office and half home. His devious ways are translated to us in the novelist's description of the heavy broad-backed mahogany and horsehair chairs, the obsolete tables with their spindle legs, and the dusty covers of green baize. A thick, dingy Turkey carpet muffles the floor where Mr. Tulkinghorn sits,



Entrance hall in the office of Alfred Bossom

attended by two old-fashioned silver candlesticks, the candles in which give a very insufficient light for his vast room, working out whatever train of indecision he may have in his mind.

The idea that one might see visions of big business and develop plans and reach clear-cut decisions amid environments of beauty has come to many men by way of their homes. When they saw to it that their dwellings were appropriately decorated, they reserved at least one room where they might, on occasion, withdraw to think out their worldly affairs. Some of them had libraries, others studies, and many designated these retreats by the much-abused title of den. They found that often such apartments served well for important conferences, but, above all, they answered the purpose of affording places of withdrawal from petty detail.

It came to pass, therefore, that our leaders in finance and industry said to the interior decorator: "You have done well with my house. Why can't you do something like this for my private office?"

Why not, indeed? Hence the new movement which has resulted in making many an abode of business into a spot where dullness and banality cannot enter. Very often, owing to the lack of ground in the city, the occupant of the modern suite of offices looks out upon a narrow slit of a court, or upon tier upon tier of windows piercing the steep walls of skyscrapers. If he has no view from his desk which suggests the world and the teeming city, at least he may have his working place so decorated that it will feed his fancy and quicken his mind. The artist does his best in a studio surrounded by objects which, by color and form, give him unconscious suggestions of beauty; the author stays in his study, where, almost without his knowing it, some choice etching or a gilt title of a book may bring inspiration. The successful business man, too, although he may not be dis-



A view of Mr. Bossom's conference room in the style of the latter days of the Italian Renaissance

posed always to admit it, is a seer, whose intellect is stimulated by the settings in which he is placed. The late J. Pierpont Morgan would have been fretted and harried in the presence of filing cabinets, clattering typewriting machines, and all the trappings of business efficiency. In the private office in his wonderful library he evolved great financial plans, a modern Lorenzo the Magnificent in his chamber of the palace.

The offices of the officials of the banks and trust companies have of late years reflected the growth of a movement which is providing suitable environments for men who concentrate their thoughts on financial problems. For example, how admirably the office of Mr. A. J. Hemphill, the chairman of the board of directors of the Guaranty Trust Company, with its panels of cordovan, its substantial desks and tables and chairs, its atmosphere of reserve power, is designed as the setting for one who grasps firmly upon the realities of life.

The same note prevails in the finely appointed room of the president of the same institution, Mr. Charles H. Sabin, who, in the surroundings of his daily vocation, lives in the same spirit which may be seen in his Long Island home. The paneled wainscoting, the ceiling with its solid beams and heavy ornamentation, the secretary fashioned like a highboy, the modern desk adapted to the requirements of a man of affairs and yet in keeping with the scheme of decoration, all are in keeping with the air of calm efficiency which pervades the place. The chairs are ornate, but made for restfulness and comfort, and the sight of the large over-mantel suggests the days when men were less hurried and harried than now. In such a place as this no hasty decisions could well be made, for here concentration and conservatism join hands.

As finance chooses for itself a setting of dignity and strength, the architect who comes in contact with banks and corporations in his profession is likely in his own offices to feel the same influences. Mr. Alfred C. Bosson, known as a designer of buildings for financial institutions, has reflected his work and his personality in his new architectural offices in

Fifth Avenue. The floor he occupies is arranged so that the work may be carried on there, just in the same sequence which is the rule in banks, and at the same time his own private office, and especially the large conference or board room where he confers with clients, show forth the traditions which have dominated architecture long before the days of Vitruvius. The high-ceiled apartment, where all interested gather about plans and specifications, is furnished in the style of the

claims the man, in that it shows forth his character, his aspirations and his ideals.

Recently there died in New York a man who won millions by dealing in what had been before his day unconsidered trifles. What chance had he to dream dreams at the bargain counter? Might he not have remained, to quote DeFoe, "a dealer in small wares in Threadneedle Street"? How came the world to have a vendor of small wares on so colossal a scale? From his boyhood he has been an admirer of the Man of Destiny. He had prints of Bonaparte at all ages. So, when he started in business with scant capital, his own office had the atmosphere of the First Empire. His plans developed more and more and he built a towering cathedral of commerce and extended his trade into chains of stores across the continent. He contracted for the entire output of factories here and in Europe, and carried on his enterprises with a sense of prescience and wonderful initiative which made him the Napoleon of his calling. The office in which F. W. Woolworth evolved his plans of conquest for many a year, situated on the twenty-fourth floor of the mighty structure which he built, is furnished like a throne room of the great Emperor of the French.

That Napoleon himself should have brought into French art the motifs of the ancient land of the Pyramids reveals his own kindling fancy, fed by the ambition to found a dynasty and to reach a place of exalted influence. The scarabs, the winged lions, the glory of Egypt, served as settings for the cabinet of the great Corsican, where he meditated upon his projects for the domination of the world.

Men of large affairs in this present epoch surround themselves with objects which suggest other periods when genius and enterprise had sway. It may be considered a far cry from Florence and Bologna in the height of their achievements to New York's Fifth Avenue, and yet there is a strong suggestion of the power, the beauty and the initiative of those Italian cities in the spirit of the central highway of the American metropolis.

So it is that in the private offices of the

(Continued on page 340)



The private office of Dr. John A. Harriss

latter days of the Italian Renaissance. The soft-toned paneling, the antique iron work, and the deep, high-armed chairs, which are grouped about the huge table in the centre, seem to keep one in mind of the fact that one should build for the ages to come. The ancient and honorable profession of architecture is represented in the time-mellowed tapestry, depicting the architect bending before the king, to whom he submits his plan, while a companion piece portrays the triumph of the spirit of construction, rising above the complete and perfect work—a temple dedicated to the ages.

Architects who in this day and generation are becoming more and more engineers, business executives and efficiency experts, as well as artists, seem to have sensed, probably more than has any other class, the relation between the work and the kind of an office in which it is done. The office, like apparel, oft pro-



Two beautiful offices in the Guaranty Trust Company. On the left is that of A. J. Hemphill, chairman of the board; on the right that of Charles H. Sabin, the president



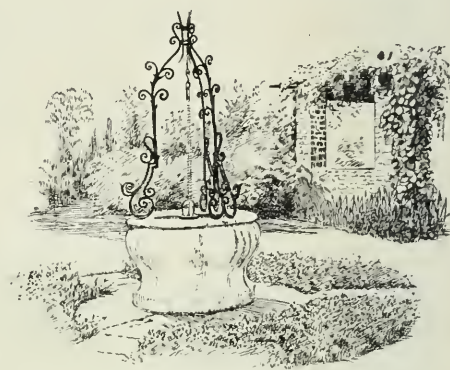
Reminiscent of Italian Gardens is this flower-bordered pool

The Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James'

The Italian Garden is suggested in the



The severely classical entrance gates, showing the unusual hand-made lattice which encloses the whole garden



The lily pond in front of the tea-house gives an added air of restfulness

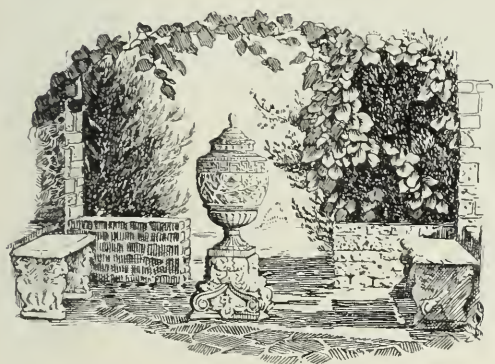


A tea-house which is a veritable refuge for the lover of solitude

Garden at Newport, Rhode Island

extensive use of pools and fountains

Photographed by Mattie Edwards Hewitt



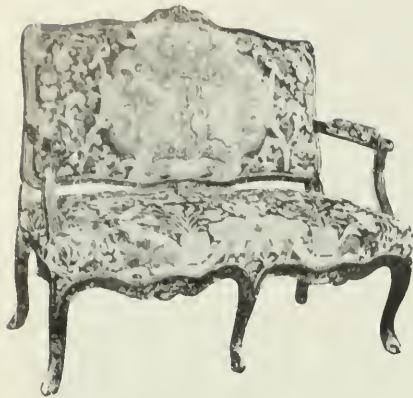
Two views of the garden which show the extensive use of classical urns

This delightful corner carries on the Italian note prevalent in the whole garden

Modern Furniture of 18th Century Pattern

Our Present Need of the Copyist in Furniture

Photographs courtesy of Hampton Shops



A beautiful example of the Régence covered with petit point

FROM time to time the delving gentlemen who dig the sands and sound the rocks announce that a few thousand years more than those already estimated belong to civilized man. It is through half of all these millenia that man has been sitting down upon something higher than the ground—has, in fact, been lolling in a chair or on a sofa.

Should it then be a matter for wonder that by this time all the best types of chairs have been discovered? And should we shrink from the reproach conveyed in the accusation relating to slavish copies? Rather let us rejoice that this is a time of such cultivation that we really know what deserves copying. Those who are old enough, remember

furniture which was not "slavishly copied," remember the fretful angles and bosses of the 1870's, the hybrid Anglo-Japanese of Eastlake invention, the lavish not-like-anything mahogany of the 1880's. And such remembrance turns one back to the perfect periods of art in furniture.

Why not give a chance to the living men? ask those who resent the antique. And the answer is that the man of today has his chance; it is in copying, first in giving expression to his erudition and taste by the choice of a model; and, second, by the skill with which he executes the work from start to finish.

A chair lightly tossed out upon a home-furnishing world from the factory whence thousands emanate is of necessity without that peculiar quality we call atmosphere. It smells of the factory in the same way as does a wooden bucket, or a box of safety matches, for it is a product of the kind of industrialism that knows not art.

And the men who have worked to produce



Walnut chair covered with tapestry

perfect copy of a chair which centuries of use have endeared to those who are fastidious, he is the best artist in furniture of today. The

fact of copying is not a reproach. Rather let him be admired for sinking self in exploiting another man's composition. Those who attempt at this moment to compose new designs, do they not mistake their mission—for this is not a time of fine invention in furniture styles.

A perfect copy is not made from a photograph, it is made only from the original piece itself, otherwise the whole style is missed, and also that unspeakable charm which lies in the patient work of a man of talent and ability, a man who counts neither time nor pains to achieve a result.

(Continued on page 344)



Chairs and console of carved walnut made for the Fifth Avenue home of Mrs. Henry W. Lowe

the chair are unrelated groups of workmen, each of whom performs his part of the task nor takes interest in any other part. As for the completed chair, that is out of his ken, and out of his factory bailiwick.

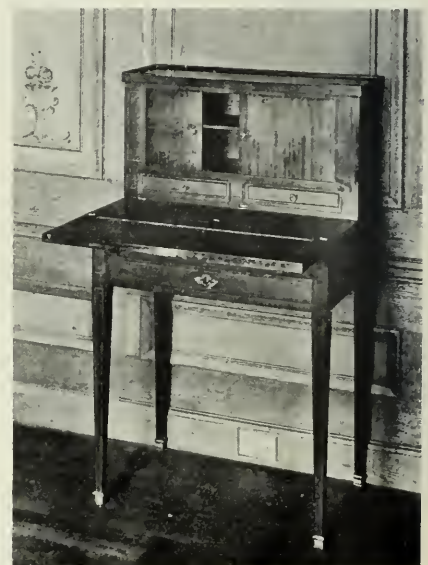
All of this makes for commercial and industrial economy, which is well in its way, for all pockets cannot buy the perfect chair, nobly planned, and happily executed by one or two enthusiastic and capable woodworkers. Yet it would be better for all the country if the factories which eat up the forests would give us simplicity as an economy rather than the ill-drawn "novelty" which is a curse upon our low-priced wares.

How absolutely one's expression of taste lies in the hands of the manufacturer is never known until, with a modest purse in hand, one goes shopping for moderate-priced furniture. The joyous heart with which the matter of buying has begun turns to bitter fretting under the process of parting with good money for poor taste. Hours of eloquence could be devoted to this one matter, the need of strong simple furniture of correct drawing. But would it ever alter the manufacturer's output?

The man who will give us the hand-made



Painted dressing-table and chair, finish d in gray-green and gray



A little desk of walnut and pear wood, with inlay



Built of gray stone, with windows opening on broad terraces, this country house is suggestive of those charming old country houses of Tudor England

The Residence of Robt. L. Huntzinger at Greenwich, Conn.

Interiors by Hampton Shops



(Left) The sunny library windows are hung with overdraperies of blue and silver damask which is a little lighter in tone than the blue velvet coverings of the sofa and deep seated reading chairs. The walnut panelling lends a warm color note in the Persian rug



(Right) Another view of the living-room shows the simple treatment of the case-ment windows with straight overdraperies of crimson Tudor damask. The carved walnut sofa, covered in antique crimson velvet and the interesting court cupboard of carved oak are well grouped in the window nook



This simple, dignified living-room is truly livable. The soft toned, gray plaster walls with the mellow antique oak panelling form a background harmonious with the Tudor furniture

French and American Silhouettes

By CONSTANTIN GUYS, FILS

Can Paul Poiret Alter the Human Figure?

THE mode for the winter of 1920 to 1921 forms a strange chapter in the history of costume designing. For the first time in many seasons the genius of common sense prevails over the genius of any individual designer.

The great war and the pyrrhic victory brought with them an extravagance of style conception which could only satisfy its restlessness and sickness of soul by contact with Oriental influences.

Morocco, Egypt, Java, India and China were called upon to fill up, with their exotic themes, the vacuum of the Western mind.

And so we had the imprint of French designers on minarets, pagodas, batiks, and Egyptian geometry.

The fever has now abated and the French designers, in common with women of good taste in America, have agreed to restore the natural silhouette and to expend their nervous energy on decoration, garniture, and the economy of the three-piece suit.

After the reports of the recent French exhibits were collated by the writer, he received a cable of a disquieting nature. This cable announced in very definite terms that Paul Poiret had decided to change the silhouette in his collection for the winter on the ground that, in his opinion, it is a very bad thing to allow clothes of one season to tamely follow those of the last.

We yield to no one in our admiration for the versatility of M. Paul Poiret. In him we have an excellent example of the artist and the business man living on the friendliest terms. He has contributed much to the development of stage clothes, and for his private clientele he designs simple and beautiful modes.

But another story must be told with reference to his designs planned for the American market. In this case the artist succumbs to the business man.

Mr. Poiret may regard the human figure as an experiment for new styles, and his authority is unquestioned by many. We will not be accused of disrespect if in this question we not only appeal to the unchanging principle of art, but set against him other authorities like Leonardo Da Vinci, as well as the authority of that collective Greek genius which achieved an unique ensemble between expression and form, idea and technique, soul and body.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that in this country we must emphasize the principles of art rather than the expressions of individual caprice. Before we can tell our designers and students to give free rein to their imagination, we must make sure that an artistic foundation is laid and that good taste is so prevalent as to afford a background for creative endeavor.

I shall return to this subject of Art Education in Dress on another occasion, and for the present let us see what are the momentous changes introduced by M. Paul Poiret.

WE are told that the general effect of the Poiret silhouette is different from any other because it presents a mixture of many influences, including the Renaissance, the Velasquez, while Breton and Persian influences are also in evidence.

What can a plain mortal make of this farrago of periods, epochs and styles? Is it possible to achieve artistic unity from the use of such discordant material? And if the name

of Poiret were to be taken from these designs would they not be consigned to an old curiosity shop?

Is it to be assumed that these models created especially for naive American buyers will make any appeal to American women of good taste? As far as I have been able to study the temperament of representative American women, I find that they live in the present and not in the past. I also find that they are alert to the spirit of our times; that they take deep interest in social and industrial problems, and that they are by no means inclined to stately leisure or inept posing. Their clothes express their personality, which is vivid, full of a new type of esprit (hardly known to the old world). The mood of their dress is action.

The American designer, therefore, will be wise in studying the American type and in following the example of one of our youngest creators in art in dress who this season has made a noble appeal for the simplicity of the Greek figure and the artistry of Greek lines.

I would not close this article without admitting that some of the things in the Poiret collection are worthy of commendation; but this relates to details rather than to fundamentals.

Some of these details include the use of rich velvets and embroideries, the use of contrasting sleeves, long or three-quarter, and belted. Many models carry full, long skirts, low waistlines with long sleeves, and frequently high collar treatment in an interesting variety.

But the question remains, can M. Paul Poiret alter the lines of the human figure?

Fifth Avenue Promenade

IN the interval between Labor Day and the last week in September a series of Fashion Showings unfolded their secrets in the salons of the "Haute Coutures" along Fifty-seventh Street and the highways of Fifth Avenue.

Interesting as this collection proved, there were no secrets. The majority of the dress houses showed the models that had previously been exhibited by the leading French houses. In a few cases, where there is less dependence on foreign ideas, the collections stood out for simplicity rather than for originality of design.

There is a dearth of originality, in which situation it is better to stick to the old truths than to grope for new fallacies.

The furs shown as part of the exhibits were more sumptuous than during previous seasons. It would seem that the luxury that is being soft-pedaled in gowns is attaining a fortissimo in furs. Most important, fur models show an excellent tendency of draping instead of merely covering the dress. The folds are more graceful and fall in Greek lines, thus giving amplitude to material which in itself is massively beautiful.

The new suits are serviceable and neat. The trim and trig figure of the American type acquires in the tailleur a chic which the French might well envy. As the genius of the English is in sport clothes, of the French in esprit, it would seem that the genius of the American woman is in the tailored suit.

Dresses move to the stately music of heavy fabrics, in a symphony of color that is almost sedate. But if there is more simplicity this year in the styles, there is no loss of elegance.

The majority of the collections favor the slim silhouette, in accordance with the predic-

tion made in these columns some months before. This type of silhouette adds height to the figure, a very desirable asset to those who are not very tall. But excessive slimness or standardized slimness is not available for a general style, and so the whole question reduces itself to our old contention that each figure should determine its own destiny by studying its natural lines and draping them accordingly.

The slim and the stout, the tall and the short, can solve the problem along individual lines but within the principles of enhancing nature. It would not be a bad recipe for those who need recipes to say to them: Let your lines be old-fashioned and your colors be in style. That bridges the gap between good taste and fashion.

NOW the colors for the new season are as varied as they are subdued. Yet the variety is merely a shifting of the accent from brown to burgundy, from red to sapphire, from gold to black.

If you look at one collection and form your impression from that, you might decide that red was very much in style. But a glance at another collection shows that you are all wrong and you must wear dull shades of crepe meteor. The third collection is without any color prejudice and features every variety in order to please all tastes.

I saw one collection which looked funereal. The effect of twilight was rendered monotonous. This dreary result was naturally intensified by the fact that the majority of the materials used are soft and dull. Certainly a touch of color to a dull material is not out of place. In some cases valiant attempts have been made to provide color in the embroidery, but this leads to over-emphasis of details.

In general, it may be said that dress is subdued for daytime, and becomes vivid and alluring as night deepens. Evening gowns are brilliant and voluminous. There has been a good deal of thought given to wraps, and in many cases soft over-draping takes the place of the belt.

THERE is news, also, from M. Rodier. If French designers help to "fix" fashions, Rodier sets the fabrics for French designers. His line of fancy wools starts at 1830 and goes back to Assyria.

Orientalists may well wonder to what strange uses an ancient culture is being put to by entering Frenchmen. But M. Rodier is also using Algerian motives. He is without prejudices.

All of these styles were the subject of review and discussion at a fashion convention held in Chicago in the middle of September. An innovation was attempted in having a lecture on the principles of correct dress, and noted designers were invited to contribute possible knowledge and definite experiences in this field.

This is a sound artistic and educational plan and is intended to develop into something unique in the life of America. So much stress is laid on fashion and so little attention is paid to dress principles, that the combination of the two is a step in the right direction; and it is my belief that the day is not far distant when artistic and educational agencies will take up this work on a larger scale.

Fashions, like the moving pictures, suffer from a confusion of standards; both subjects require a change in public attitude.

Winter Furs Enhance the Drapery of Dress

Photographs Courtesy Bonwit Teller & Company



THE wrap shown above is a natural Eastern mink—a fur product which lends itself most readily to effects in draping. It has already been recognized that the element of design is becoming increasingly more important in the matter of furs and that smart lines in fur wraps are quite as important as in evening gowns. In other words, furs are now intended to decorate dress and not merely to cover it. This fact makes the new furs for the winter of more than usual interest



BELOW is a wrap of dyed Russian Sable notable chiefly for the effects of drapery which may be obtained to harmonize with the lines of the individual figure. In wraps of this type the element of changing style is reduced to a minimum, the simplicity of fur design outlasting experiments with the silhouette. The new furs for this season are more sumptuous than during previous seasons and the models achieve unusual grace, thus giving amplitude to material which in itself is massively beautiful. This holds true of the illustrated model. Moreover the "investment that is fur" renders this the one department of dress in which beauty is joined with economy



THE wrap at the upper right is of Baby Caracul, the collar of natural mink. An unusual artistic effect is obtained by the combination of two fur materials which harmonize so naturally. The material of the collar—mink—permits free and graceful folds while the coat, featured in caracul, gives an impression of elegance. The prevalence of fur in this season's styles is to be related to a general tendency favoring wraps and lines of dress built on long waists



It would seem that the luxury that is being soft-pedaled in gowns is attaining a fortissimo in furs





Fragment of French Tapestry belonging to Isabeau de Bavière about 1440. Collection of George and Florence Blumenthal



Burgundian Tapestry, Extreme Unction and Marriage, from "The Sacraments," about 1130, in the Metropolitan

The Inspiration in Gothic Tapestries

By HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

TO become well acquainted with the secrets that lie within the borders of Gothic tapestries is only to follow the trend of the hour. Those of us who have been reveling for years in those secrets in a shamefaced way—as one who in mature life privately plays with dolls—have now the happiness to share them with others whose interest has become demanding.

Why this sudden curiosity or genuine interest should arise, is easy to fathom. Gothic tapestries have become seriously the fashion. Serious art objects to the patronage of fashion, but is there any matter in which fashion rules more arbitrarily than in the noble art of painting? What are the various schools but so many fashions, eagerly adopted when in the mode and quickly replaced by their successors.

Fashion, then, has gone to Gothic, and in so doing has proved the immense advance in taste that characterizes the present hour. Whether in the great arts of painting, sculpture and architecture, or in the lesser arts, the Gothic development is one so subtle, so refined and inspiring that its worshippers resent the flood of the Renaissance which was its assassin.

Appreciation of Gothic tapestries is open to all who have eyes physical and eyes mental, but the acquiring of examples is becoming ever and ever more difficult. A cloth which has outlived five or six centuries of existence is rare, even though it be woven of strong wool and silk in close-set threads. But besides the wear of time, man has in the centuries discarded the hangings, disgraced them in attics and stables, has given them to the fire, and thus is their number unnecessarily depleted.

Those which are left give us tantalizing tastes of the riches lost. Should we go into the tale of their worth in dollars, we find a king's ransom all too small a purse with which

to buy a perfect specimen of the first class in design and weave.

The Gothic tapestry first throws over us its spell, like unto that of the Lady of Shalott, and very much of her time in history. Then

must press themselves upon the mind, which resents dates by instinct. And even of that date, tapestries are so few as to be almost negligible among facts unless one has the happiness to see the great tapestry of the Angers Cathedral, the Apocalypse commenced by Nicholas Bataille in 1376.

For a handy reference in the day-book of the mind it is sufficient to note that the period of production of available tapestries called Gothic extends from 1400 to about 1515, when designs from Italy were sent to the weavers in sufficient quantity to make a revolution in style.

The art of those years and the history of the persons who within them played life's drama are the great stories to be read in these Gothic tapestries of surpassing interest. Parallel with these runs the story of the manufacture, which is made of quite other stuff than the highly efficient industrialism of today, and shares the romantic equality of its time.

The history of tapestry being an affair of modern compiling, we have enticing but scant records of 1400, but these relate mainly to tapestries made in France. Paris was the center of production, and outside of Paris, in later history as well, the art spread to the north rather than to the south.

Charles VI was on the throne of France, and beside him sat, with more or less straining at the marital bond, the fascinating Isabeau de Bavière. Life at the Court had attached to it, with more justice than tact, the epithet of dissolute. But from the tapestries woven, which depict the queen in all her youthful loveliness, it would seem that beauty in art thrives under unsavory morals.

The Hundred Years' War was well on towards its last quarter, but the constant conflict was depleting the war chest. Add to this the later treachery of Queen Isabeau in delivering France to the English, and it were easy



Falconry. A Burgundian Arras Tapestry, 1430, now at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, gift of Mrs. Charles J. Martin

it throws a challenge. The spell is an affair of sentiment, of intoxicating poetry; the challenge piques the mind. It is as though the ancient cloth were asking, "Who am I?" It is the answer to that question which will occupy us through this article. And if they properly set forth the feast, the wish for more, and yet more, history will be one of the desires resulting.

Because of scant records a smattering of history in very early work is so quickly gained that the year 1400 is reached before dates

to see that so expensive an art as tapestry weaving might languish at Paris.

One more historic fact which influenced tapestry weaving in the early fourteen hundreds, the presence of the Dukes of Burgundy in French politics. These splendid adventurers, commanding a territory almost as large as that comprised in the states governed by the King, became masters of the Flemish State of Artois, of which Arras was the capital. And Arras became, under their desire, the greatest center of tapestry production. Paris had looms sufficient to supply the King and his lovely Isabeau with the two hundred and fifty hangings he ordered from the directors, Nicholas Bataille and Jacques Dourdin, and as many more to the King's brother, Louis of Orleans, who was his rival for the regard of the Queen, as well as his rival in the accumulation of chests full of tapestries.

Yet soon Arras came to be the most important center, Paris yielding to the power of war and the power of Burgundian enterprise, and Arras continued this importance until 1477, when Louis XI broke up the ateliers and drove the weavers from the town in one of the vindictive rages which characterized his unbalanced mind.

The name of the town is branded on the industry, tapestries being called *arras* in Shakespeare's England and *arrazi* in Italian, while the name is traceable also in the Spanish *panos de raz*. The fame was well deserved, for the weavers of Arras surpassed all others to such extent that the world was hopeless of competing, and sent to Arras for tapestries as naturally as one sends south for tropic fruits.

Because of the fostering of the art by the Dukes of Burgundy, the tapestries of Arras in the first half of the Fifteenth Century are called Burgundian. John the Fearless, the champion of Isabeau de Bavière after waywardness had caused her imprisonment at Tours, was heartily occupied in the bellicose pursuits, which pleased him more than art. Acquiring territory by swaggering and slashing about Europe was more to his taste than the accumulation of chestfuls of the tapestries that so pleased the King of France.

BUT after him came Charles the Good, with a long administration, and under his wise, efficient hand the industry grew until it had reached enormous proportions.

All this would not be so interesting if it did not bear directly upon certain tapestries that are available to us. Allusion is made to

tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum, the small suite called the Sacrament Set, and the large and complicated battle scene, The Conquest of Jerusalem. To these is added the large portion of a Hawking Scene from the Minneapolis Museum. All of these are correctly called Burgundian, and were woven in Arras in the early Fifteenth Century.

The Hawking Party, woven in 1430 circa, is a section of a long hanging, which in turn was one of a set called in those days a chamber. Stone walls were cold and hard, and luxury demanded their softening by means of entire concealment by the pictured cloths of Arras. Thus tapestries were woven in sets to cover an entire chamber.

Without doubt this fragment came from the same atelier as does the famous set of Burgundian tapestries at Hardwicke Hall, the property of the Duke of Devonshire. Stag-hunting and falconry and the gentle art of gallantry occupy the attention of all the actors in all the scenes. These tapestries are among the famous hangings of the world, which makes the gift of Mrs. Charles J. Martin to the Minneapolis Museum a gift of importance.

THE scene is set where the Flemish weavers loved to place it, among trees and flowers. Foliage flaunts itself against the sky, and in its drawing displays the childish hand of him who seeks to delineate with conscientious care the leaves of oak and walnut, that his tale of the trees may be truthfully told. At the foot of the tapestry is a starred carpet of the wild-wood flowers, each as easily recognized as the dandelions in spring.

Between these two lines of verdure, that at the top of the tapestry and that at the foot, the space is filled with figures which pique the interest and gratify the eye. Here is many a detail of secular life at a time when life presented many charms lacked in our own days of pressure. Artists of painting may cavil at the composition, but the unusual arrangement is one of the most reasonable things in the world. This tapestry is not only a picture but a decoration, and one subject to the alterations of its substance. It was originally hung loosely, with undulating folds, which divided the spaces at random into erratic groupings.

Modern rules of composition must be forgotten or much of the charm is lost. It is with ineffable pleasure that one sees them broken in such a hanging. The line of personages along the top, who are placed there without perspective, assert boldly their impor-

tance, which is that of individuals refusing to be placed in the background either figuratively or actually. This undiminished size emphasizes them and leads one to look long upon their peculiar beauty.

The figures in the lower row maintain equal importance, with the same frank insistence upon the right to attract attention. Trees at the right denote the boundless forest land, which in the Europe of those days was no rarity. With a fillip to the imagination, the weaver denotes the arboreal species, and crowds the numbers, but a smile of delight is caused by their impossible fairy-like size. It is a forest for the tiniest of insects, but surely the heroic lords and ladies who wait outside to hunt in its shades must needs shrink to miniature before galloping within.

ANOTHER delicious touch is the castle, showing the beholder at a glance how magnificently is the company housed when night sets in. From many such tiny castles of tapestry-land crowds of fair ladies thrust their heads, larger than the towers.

Of the marks that specially stamp the Arras work of the Burgundian inspiration, points in costuming are the most enjoyable to note. The head dresses of the noble ladies are of even more arrogant absurdity than the modern woman's hat, yet beauty and a bewitching distinction are theirs. Flouting the natural coquetry of softening curls, these ladies smooth back the hair, deny it, and wear instead a structure of silk and gems and linen lawn that declares their entire willingness to "*souffrir pour être belles*." The head-dress covers the ears with a plate of embroidery, joined to an undulating cushion which surmounts the head, and a delicate square of gauze veils the neck. Another contemporary style is marvelously fashioned of stiffened lawn resting on a foundation of embroidery. And both of these are reserved for ladies of high degree in the early Fifteenth Century.

And the vanity of man declared itself in huge rolled turbans of heaviest velvet which rise fold after fold to the place of toppling. But the most amazing and characteristic matter is the elegance of fabrics used in the dress of both women and men. Velvet in heavy brocading is freely portrayed, as though it were the usual material worn, even for the *costume des sports*, but a suspicion arises that the costume impeded the game.

Those to whom the study of fabrics is ap-

(Continued on page 336)

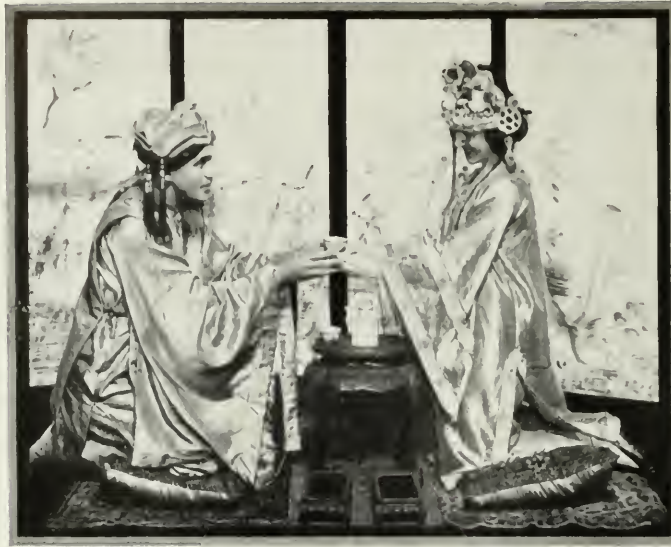


Arras Burgundian Tapestry, 1430. Detail of "The Conquest of Jerusalem," in the Metropolitan Museum



French Tapestry of the Roses, about 1430, now in the Metropolitan Museum

The Theatrical Season Opens



Gail Kane, below, who stars in "Come Seven," a dramatization of the serial by Octavus Roy Cohen

Ruth Shepley, below, whose Anglo-Saxonism is one of the assets of the romantic "Wild Cherry"

George Gaul and Alice Nielsen in the "Lady of the Lamp," one of the most charming of the numerous Chinese plays with which the New York stage has been decorated



Florence Reed in "The Mirage," by Edgar Selwyn. This play is produced in Selwyn's new Times Square Theatre under his personal supervision

Mitzi in "Princess Billy" is the pivot of that whirling extravaganza

Helen Lyons in the "Rose Girl" will remind one of those ballet girls who are too pretty for the part



Gilda Faresi as Madame Lisa Della Robbia in "Enter Madame," successfully interspersed comedy and tragedy. This play by Giulia Conti and Dolly Byrne has been called one of the best comedies of recent years





Jeanne Eagels as the very much misunderstood young bride in "The Wonderful Thing," will continue for another season



O. P. Heggie as the accommodating bailiff in "Happy Go Lucky" has almost repeated the success of his "Androcles." The play is by Ian Hay



Grace Valentine in the title role of the "Cave Girl," a rather obvious reversal, is a popular figure



Maria Ascarra in "Spanish Love," a play whose title suggests many things and happily fulfills only a few of them



Edna Hibbard, who plays opposite Holbrook Blyn in the "Bad Man," lends a touch of piquancy to its conventionalities



Janet Beecher in David Belasco's production of "Call the Doctor," continues to temper impulse with a natural reserve



Marie Carroll, left, in Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School"

Alice Brady, right, with "Anna Ascends," at the Playhouse, has been lured temporarily from the cinema





Man with Musical Instrument



Women Bathing

Anders L. Zorn

The King Is Dead, Long Live the King!

By GUY PEÑE DU BOIS

IT is a question whether the physical death of Anders L. Zorn, reported August 22d last, antedated his artistic death. Like John Sargent—always his superior in elegance—he belonged to an epoch much more enamored of its virtuosity than of its thought. With Sargent it placed him, nearly as its fear and reverence of the mighty dead would permit, upon the same plane with Franz Hals, and went into many kinds of learned ecstasies upon the dexterity of his brush. He was

a hurried impressionist quite blind to the mysticism through which the barest fact is lent profundity, and quite content, also, despite that he was a realist, to retain the palette of the old masters which had been, to some extent, shattered by the scientific conclusions of the researching body of French *plein-airistes*. Even as a virtuoso with paint and

needle, he was in no sense an inventor. But if there was little behind the nimble gusto of his painting, if he swung his brush with little or no ulterior motive, if it was very difficult to discern a soul behind his acrobatics, there still remained the acrobatics. These may be comparable to those which, while serving no very definite material purpose, astonish and entertain audiences in vaudeville houses. Zorn as a painter or as an etcher could do a giant swing with the ease of any of them. He was



Nude

called a virile painter, a man among aesthetes. He was a superficial expression of a middle-class thesis—a much more common painter than Courbet, who vaunted his commonness.

Among the radical painters who will insist upon preferring the cosmos as subject matter to the turn of a cheek, Zorn has been laid aside as an illustrator and forgotten. He does not deserve that treatment—he was more than that. He was, however, of those realists who never delve beneath the surface of an objective fact—



Portrait of Zorn and his wife



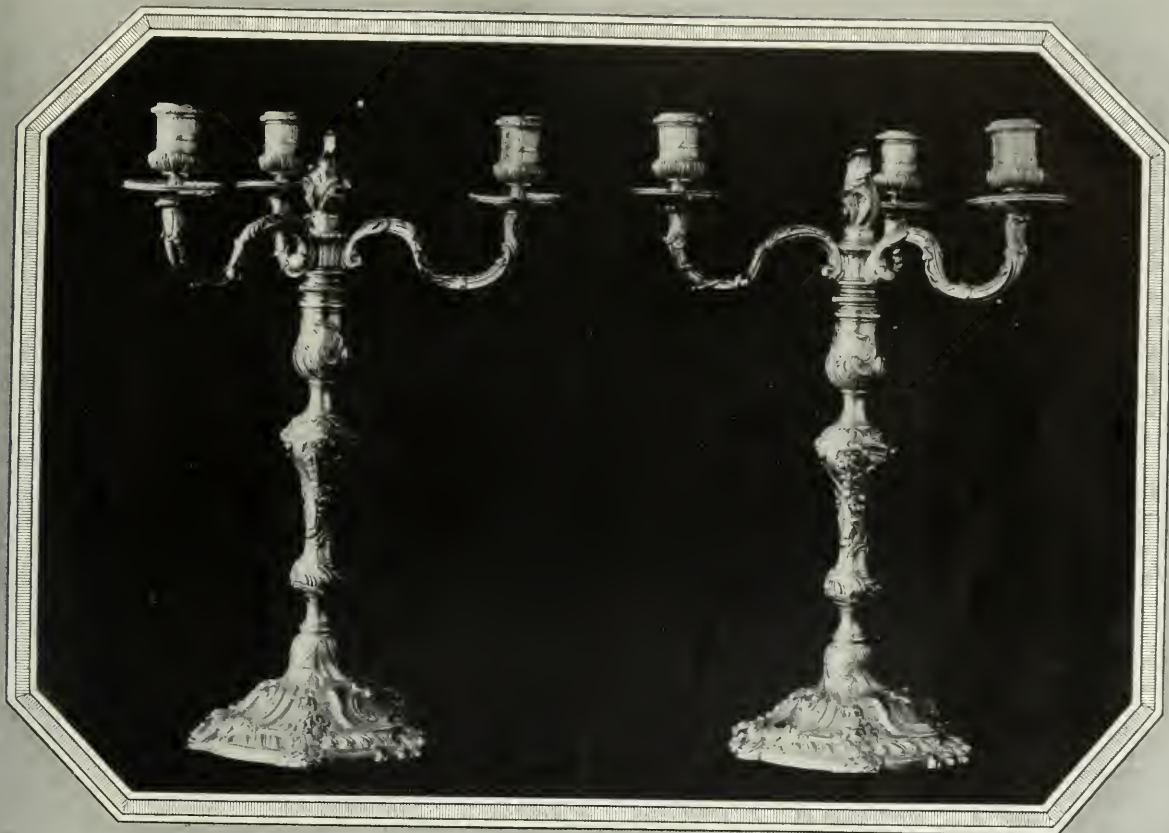
The Frying Pan

not, however, so great a stylist as Sargent, and in knowledge of color in no way comparable to that French virtuoso, Albert Besnard. Indeed, in this trilogy he was the vulgar brother—a man incapable of any kind of refinements, whether aesthetic or social, and utterly devoid of reverence in the face of nature. His nudes are detestable. They may be made to serve as well as any other examples of his work as proofs of this want of sensibility and reverence, along with a few of his portraits, notably one of Grover Cleveland.



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The Present Outlook of Industrial Art Education in America

By W. FRANK PURDY, Editor Department of Industrial Art

Leslie W. Miller, Principal Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art

THE outlook for industrial art education in this country is excellent. Never before was its importance so generally recognized, or its methods and requirements so well understood. As far as "educating the public" and convincing school boards and legislatures is concerned, the battle is won, and instead of the unsympathetic, not to say hostile, questionings regarding any possible relationship that could exist between industry and art with which its advocates were familiar a few years ago, art schools everywhere are proclaiming an industrial purpose as the corner-stone of their systems, museums of art are stressing their function of conservatories of taste in design, and producers of all kinds of things that depend for success in an appeal to the esthetic sense are frankly looking directly to the art schools for designers and executants. The most significant and concrete example of the light that is thus dawning in the business world is the fact that the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce has recently elected the Director of the Cleveland School of Art, Mr. Bailey, a member of its own body, in recognition of the direct and intimate relation between properly directed art education and industrial prosperity. In a general way, and commanding the kind of support that can be rendered by lip service, a good deal of progress has been made all over the land, but this action of the business leaders of Cleveland is, on the whole, the most encouraging sign of the times. It is certainly one of the most striking of the many illustrations that have been furnished in recent years by that enterprising community of a public spirit so intelligent, as well as alert, as to entitle it to a position of leadership among American cities in this field.

On the educational side, too, the growing determination among colleges and universities to extend to art the recognition and attention that were so pathetically lacking in the whole scheme of so-called higher education a generation or so ago, is most encouraging. Excellent work along these lines has been done among the colleges all the way from Bowdoin to Leland Stanford, and from Dartmouth to Touline, but none, perhaps, has been organized on broader and sounder lines than that of the University of Pennsylvania, where the recently established Department of Fine Arts contemplates cordial recognition of, and co-operation with, the other art schools of the city under the immediate direction of its own admirably conducted School of Architecture.

It is true, of course, that most of this work is done in the name of the "Fine" arts, but that is all right. The term is part of the academic lingo and is sufficiently inclusive, as well as distinctive, to serve the purpose. But the work itself is industrial art, there is no doubt about that. The industrial purpose and the industrial method are emphasized more

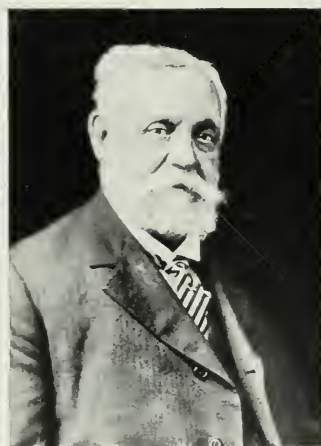
IN surveying industrial art conditions in America, in order to awaken some sense of our great need for a more clearly defined national industrial art, and to stimulate interest in the development of a thoroughly whole-hearted national industrial art movement, ARTS AND DECORATION has appealed to every factor involved—our great industries, our schools and educators, and the people themselves.

The facts and opinions obtained are both enlightening and fascinatingly interesting. In our two previous issues, heartfelt statements from representative, powerful men in the trades were published. Following are equally valuable opinions from some of our most prominent representatives in the field of art education. What the people themselves think, how they feel, is promised for next month. And here the museum, as a medium between the art schools and industrial art production on the one hand, and the public on the other, has a new and important part to play in furthering the cause of industrial art in America is a story for still another issue.

When this whole thought panorama is revealed, however, our great need with all the possibilities of rich national reward, both material and spiritual, should have been very clearly presented. What the next step is to be we will know better at that time.



L. Earle Rowe, Director Rhode Island School of Design



Leslie W. Miller, Principal Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art

and more unmistakably every day, not only for the sake of vitalizing the association of artistic aims with educational discipline, but because it is recognized that even in the teaching of art itself the safest and sanest guide, and the influence most likely to keep the callow Raphaels of the future out of the shallows and mires of "cubism" and all that sort of nonsense, is an adherence to those forms of study which lead most obviously to results that will stand the test of practical application.

But a good deal remains to be done. Official interest in high places lacks leadership, and official support of art education is in danger of being spread too thin to do much good, although the interest is alive and the support is assured, and the signs of the time are encouraging.

It ought to go without saying that as long as Americans insist, as they do, upon regarding education as the one and only solvent of all the problems with which civilization in our times, and especially in our country, is confronted, a very prominent place should be accorded to education in industrial art, and this industrial art education linked with in-

dustrial art production. But this national need should not be left to institutions and individuals, to the trade and to the educators alone. It is a national job that requires national attention and action. With a few honorable exceptions, however, neither our cities, our states, nor the nation have shown anything approaching an adequate appreciation of the importance of this principle, or until recently made any but the most feeble and hesitating efforts to supply the deficiencies in our educational system which this neglect implies.

L. Earle Rowe, Director Rhode Island School of Design

THE outlook for industrial art education is a matter of concern to everyone. Never before in our history has there been greater need of it. We have the possibility of great development, but we must use every bit of talent that is available. To do so means the use of present educational facilities and the development of others. Our age is a critical one, and it is right that industrial art education should justify itself, or be modified so that it is more effective, for without question it is one of the moulding influences of the future, touching the welfare of all.

As it stands today industrial art education needs many changes. Pedagogical methods must be eliminated if they tend to lose the individual in the group. More attention must be directed to the practical work of carrying out the design produced. We must bring to our students more of the inspiration of the fine arts and in turn familiarize students in these courses with practical problems in the industrial world. Above all, the superficial must be eliminated.

Industrial art education is not a fad, but an opportunity. It not only concerns our talented young men and women, but our manufacturers, buyers, merchants, salesmen and buying public. The machinery of the market works in a circle and not one of the groups can be ignored.

Many people think that excellent design is confined to expensive articles. This need not be so. It is only because our manufacturers of cheaper wares have not roused as yet to possible improvements in this direction that competition with European producers is so difficult. Our wealth of available talent, when properly trained, should aid us in reducing European superiority in this respect to a minimum.

At present there is little or no incentive for the person of ability to spend the time for an adequate training as a designer, since many manufacturers still turn to European talent for their ideas. This, however, is gradually changing. The manufacturer, too, is often ready to consider only the immediate gain rather than the ultimate larger profits.

On the other hand, there is a greater response to the opportunities presented by the schools where industrial art is taught, and greater interest by some manufacturers; for example, the Rhode Island School of Design.

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The Revival of the Mask

The Contribution of Modern Arts and Crafts to the Revitalization of the Stage

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

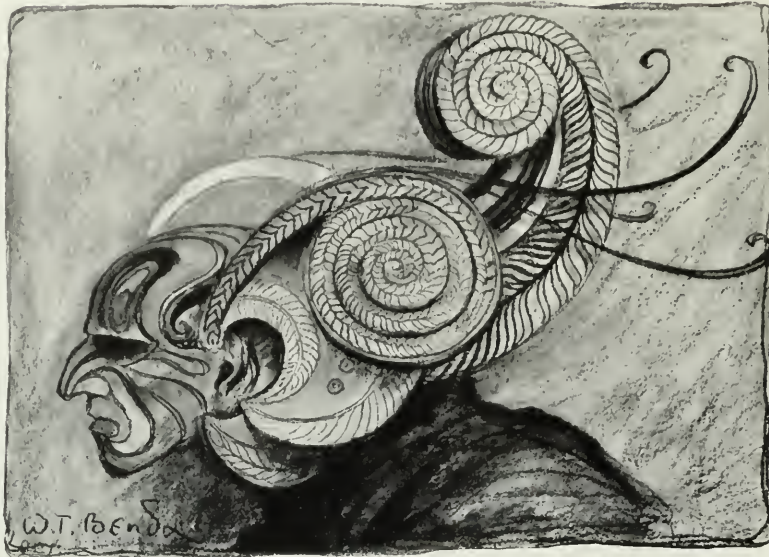
MODERN arts and crafts have come into their own in the revitalization of American stage production. In the world-wide break from realism back to *The Land of Heart Desire*—fancy, imagination, illusion—their is first aid in after-war drama.

Concrete fruition of the happy union of artists and crafters in beauty's service is the Greenwich Village Follies of 1920, produced by the Bohemians, Incorporated. Its unique, if not dominant note, making for happy illusion—suppression of the human ego—is the Benda masks worn by Margaret Severn, a young American dancer new to the metropolitan stage.

To John Murray Anderson, who devised and staged the Follies, aside from writing many of its lyrics, is the distinction of bringing back to the stage this oldest of drama deluders, illusion jolliers!

Erstwhile dancer and man of parts, Mr. Anderson is of that ubiquitous group of theatre radicals of whom Reinhardt and Gordon Craig are Old World leaders. Back to the primitive—the twilight of the drama, when scenic setting, costuming, properties, were unobtrusive handmaids rather than dominating forces—is the reputed shibboleth of the Twentieth Century innovators.

More breach than observance, however, is the Follies production. For rare to any stage of any epoch is its riot of color, rhythm of line, beauty of form, splendor of harmonious



A drawing of one of his masks made by Mr. Benda for ARTS & DECORATION

costume, magic of light—largely expression of Greenwich Village artists and crafters.

The one call back that differentiates the whole is the mask. Its revival was inevitable. Is it not a contemporary of the age-old marionettes or puppet shows now circuiting America in wake of the Little Theatre movement—the pre-war revolt against photographic reproduction of the commonplace in stage production?

The masks are the artistic creation and personal property of W. T. Benda, the well-known artist illustrator, an offspring of unhappy Poland. They have little in common with the facial disguise inseparable in the popular mind from masquerade balls. For, unlike the latter, the Benda masks, after classic form, completely cover the face and much of the wearer's head.

Each mask is a veritable work of art. The interiors are no less decorative than are the exteriors vitally beguiling. Some are solidly lined with gold leaf, a costly item, as dentists and bookbinders discovered when France restricted its importation!

They are made out of cardboard and paper—rather literally built, as is a dramatic production.

"I never make two masks the same way," explained the artist in his Gramercy Park studio, where is his mask collection of three years' making—the collection from which the Follies producer selected the four Miss Severn wears in her interpretative dances: the Oriental Princess, the Queen with peacock head-dress, the Flirt or Silly Girl, and the head of a Monk. The mask obliterates sex—not the least of its economic values.

It was accident that precipitated Benda into mask-making, as it did Professor Dondo, of the Columbia University romance language department, to the invention of a marionette destined to

bring drama into home, school or club, as talking machines bring Grand Opera or popular music.

"I was forced at the last moment to make a paper mask to wear to a masquerade ball," said the artist. "It served well, and for days lay around the studio. Then I thought of preserving it in more permanent form, and began fashioning it out of cardboard. The fascination grew until mask-making became a hobby. A thousand dollars would not cover the time, study, skill and labor I put into each mask. But theirs is an hypnotic charm, as the Greeks early discovered."

Benda makes drawings of the face on card—
(Continued on page 360)



Salome with the head of John the Baptist



Mr. Benda holding two of his masks



The flirt or silly girl

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Gordon Craig's "Living Theatre"

A Note on His Recent Exhibition of Etchings in London

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

GORDON CRAIG'S sojourn in England, after his seven or eight years in Italy, was of the briefest. There is a curious antagonism between this gifted and neglected artist and the land of his birth. An exhibition of his etchings was arranged at the newly organized "Dorien Leigh" Galleries in Bruton Street. Seventeen out of the twenty-five shown had been submitted to the London public twelve years ago. According to the press, Mr. Craig had returned to his native land once more, determined to lay the foundations of a "living theatre." It is rumored that his famous School of the Theatre, the Arena Goldoni in Florence, has been converted into a garage. Despite this misfortune, Gordon Craig has returned to Italy, leaving in London only the vaguest and most scattered enthusiasms.

GREAT pioneer and leavening force that he has been for all of those new ideas that have been carried out in the theatre of Europe and America—not always with complete success—this gifted son of Ellen Terry seems curiously lacking in the ability to think in terms of the theatre. He is a prophet, a Jeremiah, a voice in the wilderness, but a voice, one is led to suspect, not always coherent or effective. "With all the best will in the world," he wrote in the catalogue of his recent exhibition, "the public could make nor head nor tail of the whole business. It

was not your fault, for I had forgotten to put head and tail to my creation." He aims at what he calls "living decoration"—"if you could find something of which we could all say 'yes, it lives,' then it would be a good thing, indeed—for a "living theatre" is that which the Theatre of Europe is searching for—something big with life, and to have impelled even one wave in that sea would be to have done something worth while."

Can one not detect here a note of disappointment? Even in England, where art is not given to brilliant outbursts and sticks close to the traditional, things have moved in these last twelve years. Surely Gordon Craig must be either curiously indifferent to the opinion of his compatriots or serenely out-of-touch with the real development in the theatre, to be content to show these two-dimensional glimpses of decorations for possible plays in an improbable theatre. This exhibition in Bruton Street revealed him as a very clever and conscientious etcher and cutter of wood—an artist who has an instinctive *flair* for black and white.

THIS may be all very well in its place, but we have come to expect something more suggestive, something more stimulating, from Gordon Craig. It leads one to the suspicion that the genius of this man—and genius he surely is—is closely bound up with strands of laziness and unorganized effort. Possibly,

by secluding himself in Florence, he has acquired only a second-hand knowledge of the actual events of the theatre in Europe and America. These, from the point of view of the art of the theatre, have been few and far between. But the astonishing thing is that they seem quite as worthy and quite as important as those trivial and slightly shopworn suggestions of Gordon Craig. There was a streak of an almost childish charlatanism—of childishness, at any rate—in displaying these trivialities of years past.

UNCOMPROMISING enemy of the actual theatre, with all its fustian and imitation brilliance, its cheapness and waste and vulgarity, Gordon Craig, nevertheless, seems to have assimilated some of the worst characteristics of this very theatre whose child he is. If this seems unnecessarily harsh, we need only confess our staunch admiration for the man and his ideas. Yet we suspect that Gordon Craig always visualizes himself as the "star" of the performance, the leader of the "new movement," the actor to whom all of the best speeches are given. He holds the center of his own little stage, awarding honors and demerits to his loyal followers. With all due respect, one can name any number of honest, modest, and successful artists in the theatres of Europe and America who have been content, humbly and efficiently, to do their work. London, September 2nd, 1920.



Day, by Gordon Craig



The Herald, by Gordon Craig

Photographs Courtesy Dorien Leigh Galleries, London



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The Japanese Puppet-Theatre

An Art, Two Centuries Old, Which Has Resisted Western Influence

By YONE NOGUCHI, *Editor Department of Oriental Art*

WHEN, bewildered by the unconditional surrender of the old Japanese stage to Western influence, I yearn for our true time-honored stage art, which, like the Ukiyoe art, sets decorative beauty above everything and makes the most unnatural appearance reveal spiritual harmony, I often turn to Osaka with delightful anticipation. There the Ayatsuri, or puppet-theatre, still flourishes as it did two hundred years ago. Indeed, the tiny dolls or clay actors can boast two centuries of public life uninterrupted in tradition and training. I thank them for their utter inability to compromise with the public degeneration which is always first reflected on the stage. Indeed, it will be due to the persistency of that puppet-theatre, if we can keep up the real old art. When I speak of two centuries of existence, I mean from the time when the dolls' stage had reached well-nigh the height of its development. Like any other thing in Japan, from the headgear to the chopstick, the dolls, too, claim their ancient origin; but what interests me most about them is not their old history, but the way in which they became active, influential, a large factor in human entertainment.

The importation of the Samisen or "three-string instrument" from Spain or Luchu in the periods of Bunroku and Keicho, i.e., the latter part of the sixteenth century, which was the age of artistic reformation in Japan, had a great influence on the singing of the so-called Gidayu or lyrical drama, which had then already reached a considerable development. The Samisen, more melodious at least to Japanese ears than any other instrument, was at once adopted for the performance of lyrical singing. And when artistic curiosity was still unsatisfied, the marionettes, which had hitherto occupied an obscure corner of Japanese entertainment, sacred or profane, were made to co-operate with the Samisen and Gidayu song—that is, to dance or mimic, accompanying song and music. This happy innovation has endured for two long centuries with undiminished favor. Nothing succeeding better than success, many famous Gidayu authors, among them Chikamatsu, began to write historical or genre plays for those actors of bone, of wood, of potter's clay, who apparently, with magic help, walked the stage with greater agility and more grace than any living actor.

The regular stage, on the other hand, which had then reached the third period of its development, began slowly but inevitably to abandon the element of dance from which it started. The living actors were therefore obliged to imitate the pup-



A puppet handled by three men



The puppet itself is a real work of art

pets' gesticulation, especially when they had to act the doll-plays. While it would have been natural for the stage to degenerate from unnaturalness to artistry, we meet here with the inverse phenomenon. Not only in the olden days, but even today, the so-called Takemoto plays (Takemoto was the originator of the Gidayu songs) have to be played carefully, with strict observation of the old traditions and mannerisms of the puppet-theatre.

It may be noticed here that the art of the puppet-man can raise in certain cases the dolls' play to a higher effect than that of the actor. The main advantage of the puppets over their colleagues in flesh and blood is that they can use to the highest degree the elegance of silence.

There are several categories of puppet-

riety: dolls whose hands and feet have to be pulled from above; this is somehow like the European marionette, and makes us wonder whether it is not a foreign importation, probably from southern China. It flourished in the early age of Tokugawa feudalism. The most developed form of these puppets, however, is the Ayatsuri puppet, with which I am dealing here; it is a very elaborate affair, as two or three, or even five people are needed to make one doll play; therefore the theatrical expenses are quite heavy and as a result the admission is as high as for any regular theatre.

Osaka is the place where, together with the Gidayu singer and playwrights, the puppet-theatre originated and developed as we see it today. It was my fortune to find myself in

Osaka a little while ago. The very first thing I did there was to visit the famous Bunroku puppet-theatre, where the Gidayu singers like Koshiji Dayu always secure a big house with their beautiful voices, not speaking even of the marvelous acting of the puppets themselves. The programme of the day was "Adasugata Onna Maiginu," that most human scene of the wine-seller's house.

It is an old play, in which the double tragedy of Hanhichi and his lover, Sankatsu, is pathetically interwoven with the story of Osono, Hanhichi's lovable and deserted wife. In the scene where she returns, accompanied by her old father, some days before she had been forced by him to leave there on account of her husband's dissipated life, she really rises to the heights of womanly emotion and most touching sweetness. At that moment the Gidayu singer, Koshiji Dayu, now began to recite the well-known passage of Osono's soliloquy when she is left alone by her father and parents-in-law. How full of pathos and emotion, how full of tears and truth and every human feeling, are indeed those old stories of Japan!



Two puppets in the action of a play



[AFTER]

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Valiant Flamingoes and Prairie-Chickens

A Survey of Critics and Criticism

BY EMERSON WHITHORNE

WHEN one swings a mace against modernism, be it in art, poetry, or music, there is the danger of bludgeoning valiant flamingoes or warring prairie-chickens to high roosting places. In the demesne of art we have always had the opposing factions of revolutionaries and reactionaries—valiant flamingoes and prairie-chickens. And what a cackling among the prairie-fowl whenever a gaudy-plumaged flamingo has boldly risen in flight! It has been the lot of all great creators of music to hear that constant cry of the reactionaries—*modernism*. Yet how regularly recurrent has been this phenomenon.

In the soft Italian springtime of 1600, when Artusi attacked Claudio Monteverdi for his strange harmonic progressions—his free use of the dominant seventh chord and unprepared dissonances—flinging forth a pamphlet "on the imperfections of the modern music," he sincerely hoped to truncate the composer of "Orfeo." Mozart, whose music is to us like the sparkling of pellucid crystals tossed by a fountain into the morning sunlight, suffered the musico-dramatic distavor of Paisiello and Sarti; Beethoven, that Titan of temperament and technic, endured tortures as a result of the Italian operatic invasion of Vienna; and Jean-Philippe Rameau, father of our modern harmony, was forced to an active defense of his position against the "Encyclopedists" in the Parisian uproar of 1752. Imagine dear old Rameau being accused of "lack of melody, unintelligible harmony, and noisy instrumentation." Yet, when weary critics were seeking bricks of precedent to hurl in the controversy between the Gluckists and the Piccininists, they cited to the Gluckists the clarity and beauty of Rameau's style. And later the serenity of Gluck's muse was a missile heaved at the daring and formlessness of one Richard Wagner. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

BUT in the struggle between the battalions of the new and the old, why have the critics usually swung maces with the followers of convention? It is true that the predilections of the average critical mind rest with the established order, for there are ingenerate mental and emotional impediments in the complex of the non-creator when he attempts to visualize the tendencies of the future. That greatest of all attributes, vision, is a gift of the gods seldom dropped into the lap of the critic. Only occasionally does a truly active spirit choose as his life expression the maligned profession of criticism, and then, whether he casts his lot with the valiant flamingoes or the prairie-chickens, he must suffer the "slings and arrows" endured by a present-day baseball umpire. Indeed, the cloud of catastrophe hangs equally dark above the herald of the new and the defender of the old. Is it not the fate of false prophets to be buried in winding-sheets of their own making? Does not that inexorable god, Time, imprecate those poor defenders of the faith who failed to proclaim the new Messiah?

We have only to gaze into the crystal of modern Manhattan to observe the turmoil among the critical fraternity. There, fresh from his Maine vegetable garden—where he cultivates bulging specimens of the roseate tomato and the succulent onion—strolls Henry Theophilus Finck. The winds of art have

blown his hair into a permanent confusion, but never have his opinions suffered a similar disarrangement. He who wrote "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," he who waxes enthusiastic over the twist of an asparagus stalk, still twangs his lyre to the eternal folk-tune of the "transcendent" Edward Grieg, humming the while in contrapuntal ecstasy simple old Irish tunes decked out in Graingerese tango costumes—with democratic annotations in slang. A quaint character of mid-Victorian derivation and convictions, with a *flair* for press-agenting his favorites in the *Post*, and a consuming affection for Richard Aldrich. And Richard of aristocratic tendencies reciprocates this affection. His columns in the *Times* stand as sturdy proof. His critical cradle was rocked by the mighty Krehbiel in the hospitable children's ward of the *Tribune*, back in the spacious nineties. How we love to peruse Richard's pleasant prose on wintry mornings, with the sleet on the window panes singing a soft *obbligato* of chill.

AND—to paraphrase G. K. Chesterton—"wallowing in the exquisite comfort of his own exactitude," we glimpse the massive figure of Henry Krehbiel, dispensing justice to cringing composers and performers, who stand before the *Tribune* tribunal guiltily fingering their cloaks in palsied fear. For was not the redoubtable Krehbiel trained for the law? How else could he so majestically pass sentence upon the upstarts in music who attempt to pilfer their way to fame—or a fall? Still another figure we deserv, one who has found a permanent place on the *Sun* without going to battle for musical expansion, except perhaps of the larynx. We once defended Mr. Henderson when a well-known pianist insisted that he was only a Newark singing-master gone wrong. That was unkind and personal, meriting rebuke. Critics should not be made to suffer criticism, and surely not from those they criticise. It smacks too much of pique.

So there, clinging to the pillar of convention, are twined in affectionate embrace Messrs. Krehbiel, Henderson, Aldrich and Finck, stalwart members of the old guard; while Jimmy Huneke, Walter Kramer, Paul Rosenfeld, and Carl Van Vechten are busily building pedestals for their new discoveries. And even as we peep upon this idyllic melange of static and dynamic criticism we discern smiles upon the faces of those wreathed about the column, for a poor figure totters on a pedestal nicely prepared by Jimmy Huneke, and that mercurial prophet is frantically seeking cement.

Even now there passes sadly before my mental vision a much noised Russian composer-pianists of fistic and dissonant propensities; on his sallow cheeks large tears flash in pendant globules. Yet why should he not be grateful for passing fame? The grill of time may eventually broil him prettily, and he may be served up as part of an *hors d'œuvres* at a banquet of the immortals.

STILL, Jimmy Huneke need register no confusion, for he has ever sounded a lusty tocsin for the new in art, literature, and music. True, geniuses have not always flowered fast enough for his facile quill, but his enthusiasm for some near-genius has never failed to

save him from his dilemma. What more amusing human would one seek with whom to quaff a beaker of home-brew? With his fine satire pouring in flexible phrases from his mobile mouth, and his waxing enthusiasm waging a winning war against a galloping clock and a dying candle.

As we have intimated, critics should not be criticised, and far be it from us in our precarious position of composer to take dangerous liberties. But may we not—to use presidential language—in praising the verbal fabric of Paul Rosenfeld's prose, sometimes secretly wish that his musical background were slightly more solid in texture? Still, he and Van Vechten frequently almost convince us by the youthful assurance with which they publish their opinions. Of Walter Kramer, in his "Musical American" tower over 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, we hold only the most tender memories of lively combat over some new discovery, to the sweet accompaniment of carefully chosen luncheons and selected smokes. Nothing can cloud his joy of adventure, and he sings a sonorous song for his American confrères. A name must have no foreign flavor to enlist his energetic support, and if he sometimes slips—even so does Babe Ruth.

Truly, it would almost seem that the critic has but one important function in the scheme of things. That is: to trumpet at the gates of the city, either in praise or dispraise, so that the populace may be awakened to the roaring of genius or the mewing of mediocrity. The public must be the ultimate critic, the arbiter. The question naturally suggests itself: "What education does the public require for a just appraisal of an art work?" Technically, no demands can be made of the multitude. Culturally, there should be a background as varied in weave as an old tapestry. The sensitive quality induced by culture plus the intuition of quick-pulsing human beings blend in a perfect alloy for the crucible in which all art works must be tried. It was Walt Whitman who said that "to have great poets there must be great audiences, too." Likewise, to have great music there must be great and courageous audiences, too. With appreciation of those whose names are graven on the tablets of the immortals, these audiences must also hear and judge the newcomers among them, meting out, with equal courage, praise and condemnation.

But let there be no racial snobbery, no swinging of censers before strange priests when finer philosophers may be starving within the city walls. Let us accept all that is good from whatever source! And the sooner our critics and public assume this catholic attitude, the finer will be the art product of America and the world.

WHO shall say it is not better to encourage ten minstrels and find one singer, for eternity, than to discourage ten minstrels and lose one singer to eternity. What if the last song was dross? The new one may sing its way to the stars. The sentimentalist bewails the tragedy and fate of undiscovered genius; but the greater tragedy is that the populace should lose such precious gifts—brought by the genius in a chalice of crystal—because the guards slept who should have proclaimed his presence when he humbly knocked at the city gates.



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MARCO POLO—THE ADVENTUROUS

A JOURNEY to distant China, whose period was three and a half years! It was a fitting preface to the life of that adventuring discoverer, Marco Polo, who, at fifteen, set forth with his father on their historic visit to the court of Kublai Khan—the "Great Khan" who "sent his emissaries forward forty days' journey to welcome them."

Kublai was the grandson of the mighty Ghengis Khan before whose sword even that of Alexander the Great, himself, seemed inconsequent; and to Marco, Kublai Khan displayed a rare constancy of friendship. Indeed, during the years of Marco's service the adventurer was sent on various missions to Tibet, India, Abyssinia, Borneo, the Philippines, Madagascar, the Malay Peninsula, and the Province of Russia. Marco, in fact, was even appointed by the Khan to act as deputy governor of the city of Yang-cheu-fu, holding the office for three years.

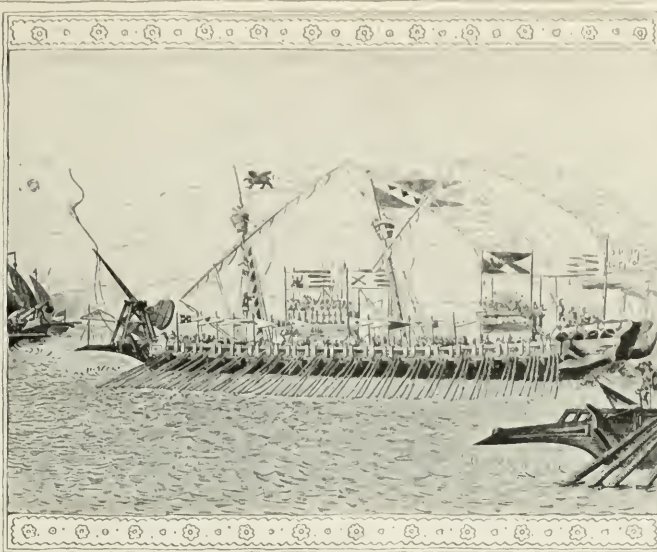
In his travels throughout China, Polo speaks continuously of the production of raw silk and its manufacture into "tissues of gold", as well as many other kinds and colors of silk. In India, too, he was observant: "There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way. They descend some eighteen days from Baudas and then come to a certain city called Kisi, where they enter the Sea of India. In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and brocades, such as *nasich*, and *nac*, and *cramoisy*, and many another beautiful tissue, richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds."

Marco Polo returned at length to Venice, after a long service to the mighty Khan.

CHENEY SILKS

The map reproduced above is part of the famous Catalan one of 1375. In this Marco Polo's influence, not necessarily on geography but on map making, is seen to the greatest advantage. It is an endeavor to represent the known world on the basis of collected facts.





MARCO POLO'S GALLEY GOING INTO ACTION AT CURZOLA
A representation of a naval battle fought between Venetians and
Genoese—at which Marco Polo was defeated and captured.

—From a print of the period.

MARCO POLO—THE ADVENTUROUS

All his party were dressed in rags, but the clothes concealed fabulous treasures in precious stones. Their friends, indeed, looked askance at them; but the Polos prepared a surprise—a banquet where their guests were received in garments of crimson satin, which were varied at intervals with those of crimson damask, and of crimson velvet—the cast-off garments being distributed to the company as they were relinquished. Finally were displayed the discolored rags from whose open seams sparkled rubies, pearls and diamonds—the harvest of the adventurers' magnificent wanderings!

From this instant the Polos enjoyed a tremendous popularity, Marco being later put in command of the Venetian fleet. But defeat awaited him and a Genoan prison—though even here he became a popular idol, the Genoese flocking to hear his remarkable story.

To Polo was due, in a great measure, the development of the silk industry in the United States; for the descriptions of his voyage awakened emulation in others, and great discovering voyages were taken and new sea routes achieved to the silk lands of the East. To Marco Polo, too, the oriental influence in western design may measurably be traced; and to this degree there may be said to be a far echo of Marco in the oriental motifs which distinguish various of the silks for decorative purposes produced by Cheney Brothers.

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The border decoration is from a cashmere scarf in the India Museum. "In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and broadens . . . richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds."—From the Book of Marco Polo.

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The Lesson of "Mona"

Horatio Parker's Opera and Its Fate

By PAUL ROSENFELD

EVERYONE is eager to see an autochthonous musical art appear amongst us. At least, so everyone says. And, as a rule, one has to accept his word for it. For there exist so few truly living American compositions that this so vociferously alleged enthusiasm has scarcely ever actually been put to the test, nor have patrons and critics been made to reveal how fully prepared they are to welcome heartily genuinely representative American music. Yet there are recorded one or two instances when the test has been made. One of these was made when "Mona," the opera of Horatio Parker, was mounted at the Metropolitan Opera House early in the spring of 1912. And that certainly has not tended to convince one of the veritableness of a vast deal of the eagerness for the unclosure of a native musical expression so loudly, so almost universally, protested.

"Mona" was written in response to what at the moment appeared a most sincere invitation to American composers to work in the grand operatic forms. The directors of the Metropolitan Opera House had offered the sum of \$10,000 for the best opera by an American composer on an English libretto and promised to perform the winning work. Professor Parker, having found in Mr. Brian Hooker a satisfactory librettist, collaborated with him and submitted "Mona," a grand opera in three acts, to the committee of judges. The committee awarded him the prize, and Messrs. Gatti-Cazazza and Paul Cravath publicly recorded their satisfaction at having gained the work for the institution on Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street. And, without a doubt, "Mona" was a better response to the challenge made to American composers than anyone, in all sanguineness, could have expected. For the work is not only entirely superior to the sort of composition usually submitted in competition for prizes. It is, without the shadow of a doubt, the most artistic, the most solid and respectable operatic work composed by an American. Besides, it is what no other American opera is: entirely qualified to stand among the best contemporary works of the sort. One does not have to be a chauvinist in order to place "Mona" in a class with the operas of Strauss and Dukas and Bloch, of Magnard and Pfitzner and Schrecker. When it was produced, in 1912, one could scarcely refrain from marveling that an American composer should have been able to compose a work as virile, as individual, as moving; to make a score as musically and expressive and nourishing. The music had none of the sentimental and vapid and feminine character until then deemed the distinctively American musical timbre. Parker had already, in his cantata, "Hora Novissima," demonstrated that MacDowell was not the type of the American composer. Here, abundantly, was evidence that there existed an American with *avoids*; an American composer who devoted truly subtle thought to the problems of his art, who had original ideas on the technique of the music-drama. Here was a New

Englander who expressed himself not in a negative, but in an affirmative fashion; was passionate; was severe and stark without being dry and bare; above all, made music that was rich and filling.

And to-day one's admiration for the little work is greater even than it was at the time of the production. Time has not worn away any of the power of "Mona." The score has borne acquaintance, borne study. Parker, indeed, wrote a number of pages whose colors cannot fade. The duet, with its glamorously straying voices, in the second act; the finale of the same act; the mournful introduction to the third act, and the orchestral outburst that follows upon the murder of Gwynn, with its bitter brass cutting across the orchestral mass,

enforced brass choir, with its two tubas, certain of the themes, particularly those associated with the Unspeakable Name, and with the insurgent Britons, give the music veritable form; make it indeed representative of the action, with its druidic setting, its hordes of incendiary Britons, its shouts and brandished swords. Parker had really succeeded in expressing himself, in finding a musical equivalent for himself.

To be sure, one cannot deny that the score has shortcomings. Parker was by no means the Walt Whitman of American music. He was like every American the victim of the manifold restraints and braces erected by pioneer society against the passions, and his score oftentimes reveals it. Although his thematic material is, on the whole, sufficiently contrasted and various, the harped wild music assigned to the frenzied Britons sufficiently opposed to the heavy regular march movement given to the Roman soldiery, the themes of *Mona's* "masculine protest" opposed to those of her love for Gwynn, the material is not always of equal distinction. The Roman march is a trifle conventional; the *motifs* assigned to Gwynn, especially the one that underlies his speeches at the commencement of the first act, are too sweet, too much of a relapse into MacDowellism. Indeed, nearly every one of the leading themes is finer in its contrapuntal deformations than in its primary state. Parker's puritanism is forced upon one's attention by the weakness of the lighter portions of the work, in particular the prelude to Act II and the dance and soliloquy of Nial. For whereas he was able to do justice to the graver and more impassioned moments of the drama, he did not quite succeed in limbering himself to the dance, to the capricious and fantastic sublimity. The strength and the weakness of the score are to be seen already in the prelude. Here the sheep and the goats are chained together as they are throughout the work. The poetical introduction in B major is succeeded by a theme in G major that suggests "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and Sunday evening song services. It reveals, as so much else of the score reveals, Professor Parker's predilection for the organ. However, with the return to B major, the music begins to recover its strength. The metallic, bitter-savored passage in D flat that succeeds the great climax is a piece of pure inspiration. It is a great pity that the composer was not able to keep the remainder of the score at that level. Had he done so, we might have had another "*Pelléas et Mélisande*."

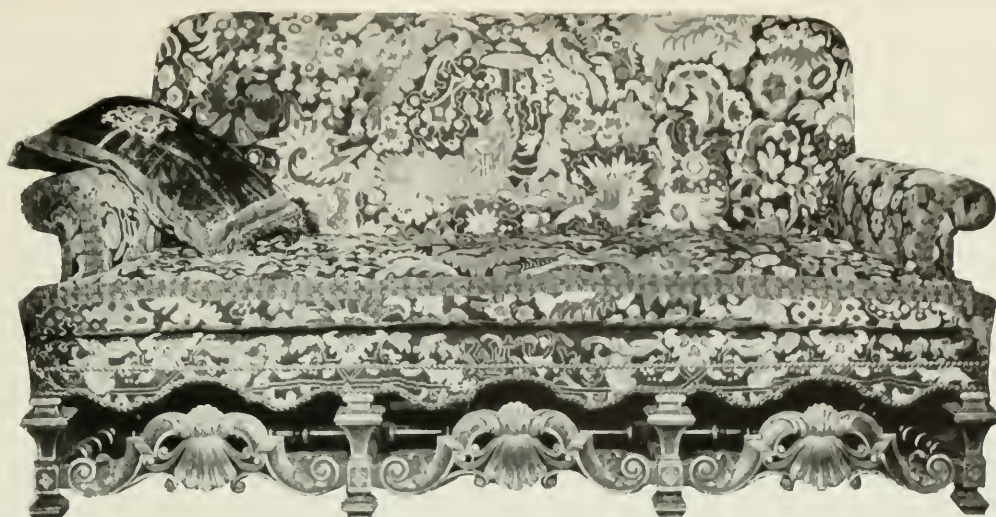
Still, for all its shortcomings, "Mona" was truly treasure-trove. It is still, to-day, one of the encouraging facts in American music. It was grave and dignified self-expression of the very sort for which American patrons of music, American critics, had been ostentatiously sighing so long. And, as soon as it was produced, patrons and critics and public promptly denied it. Let no New Yorker henceforward scoff at intolerance.



Horatio Parker

still stand beautiful. Moreover, the art of Parker gains one's respect increasingly. The fidelity with which he made his work a *drama per musica*, seeking continually to bring out the values of the text, to achieve a musical declaration true to the genius of the English speech, orchestrating lightly the accompaniment to the declamation in order not to submerge the voices, is a sure sign of his artistic intelligence. *Mona's* narrative in Act I seems to us one of the most successful marriages of word and music in the history of English and American music. There can be no doubt that Parker succeeded better with his recitative than the singers at the Metropolitan made it seem he had.

And then, the opera has an individual coloration. The fine bitterness of the music, the tang and sparseness of it, the passion devoid of voluptuousness are quite original. The re-



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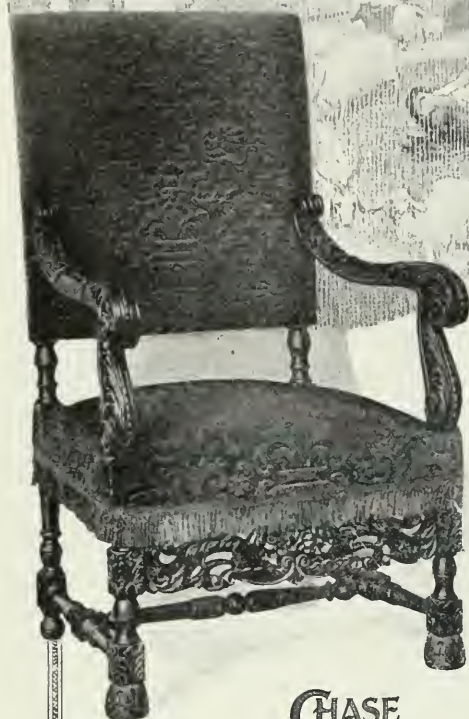
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(Continued from page 317)

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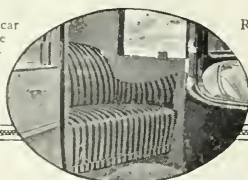
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pealing will note the simplicity between the design of the robe of the princess on the left and that which forms the background to certain of the tableaux in the *Sacrament Set*. There runs through all these fabrics the quality of boldness, almost crudity, a certain local feeling. Later in the century and in other localities there enters largely the gorgeous, more finished designs of Asia Minor.

As for little customs of life, these are shown by close examination. There is, for instance, the prevalence of the alms purse that hangs at the side of the nobleman. There is the shrinking pose of ladies, which prevails also today. There is the habit of wearing crowns—so much more useful than a Paris hat in detecting royalty. And there are the voluminous trains with their complex drapery which maddens any artist who tries to achieve the same without destroying the intricate pattern of the goods.

The tapestry of Minneapolis teaches of the ancient sport of falconry, an amusement which in our golfing minds ranks with other fabulous diversions when gentles and nobles lived as they should to the satisfaction of the serf who loved his lord, and liked to be the under dog.

If one approaches the tapestry with the heart of a child, which is the only way to approach a Gothic tapestry, there is pleasure in detecting the strange make of glove, worn on the right hand of the velvet-clad nobleman and by the lady with the bird perched on her hand. Also there is interest in the tool of the sport, the lure held by the man beside the castle, and in the attentions bestowed on the bird by the seated lady with ermined robes.

The border is missing in early Burgundian tapestries, not that it has been ruthlessly cut off or worn away by assailing ages, but that borders were not developed at this time. A narrow tape of solid color was considered sufficient: tapestries were hung as draperies, and, like our curtains of nowadays, needed no framing.

YET in the *Sacrament Set* is woven a pretty device which frames and divides the scenes one from another, and this is composed of architectural detail assisted with lines of lettering. That the lettering runs backward reminds us of the careless use of letters among the weavers, many of whom were not literate. In this case the cartoon was copied from the wrong side. But often and often the letters are so erroneously woven or repaired that a valuable mark of identification is lost to us.

Differences between the tapestries of Arras and those of France of the same time are so subtle as to bewilder even the savant. Northern France had her looms,

Tournai has ever produced her tapestries, while other lesser names are in the records. And Southern Flanders was close to Northern France. Therefore the tapestries need not be of vastly different cast, and thereby comes the name of Franco-Flemish.

Yet even so, there is a subtle difference which is only lately being appreciated. The tapestries of France show a more delicate feeling for color, and their cartoons, when proceeding from French sources, have a beauty and poetry rare in the Flemish work.

The school of Bruges perhaps is responsible for this. But behind the artists were the trio of royal art patrons. Louis of Orleans with his hundreds of tapestries, Jean Duc du Berry, the famous amateur of his age, and the Duc d'Anjou—all these, besides the king.

The series called, for want of a better name, the *Baillée des Roses*, is chosen to illustrate our point. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, having come there from the Bardac collection in Paris. Contrast is profitable to the tapestry-lover, and much may be gained by comparing this set of tapestries with the *Sacrament set*. Both were woven at the same time, about 1430. The former was probably woven in Paris, artist and weavers all French. The latter was woven at Arras, under the order of that Duke of Burgundy who was known as Charles the Good. The Burgundians were ever a family of conquerors, with the qualities of brigands displayed in their tastes. The Flemish, whose territory they came to rule, were an industrious, conscientious people, who followed well a master. The Dukes of Burgundy, although such lavish consumers of tapestries, failed to supply with fine cartoons the weavers who executed them. The artists of France did far better, and the resulting difference is strikingly noticeable in these two sets.

The cartoon sets the fate of the tapestry. No matter how skilled nor how artistic the weaver may be, he is bound to reproduce the plan made for him by the artist. Rules of the weavers stipulated the amount of independence a *tapisier* might exercise, and this related mainly to accessories in the picture, but never to its composition. The cartoonists for the Arras tapestries of the early part of the century had a *naïveté* that is always enticing, but to judge with a critic's cold eye, they reveal the fault of overcrowding. Thus a picture becomes a panorama, as in the Minneapolis tapestry—better appreciated if the whole length were present, as in the hangings at Hardwicke Hall, and in the Siege of Jerusalem.

THE French work, especially that of Paris, avoids this fault. The difference cannot be set down to the era, however.



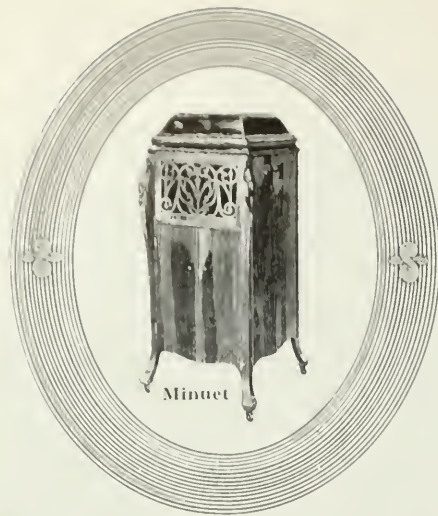
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Dealers Everywhere



Bolshevik Art

A WELL-KNOWN Moscow collector of modern paintings had his collection seized by the Bolshevik authorities and made over to the public. He was courteously allowed to be present at the ceremony, when a lecture was delivered by some accredited Bolshevik aesthete, who elucidated the true principles of art by a comparison between a nude by Renoir and a head by Picasso of the period when he was most influenced by Negro art. The lecturer allowed that Renoir's painting had many excellent qualities of a technical kind, but he held it up to reprobation as flattering the bourgeois taste for luxury. The Picasso, on the other hand, with its neglect of all superficial beauty, its abruptness of statement and vehemence, was considered to represent adequately the ideals of the Bolshevik State.

Since then I have seen the French version of a Bolshevik poem, "The Twelve," of which it is said that two million copies have been sold. (It is shortly to be published in English by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.) It is illustrated with drawings by M. Lavionow. In these the artist has combined, as he usually does, a general formula of Cubism with something of the narrative and dramatic style of early art which has survived in Russia more than anywhere else in Europe. We are sufficiently familiar here, through the scenery of the Russian ballet and opera, with this peculiar mixture of the Russian peasant tradition and Parisian Cubism. It would seem, then, that the Bolshevik authorities have more or less consciously accepted this style of M. Lavionow and Mme. Gontcharova as the standard of official art.

One may be pretty certain that what Mr. Bertrand Russell has told us since his return from Russia that the motives which govern this choice are rather political than æsthetic; and that the Bolsheviks regard art partly from the point of view of what can be got out of it for propaganda or for satisfying the mass of the people, and have no real concern with art as a free expression of the human spirit.

The lecture on Renoir and Picasso shows this attitude clearly enough. What is reported to have been said in deprecation of Renoir and in praise of Picasso was clearly entirely beside the mark from any genuinely æsthetic point of view.

But what I want to consider is whether, from purely interested and non-æsthetic motives, the Bolsheviks have not stumbled upon a decision which may be on the whole advantageous to art.

The fact which we have to face is that art can very rarely exist in a state of perfect freedom. To do so is difficult enough for science and pure thought, but institutions like the Universities do provide for

them the possibility for such free activity, to however limited a degree. No such institutions exist for the artist who desires to pursue art in the spirit of the mathematician or the student of pure science. That during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there have been a quite remarkable number of pure artists is true, but their situation has always been precarious in the extreme unless by the sheer luck of our capitalist system they have drawn a prize in the inheritance of a fortune. Even when they have managed to earn a livelihood this, too, has depended upon the support of a very small number of enlightened men who themselves have shared the excess private wealth of the capitalist system. Now I think it would be wildly Utopian to hope that any Socialistic or Communist State—any State in which social justice in the distribution of wealth was a chief consideration—would endow pure artistic research as it might just conceivably endow pure science owing to its past prestige. Therefore, if art is to survive, it must come to some terms with the needs of society; it cannot hope to be absolutely free, and it is interesting to consider what kind of terms it may make with society which will not utterly blight the æsthetic endeavor.

Of course the greater part of what is called art in Western Europe does come to terms with society even now. The fashionable portrait painter comes to such terms—terms which allow him, it is true, a considerable fortune and an honored social position, but in exchange for his giving up all hope of producing a work of art. The terms, namely, to produce highly falsified and conventionalized "likenesses," are really too disadvantageous for any genuine artist to accept. The sentimental story-picture is another compromise. Here, again, "likeness" is insisted on by the public, and "likeness" means a very elaborate statement of all that is æsthetically negligible in the appearance of objects, such, for instance, as the different textures of materials or those minute idiosyncrasies which have nothing to do with form in its larger and more significant aspects.

But if we look back on the history of art, we see that in many of the greatest periods artists have been able to make compacts with society which were in no way damaging to their art or difficult to accept. Thus the compact under which Giotto was allowed to develop an art of astounding freedom and purity was simply that he should tell the legends of Christian mythology with such complete lucidity that everyone could understand them. Provided he complied with that demand, he was free to express his purely æsthetic feelings undisturbed.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This article appeared recently in *The Athenæum*, London. Mr. Roger Fry will be remembered as the former Curator of Prints at The Metropolitan Museum of Art.



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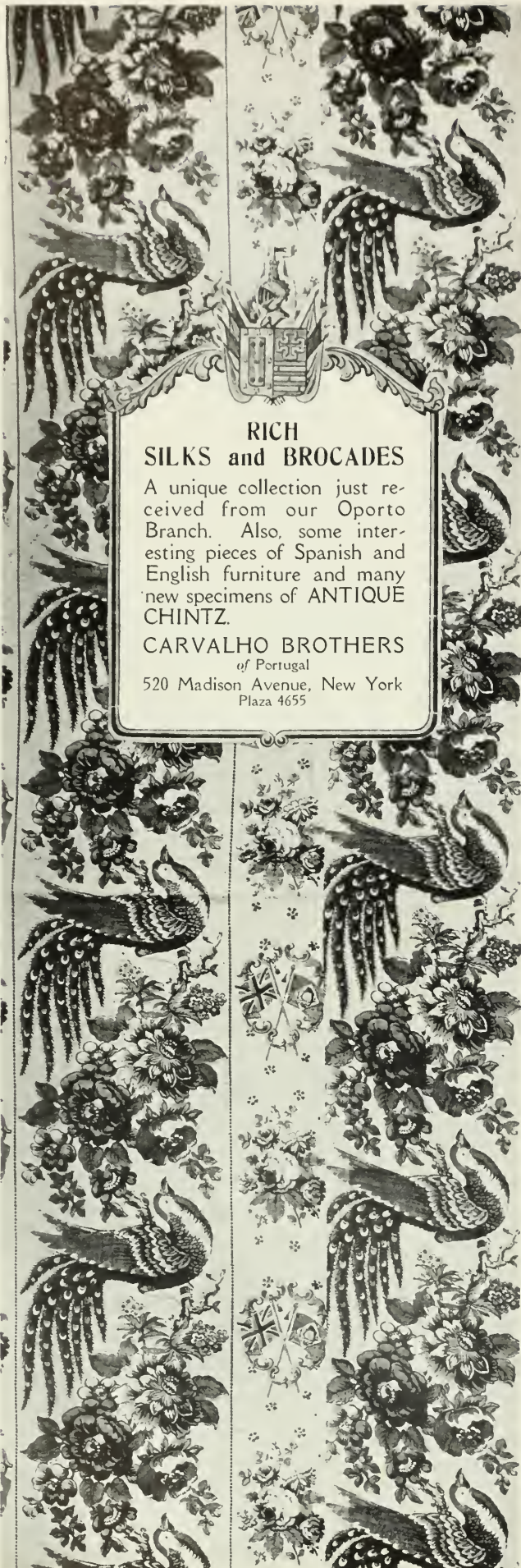
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The Collector's office in the New York Customs House

Decoration in Business Offices

(Continued from page 309)

big stores, in the quarters of the executives of the banks and the trust companies, that business men are surrounded by furniture and decorations which are in themselves works of art. In the Italian style of adornment may be mentioned the offices of Dr. John A. Harriss, head of a huge industrial plant and incidentally a deputy police commissioner. He has for years been interested in Italian art, and at his home on Long Island he has a garden in which landscape architects and decorators have vied with each other to give charm. His offices in Fifth Avenue are furnished in Italian walnut, the paneling and the decorations everywhere being in warm tones of a golden brown. His desk, made of selected wood, is ornate in design, and upon it are telephone instruments and other accessories which in style and color match their surroundings. Here and there about the room are objects which suggest international trade and a contact with many lands.

Lawyers these days have progressed far beyond the era of ink-stained old desks and rickety tables and dusty piles of tape-tied papers. For instance, there are the offices of Mr. Thomas Chadbourne, corporation attorney, in the Bankers' Trust Building, one of the first in this city to which the interior decorator was invited to make a setting for the legal profession. The furniture in the Italian style, the massive chairs, the tapestries and the like, which were arranged by Mrs. Kate Wood, of Wood, Edey & Slayton, decorators, represent a far cry indeed from the dusty and musty inns of the Temple.

One of the first lawyers in New York City to bring the artistic in touch with legal lore was Mr. James N. Rosenberg, who is himself an artist by avocation, for he spends his summer vacations painting landscapes. In his practice he comes most in contact with mer-

cantile organizations, but when he wishes to be alone and to think out plans of action he has an inner office in which the walls are hung with raw silk, and adorned with rare prints, or he may sit before a huge brick fireplace where hickory logs glow while the winter wind roars through the adjoining canyons amid the looming skyscrapers.

Every man, be he lawyer or banker or merchant, may call to his aid the artist and the decorator to help him work to his best advantage. The human race is far more sensitized to its surroundings than it realizes sometimes. The maker of plows may do the better designing if he gazes on panels of stained glass showing pastoral scenes, if the green fields and the untorn glebe themselves are not at hand. Again, the vision of the man in his office may be stronger and clearer if the objects about him have no direct connection with the business being carried on there, often adds variety and charm and is a greater help towards concentrating on the matters in hand than seems at first blush to be the case. Writers on business systems extol the "clean desk" man, that paragon who is never hurried, never flustered, for the reason that he has somebody else to do all the pesky details in some cubby hole well out of view. He can thus concentrate his mind upon the one definite subject which is before him.

An office harmoniously decorated has the same restful effect upon the mind as has one in absolute order. To be thoroughly at home in such a mental workshop one must hearken to the voice of the decorator, who gives warning that a clash of periods is sure to make for confusion of intellect.

The decoration of a business office is a difficult task, and one which should not be undertaken without the best advice.

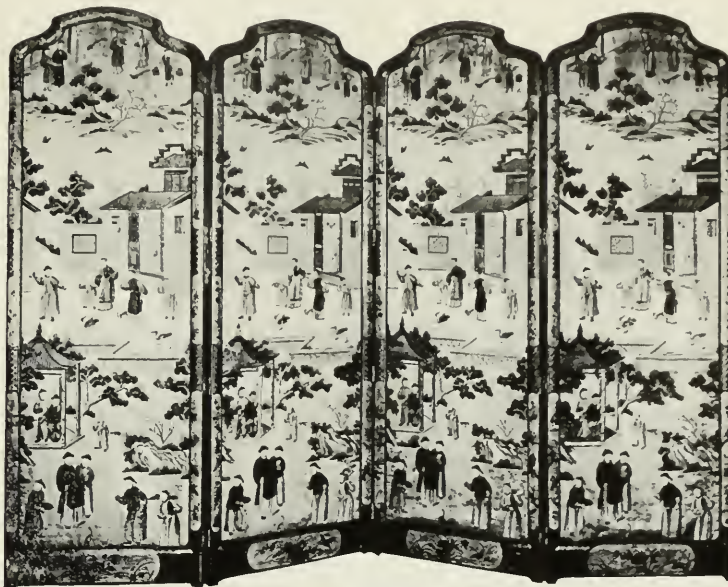
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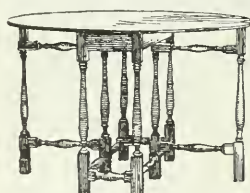
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Censorship for Public Memorials

(Continued from page 303)

state of intellectual development which build philosophies in the face of havoc, he has had his intellect freed to such an extent by facts, by experience, that it will not very readily be bowled over by the roll of a drum or the grandeur of a conventional gesture. Indeed, it would be well, at this time, if the conscious or unconscious censorship of war memorials was removed—and if the design of their spiritual message was given over to men instead of to mechanisms.

Furthermore

AND yet it is difficult to find a *via* for monumental sculpture—some sort of happy medium. The philosophy of patriotism has numberless interpretations—it can be idealistic, realistic, practical. It is as mystic as Catholicism—as egotistic as the philosophy of night, it is also a practical protective tariff or a vaccination against the diseases of nations. Perhaps, as a protective measure it carries a force or a strain sure to militate against the production of art. In art there are no political masterpieces, there are only the opinions of confirmed humanists, of men who may begin a work with an abstract idea but will end it with nothing else but an idealized replica of themselves. Art is full of narrow-minded pictures, full of self glorification. Dubois, to take a modern example, gives France a statue of one of her great heroines, of Joan of Arc; it is a statue that has stood some time and will stand a great deal longer.

But it never has stood and never will stand as a glorification of a French heroine, as a great example of patriotism. It has little or nothing of these things in it and whatever is there of these, if anything is there of these, is too greatly overbalanced by the impression of himself made upon the work by the sculptor. If Joan lives at all, then here she lives only as a creature of Dubois. This is not a radical statement. The disciples or even the master himself in that masterpiece, *The Last Supper*, have lived on the canvas only through the genius, which is to say, the courtesy of Leonardo. The greatness of the master could not alone make the picture. If the greatness of the master could do that, the field of art would be flooded with masterpieces.

Indeed in the case of Dubois, Donatello has a great deal more to do with the fame of his statue than Joan of Arc, and a school of taste much more to do with it than a governmental desire to proclaim and honor an inspired patriot who came to its rescue at a most propitious time.

PERHAPS art deals only in fundamental egotisms—man to man stuff, the real as against the artificial. St. Gaudens' statue of Farragut, among the most admirable statues in this country, honors St. Gaudens much more than the

naval hero of the Civil War to which it is related only through a uniform. If we have a conscious liking for Farragut, that is simply because of the way the sculptor introduces us to him. He could do the same for us with John Doe; he has simply to reproduce himself again.

The real gist of all this is that the question of subject matter is altogether outside of art. Milton's rhythm makes beautiful a most ridiculous description of Heaven—a Heaven comparable to nothing else on earth but a circus pageant or a Luna Park display. Heaven starts the picture, Milton engulfs it. There are no great religious pictures by Michael Angelo in which the religion is by half so important as the man.

In art there are only artists. Periods inspire artists. The surrounding political, social, religious, moral life is food for them. But it is not them. It contributes to their strength or to their stature, but it can be of no significance and of no value to them until they have digested it, until they have made it theirs. It is not theirs when it is a theme dictated to them by a political censorship or by an administrative weakling who feels that the strength of his government is at the mercy of popular tradition. Our monuments cannot be dictated and of lasting value at one and the same time. They must come from within the artist. They must be the product of a man. They cannot be great and be the product of a policy. Policies are ephemeral. Man is permanent.

THERE are no systems in monumental art even though a thousand of them be brought to bear on the execution of monuments. The second generation will generally uncover political clap trap, the third is certain to. Louis XIV demands of Le Brun that he present posterity with a record of his, *Le Roi Soleil's*, grandeur. Le Brun works as a propagandist. His pictures today are bombastic, are burlesques of grandeur, and inspire ridicule much faster than reverence.

BUT it is wrong to suppose that the public has nothing to do with its successful monuments. It has nearly everything to do with them. For it is the food on which that clairvoyant, the artist, produces, or it is an incoherent rumble which he straightens out, explains, makes coherent, to which he gives ponderability, weight, and significance. He is the barometer of his epoch. The politician who would dictate the monument has watched the superficial weaknesses of the people, he has pondered to them, he has heard the people repeat the words and the ideas which have come out of his mouth, and which are bandied back and forth between them without thought. The artist never listens to these words.

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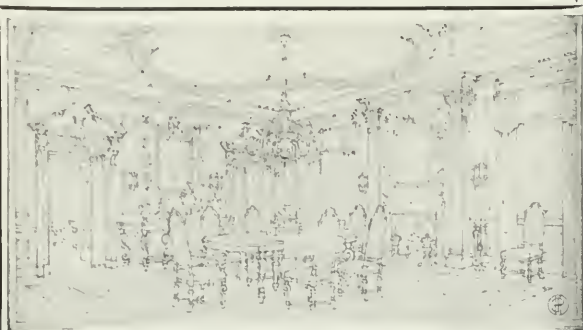
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Modern Furniture of 18th Century Pattern

(Continued from page 312)

Besides the subtle matter of proportions—a matter of exquisite care—the finish of the wood demands the utmost skill and an artist's feeling for texture. Add to this the upholstering, which varies in each style of chair, almost in each piece. It is only the man who knows well his art who selects wisely his model and produces the perfect copy.

A PROPOS of models, none is more beautiful to look upon, none is better suited to modern homes of moderate size than the chairs of the Regency and of Louis XV. A study of the examples given proves the case.

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Besides all this, they are dear to our hearts for the playful times that conceived them, the time when men's duties were so little sordid that satin was appropriate as a morning dress, and women were thought prettiest when arrayed in a silken rusticity. The Court was the thing in those days, and everyone who was great enough hastened to its territory, where intrigue reigned and amorous adventure was never damped with tears. The pretty daughters of the King Louis XV seem more exquisite than any other king's daughters in the portraits left by Nattier, their youth made elegant with silk and lace, made piquant with an apron overlaying brocade, as though a maid's duties occupied their slender fingers.

And of course the Pompadour thrusts her hard merry face into the reminiscence, and the tale of how she first attracted the attention of the king by driving her ponies under the noses of the thundering leaders which drew the royal coach. And du Barri, that other famous favorite, and a host of courtiers. It is to move in such beautiful company that one gives himself to reverie when in the embrace of the elegantly composed chair of the Louis XV fashion.

Heavy styles went before, overlarge, too, and cold classicism followed, but these chairs of the middle of the Eighteenth Century at-

tained very near perfection. The men who produced by copying the examples given in the plates chose well their subjects. These chairs have lines which conform to the human form at ease. Their curves blend with the curves of the body and invite the sitter to an hour of elegant repose.

The composition of such chairs has its root in the decorative movements of their day, the flowing line, the eccentric curve, the use of lengthened foliations and of shells in ornament. Also is felt the fancy for the whims of Chinese decoration, showing itself in flame-like motifs. It was as though the builder of a chair took pattern of the sculptor, and made of his work a piece which might be viewed on all sides, perfected in every part. Up to this time no special thought had been given the frame of the seat, except in its proportions, but now it is a finished object, carved with decoration in low relief. It flows around the cushioned seat in wavy lines which unite with the curves of the cabriole leg, and this rule is followed even where carved mouldings replace floral ornament. It is an invention which gives lightness to the chair, and destroys the effect of utilitarianism, making an ornament of necessity.

The backs of chairs—before this they were but rectangles set slightly askant, and their base was hidden in the cushion of the seat. Here they are raised quite off the seat, and the wood that stays them is brought from obscurity, and converted into a frame of such lines and decoration as would not disgrace a mirror. Within this lovely frame is set the upholstery for the comfort of lovely woman and eager man.

THAT the American copyist is also able as a worker in case furniture and tables is shown in such popular pieces as desks, and the little dressing table known as *poudreuse*.

Amongst such furniture as these was played the drama of life nearly two hundred years ago, and still is it played today by those who are fortunate enough to own the old chairs or to find an art-loving copyist who will supply them with the reproduction.

The Cover Design

"THE Departure" by Eugene Mulertt is the cover for this month's issue of ARTS & DECORATION. Mulertt may be classed among the lesser known members of the Hague School of which Israels was the head. In color, however, he

is much nearer to Mesdag than to that much more characteristic modern Dutch sea painter Bloomers and in "The Departure" gives little of that joy which the other members of the school considered essential for the American market.

In looking upon our "Tivoli" suite, a portion of which is here shown, one cannot fail to feel the quaint quality of the Feasant furniture of Northern Italy and the Tyrol. Adapted in form and construction to modern needs it has retained the full values of the type it represents.



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Current Art Notes

Rebuilding Rheims

TO an American, George B. Ford, has been awarded the commission to plan the rebuilding of Rheims.

Town-planning experts are few, the work of reconstruction in France is stupendous, and civic planning in America has been given considerable organization during the last twenty years. To realize how much, one has only to remember the courses in landscape gardening at Harvard, the New York City Commission on City Planning, the Washington Plan, the Chicago Waterfront and the civic thought manifested in San Francisco, Minneapolis, St. Louis, New Orleans, Newark and many other cities.

After French artists and architects for some months had submitted various plans for the rebuilding of the famous cathedral town, after composites had been made of the plans submitted and after politics had muddled the situation, in January of this year Mr. Ford set to work, finished his plan in detail in February and had it officially accepted on May 29. He had previously prepared a report for the French Government on the "Renaissance des Cites."

Rheims being one of the chief manufacturing towns of France, Mr. Ford's plan provides a future population of 300,000, as compared to 120,000 before the war.

Memorial at Pau to American and French Soldiers

FRENCH and American soldiers as comrades in arms in two wars, the Great War and the Revolutionary War, are to be commemorated in a monument to be erected at Pau. It has been ordered by Robert Cushing, of Boston, and the plaster group, by Charles Ayton, an American, has been exhibited recently in the Old Salon (Artistes Francais).

The monument will be a reminder or an informer that the 18th Regiment of French Infantry participated in the Battle of Yorktown.

A Clearing House for Art Fabrics

THERE are many Europeans in the United States, experts in lacemaking, embroidery or weaving, who have found no appreciation of their skill, and who to help meet household expenses have resorted to office cleaning or some other uncongenial task. There are other individuals earning their livelihood by means of some needle or bobbin craft whose market is ill assured. Further, the great public needs education in art standards regarding textiles.

Wherefore, at the suggestion of the People's Institute, the Guild of Needle and Bobbin Crafts Club has been formed as a national bureau of information and organizer

of these allied industries. A similar organization is the Handicrafts Guild of Canada.

Interpreters are to make surveys of foreign communities, sectional museums will be established, and next Spring an exhibition will be given.

Already interested are such organizations as The Fireside Industries of Berea, Kentucky, where coverlets are dyed and woven; the Ipswich Society, where French knot embroideries are done in Colonial designs; the Alnwick Industries, where tufted bedspreads are made; the Scuola d'Industria Italiana, where cut work is done; the Sybil Carter Lace Association, where cut work is combined with bobbin, and the Calumet Works of Michigan, where filet crochet is executed.

Recent Work of James Earl Frazer —The Victory Medal and the Ericsson Monument

JAMES EARL FRAZER has finished the Victory Medal for the United States Army. On the obverse is a Winged Victory, standing full face and full length; and on the reverse, the words "The Great War for Civilization." It will be suspended from a "rainbow" ribbon. In these general details it will resemble the Victory Medals which all of the Allied nations will give to their soldiers honorably discharged, each country, of course, selecting its own designer.

On the American medal will be the dates: April 6, 1917, November 11, 1918, the name of the holder and his number.

About 4,600,000 of these medals, made of ninety per cent copper and ten per cent tin, will be cast in the Philadelphia Mint.

The Interallied Military Commission decided on the general plan of the medals and the National Committee of Fine Arts, acting through Herbert Adams for the Department of Sculpture, appointed Mr. Frazer.

Mr. Frazer has recently designed also the monument to be erected in the Mall at Washington, D.C., in memory of Ericsson, builder of the *Monitor*.

Honoring American Conductor

ONE of the most significant occurrences to add further to the increasing importance of Americans in music is the invitation just issued to Henry Hadley to become associate conductor to Josef Stransky in this coming season's Philharmonic Orchestra concerts. It is the first time in our musical history that an American symphony orchestra of the highest rank has created the post of "associate" conductor. Theodore Thomas was once an assistant conductor, the highest post held by an American until the present appointment of Mr. Hadley to his post with the Philharmonic Orchestra.



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The End of America's Apprenticeship in Art

(Continued from page 307)

ment, Development, Understanding, Expression of Music exist in every county. Prizes, medals, diplomas, badges are given in every town, concerts are opened by royalty, attended by aristocracy, made notorious by snobbery—but one hears little original music and the great music which comes only from the genius is totally lacking. England's music is fabricated rather than felt, it is built on foreign tradition without inspiration.

THE musician has, besides his many natural difficulties, one which puts him at a greater disadvantage than any of the other artists. An architect has only to produce a T square, some paper, ink and pen in order to present his completed building erected in its proper surroundings; and he can present a sufficiently lucid picture for us to be able to visualize his work. He can send it to anyone of a number of exhibitions where the public will have the opportunity of seeing it. The sculptor needs clay or plasteline and he may do likewise; the painter canvas and paints, all of which are within the power even of the poorest. A musician, on the other hand, cannot present a score to the public. The expense of giving the young musician a hearing is tremendous. It is no light matter for an orchestra to waste time trying the works of unknown men and when it comes to an opera—the money, time and talent necessary to its production make experimentation out of the question. So that in music we have far less opportunity of judging what our men have done or are doing than in any other art.

I once heard Josef Hofmann say that he liked playing to American audiences; they were intelligent and quick to grasp. "I think," he said, "there is no question that the American public is receptive to music." We hear it continually from performers. But how they love antiques! Will Kreisler or Elman play the Humoresque? If it is on the program we applaud as he steps to the front of the stage, if it is not, we pray that it will be an encore. The audience at a political meeting is interested in new thoughts and in new people. Why should not we have the same attitude toward music?

We know very little about the first music which existed on this continent, about its origin and development. It was not until Macdowell used the Indian melodies that much interest was taken in it. Then a certain group followed the idea and thought to use these tunes just as the folk-song of other countries had been made the basis of a new art. Later music came from Africa, brought here by the negroes. We still recognize the rhythm, the cadence of oriental gloom which eastern music possesses to such a

large degree. But it has undergone a change, it has become a thing of our country and of our time. The life of the negro is intimately connected with his music, or rather his music is part of his life.

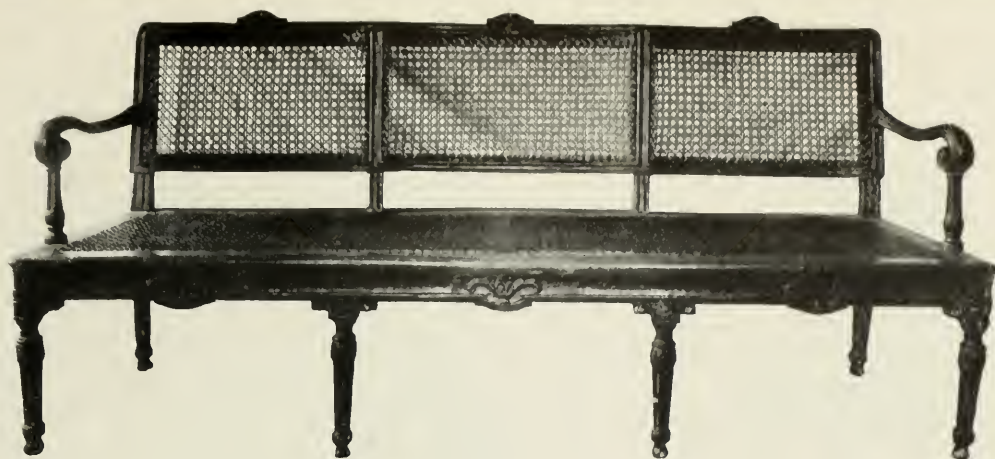
These old-time melodies have individuality and are not like the mutes of other lands. They and the Indian melodies are our folk-songs. In the old plantation tunes the melody wavers in an unusual way between the major key and its relative minor, producing an uncertainty which, added to its sad cadence, is entirely original. It has changes of key which give a certain flavor. A line beginning in E flat will end in C minor. Rag time is based on these melodies, has taken some of its quality from them, but rag time has none of the refreshing and primitive strength of the old time tunes. The jerk which is so characteristic of rag time, a "jump away" from the note which is ordinarily marked, is not to be found in the plantation songs. They possess more beauty of rhythm, more genuine harmony and show real musical imagination.

Negro music is like the people who made it, it is unsophisticated, dreamy and naive. Rag time is like the people who made it, too. It has a new note, it is distinctive and it is clever. It stands for the majority, the democracy of life, not the intellectuality. Of course we are not all restless and jumpy, nor are we all in a hurry or mad for excitement, we are not all superficial either. But there is much truth in this music. It is the day of italics. Newspapers try to outdo each other in the size of their headline, a jazz band howls at us while we contort ourselves around the room, violent colors predominate everywhere, extravagant acts appear on the stage. We run along the street, not because we are in a hurry to get somewhere, but because we do not know how to walk slowly. Rag time expresses the day of italics, and it is rather interesting to remember that it is almost the only American music known outside of America. To foreigners it represents our country and us.

HOW many people have ever heard of Paine, of Buck, of Lang, of Parker? We are told they lived here, produced oratorios, orchestral music and symphonies here, that their standard of music was high and that they were known abroad. Perhaps they were known to a few people, but why do we never hear their music? The answer is simple: it was no good.

Of course there has been Macdowell. We are never allowed to forget Macdowell and rightly so. He is sincere; all that he gives us has been through the mill of his own personality. His range is perhaps limited, but as he could only

(Continued on second page following)



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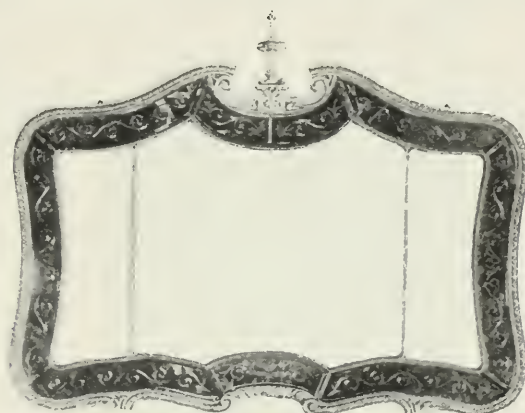
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assimilate just so much he did not give us the reflections of other minds. He concentrated all himself and his faults are the shortcomings of a strong character which has limitations.

One scarcely dares criticise. It is not until the irresponsible to-day is over that we can well see our present day music.

There are Victor Herbert, de Koven, Nevin, Converse, Hadley, Sousa, Carpenter, Loeffler, Ornstein, Mason, Bloch, Ruggles.

Herbert and de Koven wrote comic operas, melodious and in good taste.

Nevin and Converse both have merit, though little force.

Hadley has a diverse talent and although he may lack depth is true to his ideals; besides he is intelligent.

Sousa created a striking march.

Carpenter has a really modern note and is besides a born American in every way.

Loeffler has been heralded as a man of promise. It seems to me he lacks vitality and is unreal, but he has originality and is well grounded in his art. If he can escape the restrictions of his nature one feels sure he will travel much further than he has as yet.

Of Ornstein it may be said that he represents the present day, its spirit of unrest, its frantic pursuit after unknown worlds.

Mason is reserved, a seeker after thought, an interpreter of fine points.

Bloch is the exponent of the blending of form and color. He has lived here only six years; one can scarcely consider him American.

Charles Ruggles is beginning to be heard of from different quarters. He is serious, intense.

WHAT, then, have our men done? There have been musicians with sincere aims, men who have striven, men even who have reached a certain degree of excellence, but can these men be compared with those others, the giants of foreign lands, the men who attained the heights, who stood on the mountain tops? And how many there have been who failed, some who delved into a musical dictionary, emerging with an overture which no one wanted to listen to. Some have never learnt how music is made; they have reached only the technical proficiency which is the surface of music. Some have stood still, and in art to stand still is to die. Some hesitate in their technique to the point of disintegration. Some cater to the poseur and flaneur. Some, like the man satisfied with epigrams and generalities, never reach the bedrock of truth. And many are afraid of the prejudices of other people.

A great musician holds hands with what has been and what will be. Having his roots in tradition, he creates a modern expression of melody, of color, of spirit which leads on to the unknown beyond.

NEW generations succeeding each other, making the same gestures, speaking the same thoughts, longing for the same happiness—except for the few who, by some strange impetus, upset old traditions and send into the air a cry so distinct as to be heard the world over. Such men have lived in architecture, in sculpture, in painting; they loved America, they were proud of her; they understood, thought, adored her and so expressed her. In music who has sincerely and truly sought the El Dorado of his dreams, or having sought it, has found it?

As we look into the past development of the music of other nations we see a flame which burns; it is the flame of genius. As we look into the history of music in England and America we see only a fluttering light. Truly, honestly, is there a single American or Englishman who can hold his own in company with Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, Verdi, Debussy and many, many others?

Eins, bergs, steins, there are among us today indicative of the complications of America. They are not wholly themselves, they are partly ourselves, for we are now a hybrid country. Out of this may come an art characteristic of our mixed elements. Many clever men are of this opinion; but the Puritan stock, the folk who constructed houses, who piled one stone on another till the whole was the unconscious expression of their thought—of these folk, who besides went to nature in order to see, who wrote the history of themselves for the ages, not one has spoken in music. There is no genius among them, and worse than that there is no sign of a sincere effort to reach a definite goal. One distinguishes an irresolution, a lack of proper fundamentals. It is true but little encouragement has been given the musician, that he has had more difficulties than his brothers in the other arts; but let us face the truth. We have produced no seers, no leaders.

There must be a reason for this. Maybe it is on account of our ancestry, the Anglo-Saxon ingredients which make us—or just possibly it may be because of our apprenticeship. For years we have followed in the beaten track of other nations, we have favored Italy, Germany and France in turn. Now we look towards Russia and the results have been the same—unproductiveness.

In architecture, sculpture and painting our apprenticeship has proved itself productive, fertile and of inestimable value, so that we have now reached a pinnacle on which we can stand alone. In music our apprenticeship has led us to no goal. The complications, hopes and desires of our nation have brought forth no adequate expression. Let us face facts. Apprenticeship had led but a little way on the path of accomplishment. We are children reaching for the golden apple with hands far below its grasp.



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The Musician's Chiaroscuro

(Continued from page 306)

ity of what we may call an overripe one, will depend quite perceptibly on the length of the sixth note. If it is a grain too short we have matter-of-factness, if an iota too long, sentimentality.

Let us also not fail to note the curious fact that there is a distinct type of pianist—there is indeed one notable example of it now prominently before the public—explicable as a sort of miscarriage of the instinctive process of subordination through a meddling of the conscious will.

"Let me see," says a pianist of this type, "expression is a dwelling on certain notes. Well, which notes shall I dwell on?" Such a man is sure to go wrong, either in the dwelling or even in the notes chosen. Sometimes he even adds: "The sixth note is the one usually considered the most important. It will therefore be more original to dwell on the fifth or the seventh." Hence arises a school of playing which we may contrast with the instinctively right, and which we may call the conscientiously wrong.

Values in a Composition

APPLYING finally our principle of subordination, or the hierarchy of values, to composition, we shall find that it works out there much as it does in painting. The deepest and most far-reaching problems of the two artists are surprisingly similar, and concern what the painter calls "composition" and the musician "form."

Merely to state the analogy in this way is to show that "form" is a far more vital matter than that mechanical sub-division or arrangement which certain "temperamental" critics are fond of supposing it to be. Form is indeed a highly inclusive term, indicating all that has to do with the coordination of the work, the organization of moods, of climaxes, abatements, and contrasts, the subordination of the relatively unimportant, the emphasis of the essential. And just as the composition of a picture so hangs together that the change in value of a square inch of canvas anywhere affects all the other areas throughout, so a movement of a symphony is a highly sensitive organism in unstable equilibrium: if you lengthen this theme, shorten that transition, or change the key of that episode, you may throw out the whole delicate balance.

As an illustration, take the repetition of the second theme, the more lyrical melody, that comes toward the end of a movement in sonata form. The layman, and even the inexperienced composer, may suppose that this will be a literal repetition.

A little experience will teach one that the music has acquired greater momentum at the second appearance than it had at the first; it is,

as a conductor expressively phrased it, "warmer"; and consequently the theme must this time be expressed more vividly and less deliberately. In fact, the themes of the composer, his keys, timbres and all his other means of effect, are just as truly hierarchies of relation, just as insistently demand adjustment in salience and subordination, as the tones of the pianist.

A COMMON fault of young composers, a fault indeed that it takes a curiously long time to outgrow, is that of packing a piece too full of interest. It is so natural, but so naive, to imagine that the more sustained the tension the greater will be the effect. One gradually learns that this is not the case; human attention ebbs and flows, and the interest of a well-composed work will ebb and flow correspondingly.

No one has understood this better than Beethoven, and the overwhelmingly dramatic effect of his music often owes much to his grasp of it. How skilful he is in alternating the passages where the interest pulses thick and fast, where there is a rapid change of harmony and tonality, intricately interwoven polyphony, with others of almost completely suspended animation, audible pauses, where a single chord is sounded in featureless rhythm, and the music merely vegetates. There are two such passages in the Andante of his Fifth Symphony, which may be commended to all students who wish to see how far subordination may profitably be carried.

A COMPOSER and a conductor were once discussing, after a rehearsal, details of a symphony.

"Do you think," said the composer, "that at this point I have held this chord of A major too long? You notice there are eight measures of it, in slow time, nothing but the chord of A major, in an inverted form that keeps the hearer in suspense, with woodwind instruments holding, harp sweeping chords, and strings embroidering, and finally a touch of quiet trombones at the end. I don't quite know why I put it there, and I fear it may be too long."

"Not a bit of it," replied the conductor. "Look what is coming. You are getting ready for that oboe solo, creating an atmosphere for it. You know how the effect of a picture is enhanced by the blank margin which carries the eye up to it. Well, that chord of A major is your blank margin."

Planes, values, margins:—how shall we translate such visual terms into their audible equivalents, and thus learn to find our way better than at present through the mysterious auditory spaces our music inhabits?





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Raphael's Virgin and Child enthroned, in the Morgan Collection at the Metropolitan

Art Collecting as an Investment

(Continued from page 305)

Europe should still lead in increased valuations. One of the earliest romances of American picture sales occurred at the Cardinal Fesch auction in 1849 in New York City. Cardinal Fesch was a Roman prelate with a passion for buying pictures, but with an equally marked reluctance against paying much for them. It is known that he had a standing order with his commissioner to buy any painting he could get for four *soldi*. At the sale of his pictures in New York a New Orleans man bought a canvas for \$6.50. When he took it to his home city he was persuaded by a local connoisseur to have it cleaned. The picture proved to be a Correggio and the original purchaser sold it for \$3,000. It was afterwards sold in London for 2,000 guineas. It is a far, but logical, cry from such a transaction as this to the Morgan-Raphael "Virgin and Child Enthroned" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for which \$500,000 was paid; to the "Panshanger Raphael" in the Widener collection in Philadelphia, that cost "over \$700,000"; to the great Altman collection of paintings, the Velasquez portrait of King Philip IV of Spain (that cost \$500,000) and Holbein's "Margaret Wyeth," for which \$250,000 was paid. Rembrandt's "Lucretia Stabbing Herself" was bought at the Meissner sale in Paris in 1880 for \$28,000. Brought to this country, it was purchased by the Knoedlers

in 1913 for \$130,000 and they sold it a few months later to a collector in Holland at a profit. When it is known that Rembrandt's "The Mill," which was bought in 1798 for \$2,500, was sold in 1911 to P. A. B. Widener for \$475,000, it does not seem that too much stress has been laid by men on this speculative phase of art collecting.

In the field of prints there has been the same very great appreciation in values in recent years. A Rembrandt print at \$10,000 held the record for auction prices for years, yet in 1919, at the sale of the Halsey collection in this city, Janinet's "L'Aveu Difficile" brought \$11,000 and at a recent sale in Paris a print of Meryon's "Abside de Notre Dame" reached the new record figure of 71,675 francs (normally \$14,335). It is an accomplished fact that one collector of prints in New York City, by shrewdly buying two prints of the first plate made by S. Arlet Edwards, has amassed a complete collection of that artist's mezzotints by the simple device of exchanging his extra print for two copies of each new impression. The potential profit there is in that collection of mezzotints, which represents the original investment for the first two prints only, makes ordinary speculations pale into insignificance. And yet art speculation of this kind is open to everyone if he only knew it and exercised taste of the "precious" kind in his operations.

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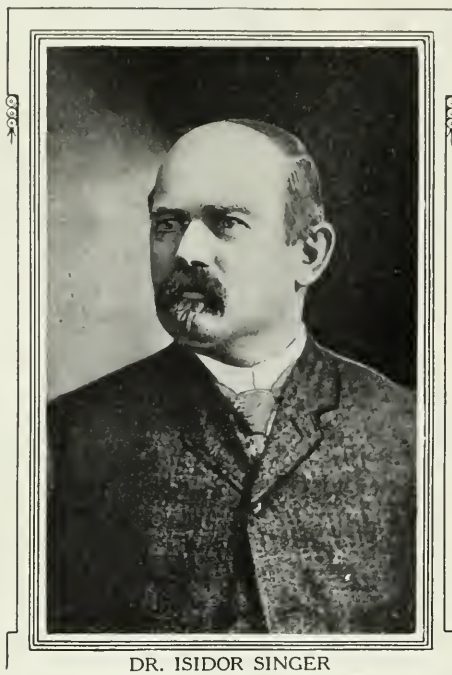
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(Continued from page 324)

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board. Then he cuts out the features and adjusts them, rounding contour, filling out depressions with strips of paper, blending and modeling as a sculptor with clay. The face, when ready for the painting in tempera or oil, is not unlike that of a human face after a major surgical operation!

The eyes, as in the Flirt or Silly Girl, favorite of Folly audiences, are painted, the pupils alone pierced to admit light. Not infrequently a slit is made for the entire eye, as in the Oriental Princess. Eyelashes for chorus girls to envy are achieved by solid strips of paper painted dark brown. The nostrils of all the masks are open—practically their one breathing spot, for the mouths of most, unlike the masks of Japanese or Greek drama, are closed. Hair is painted on the forehead or top of the mask.

Real hair ear muffs as worn by the American girl cover the ears of another mask, and a long veil is attached so that in donning it the dancer is practically made up. Often jewelled head dresses of elaborate design are brilliantly painted on the mask top, or floral figures on the cheek, as shown in the illustrations, achieving the illusion of a figured veil.

The Benda masks average from six to seven ounces in weight. The elaborate peacock head dress, however, so increases the weight, that Miss Severn's dance while wearing

it is restricted to leisurely curves.

"I am now experimenting with a mask from the living model," said Mr. Benda, who, with Miss Severn, regrets the speed with which the Folly masks are on and off in interest of the modern "speed-up"—art's arch enemy. "From careful drawing of the model's face I cut out the profile and fit it to the face, filling out the discrepancies with bits of paper until all is rounded to the contour of the original—in short, a perfect fit. It is delicate, tedious, exacting work, that eats up time. When the whole mask is feature proof I shall paint it as would a portrait painter."

The Benda masks, not having been made for Miss Severn, naturally are interior misfits, particularly the Flirt, whose mouth, the dancer tells me, scrapes her nose.

Fifteen minutes is the time limit for the continuous wear of a mask. In pantomime where they are worn throughout a scene, as in the pantomime written by Austin Strong, inspired by the Benda masks, they were removed at the curtain call.

It was the Strong pantomime, produced last spring at the Coffee House Club, whose presiding Merymaker is Mr. Frank Crowninshield, that introduced the Benda masks and revealed to that little bunch of art innovators the talent of Margaret Severn. The Greenwich Village Follies of 1920 innovation is the outcome

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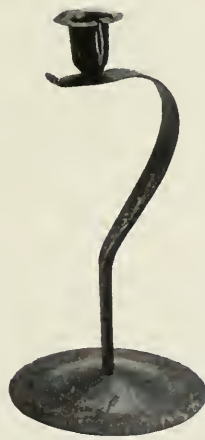


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The New Art Season

ALL that which follows may be taken as finally as the predictions of race track and baseball reporters. It is built on experience, on past performances and on those murmurs which stir the air without taking definite shape in it. Every year something similar to this appears in magazines and pages of newspapers devoted to art and is read by the wise with a generous smile and by those who want to believe the predictions made with something akin to the gullibility of the infantile belief in Santa Claus.

For the prophet, false or otherwise, who writes it, it is the opportunity of a season, a chance to erect whimsical structures on prejudicial premises. He will make much of his summer's mooted. He will let his desires run away with his logic, or even, in peculiar instances, with his sense of justice. He knows that that which he writes will be forgotten by his public, if he has one, at the very time when it might rebound to his discredit.

THE summer in the city has been quite barren of any significant art activity, although there have been a number of meetings of the Mayor's Committee on Public War Memorial, meetings dominated by the super-authoritative voice of Mr. Paul Bartlett, and one or two of the new Society of Artists whose exhibition, trying to be an annual affair, will be held again at the Gimpel and Wildenstein gallery. Mr. Bartlett here again has been heard, although in what particular way no one seems willing to tell despite that shakes of heads sometimes suggest knowledge, and almost lead to a belief in its existence. The superiority of inner circles is anyway delightful.

As to the modernists and the possible explosions that may this season ruffle the white whiskers, symbolic and real, of the academicians and their followers, conservative radicals, there are no pronouncements and therefore a wider and freer range for authoritative speculation. They are always a great temptation to a writer who believes in the fertility of his own wit and has the weakness to let it run. Most of his readers, if he be vitriolic enough, will turn to friends, or, if good fortune favor them, to enemies and point out with an I-told-you-so air how the youth of the country has been wasting its energy.

Now for an Elijah attitude and the hope that a successful costume is in the closet. Chicago and culture need not be taken into this account. Besides, the vast majority of the Chicago modernists have taken all the available studios in the vicinity of Patchin Place, and when Chicago meets them at all, it is, not seldom, under another name.

There is the promise of the natural death of eroticism in the works of many of the bad-boy extremists who have read Freud on dreams and been led, despite Freud,

to believe in sex as the lead string of all thought. Very pretty this in a Puritan community. Still New York is not so Puritan as the Middle West. Indeed, it is almost safe to declare, without subtlety, that New York could produce neither a Harding nor a Cox. And safe to say also that eroticism in Manhattan (Brooklyn being out of the question as the mere goal of all Manhattanese jokes), since it need not be quite so secret as in other parts of the country, has less reason for existing at all.

Indeed the early love of preciousness and Beardsley dies with the return of a general interest as against introspection or with the meeting of many people.

But in modern art it dies harder than elsewhere. Your modernist has the will to isolate his personality. He is a theoretical anarchist. He cannot believe himself, not wanting to, the representative of a group, the disseminator of congregational ideas or lore. He wants *réclame* above everything, some one differentiation that will mark him in a mob. He, in other words, champs at the bit of obscurity. Every artist of any value at all has done this. But, in many cases, too young yet to have found himself, and too impatient to await the slow arrival of that discovery, he (the modernist) pushes at the first rare thing that will place him, if only in the vein of notoriety, in a perceivable niche. That impatience which was unknown to the apprentices of former generations is probably due to automobiles and aeroplanes. They have made him believe that long distances could be covered in a short space of time.

In the way of memorial exhibitions it is to be expected that the late Anders Zorn will be recalled more often by his etchings than by his paintings and that the exhibitions of the former throughout the country will be numberless.

IN any case the coming season will undoubtedly show a change away from preciousness on the part of the moderns. A great many of their names in ten or fifteen years of constant drumming have become known to the public at large. Rare expedients are no longer necessary. In some cases they have found themselves, in others they have been found by art lovers of greater generosity than wisdom.

In the other side there is not need to apologize for a prophecy. We have watched the other side of art for nearly twenty years and in all that time there have never been any but slow, gradual, easily foreseen changes. No bombs, no upsets, no shocks. If there have been unusually rapid technical advances they have not brought with them any philosophical advances. Indeed that side of art is too busy with that which it calls art to bother with any researches so intellectual as those of philosophy or with anything so vulgar as life.

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The Cleveland Museum of Art

A TRUSTEE and former benefactor of the Cleveland Museum of Art, Mr. J. H. Wade, has again evidenced his interest in the work of the Museum by a gift which will materially increase its usefulness. The ground upon which the Museum was erected was given by Mr. Wade for that purpose; and the collections have from time to time been greatly enriched by various gifts presented by him. These comprise an important collection of textiles; a group of laces originally in the Wilson collection; European and Oriental jewelry; tapestry; Philippine, Javanese and African weapons; a small collection of Colonial silver consisting of pitchers, beakers, tongs, spoons, and a teapot; a collection of snuff boxes and fans, and thirty-four paintings by European artists. This collection of paintings includes two canvases by J. M. W. Turner, while other artists represented are Cazin, Dupre, Van Dyck, Delacroix, Rubens, Constable, Romney, Isabey, Jacque, etc.

Announcement has now been made of the establishment by Mr. Wade of a trust fund, to be known as "The J. H. Wade Fund," the income of which, estimated at about \$30,000 annually, is designated for the purchase of works of art, preferably along the lines indicated by the donor's previous gifts. In itself, the gift is an important one, as it will go far toward filling the needs of the collections; and the clear, unbiased manner of its presentation increases its value.

The Museum has also received from donors, who for the present remain anonymous, a memorial gift of \$250,000, of which about \$50,000 is given for the installation of a fine organ and accompanying equipment, and the remaining \$200,000 for the endowment of a Department of Musical Arts.

The Museum has, for two years past, under the direction of Thomas Whitney Surette, offered freely to the citizens of Cleveland very definite opportunities for a greater understanding and appreciation of the art of music. Illustrated lecture courses and informal talks have broadened the vision of many music lovers. Short talks preceding concerts given in the Museum and informal interpretative talks on the programs of the Symphony Orchestras have increased their pleasure and understanding in these concerts—as has also the course of lectures given last winter on the instruments of the modern orchestra, illustrated by members of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. There have been weekly periods of group singing, open to all who care to come, when old folk-songs and chorals were sung by the audience. These hours of singing have proved one of the strongest factors in creating a love of good music, for in producing such music, under direction, the singer clinches the knowledge gained by making it a part of his own experience.

Children as well as adults have benefited by the musical activities of the Museum. Two public school classes come daily to the Museum for a lesson in drawing, and their program includes a period of directed singing. Singing also precedes the Saturday afternoon entertainments for children, and the children of members have the privilege of Saturday morning classes.

With the establishment of the Department of Musical Arts the work will be continued on a permanent, endowed basis. The installation of the organ will, of course, greatly enlarge its scope, as organ recitals, etc., are added; but its character will remain essentially the same. There will be no attempt to train musicians (as there is no attempt to train artists of painting and sculpture), and the emphasis will be placed on beauty.

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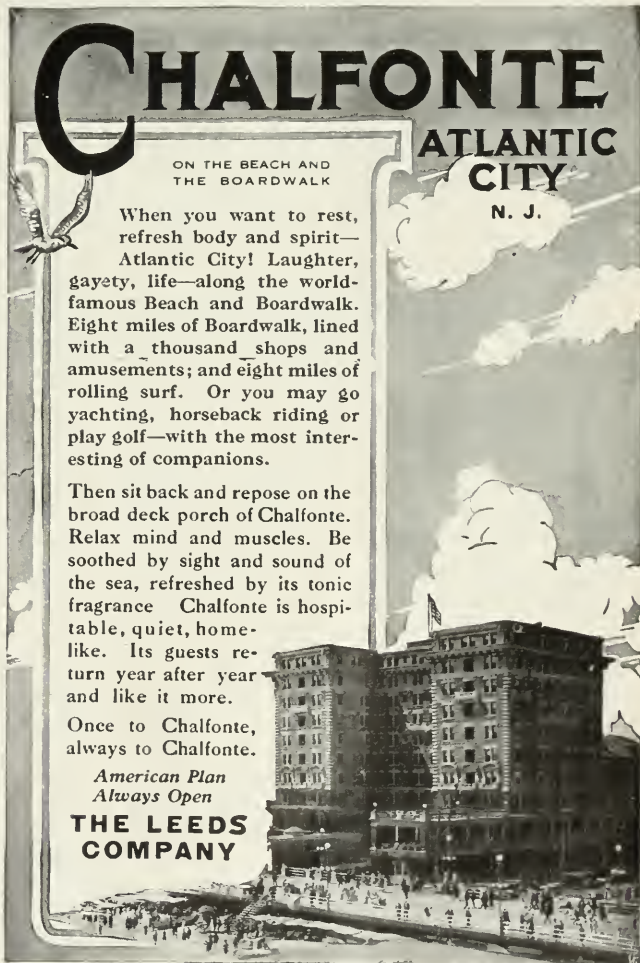
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A New Era in the Use of Color

By PAUL POIRET

POST-IMPRESSIONISM and the Russian ballet are responsible at least for the education of our eyes. Everywhere now we see barbaric primary colors combined in a way that would have made us shudder only a few years ago—we see them in scenic decorations, in women's frocks and hats, in fabrics destined to adorn our homes.

The present time—as regards decoration—is characterized by a revival of the art of interior decoration as practised (though in a very different manner) by William Morris many years ago.

We have been through many phases before arriving at the present taste; through the era of heavy mahogany furniture, sofa tables, red reps, curtains, and anti-macassars; through the age of "art colors": dull green, dull red, dirty purple, and yellowish white; through the phase of bouquets of flowers, badly designed and brightly colored chintzes, and chiffon shades. We have endured the period of quaint decoration, the sham antiques, the revival of would-be French Louis XVI lacquer, Chinese Chippendale, and now, at last, we begin to appreciate hold colors and the beauty of simplicity.

THAT is why the appreciation of primary colors and of simplified drawing—drawing and coloring which have in most cases the naïveté and even the crudity of the primitive paintings—is really the *comble de la décadence*. It may be true that only hyper-civilized people can appreciate barbaric works of art.

Of course, many people like this new art without going into the psychological details of it. They do not even realize that flowers in modern cretonnes are done in flat colors, without shades or detail of petals; that they are more a suggestion of a flower than a copy of nature; that the fruit is sometimes abnormally purple and the roses are frankly blue; that the geometrical patterns of the most modern French prints do not represent anything in particular—the fact remains that most people educated by the artistic events of the last few years now admire these modern products and feel their charm, while they would have laughed at them a few years ago.

Alas! for years manufacturers have slept in security, lulled by the regular routine of their affairs, whilst those whose business it is to produce novelties have become slack in research. The creative faculties have been suspended; draftsmen and designers have worked only in museums, copying and reconstructing the past—a valuable exercise in classicism, but which, if over-prolonged, puts the

A
Detail



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imagination in danger of atrophy. The public, at first attracted by ornaments of a former age, has quickly grown tired of the types imposed upon its taste.

No doubt little rooms hung with flowered or striped cretonne, a clock under a glass case, arm-chairs covered with *toile de Feuy*, a print in its original frame, are all very charming. But what relation do they bear to our new activity, our need for intense life and movement, and to the present fashion? Modern life needs modern forms of expression.

AS for the great country or town houses, what do they look like except museums, with their priceless Gobelin or Aubusson tapestries, their gilt consoles of the great century, and other *pièces de Musée*? The atmosphere is heavy with so much splendor and so many souvenirs that often boredom results from the unconscious contemplation of so many things which have no relationship to life.

Why not live in our own century? Our way of feeling, our manner of living, are especially modern. Why cannot our environment be also typically modern? If we have an arm-chair which belonged once to Louis XVI we ought not, strictly speaking, to sit in it, since modern fashion in dress does not allow us to use a chair as it was used in the days of *le Grand Monarque*. It is only in being modern that we create a past for the future—that is, if we are worth anything. Even the old masters were once daring innovators.

EVEN the medical authorities are most unexpectedly giving modern decoration their invaluable support. Without going into the purely scientific side of the case—color hospitals and the medical value of color—let us take a more prosaic view of the subject. Is there anything more depressing, more conducive to nervous breakdown or melancholia, than the usual waiting-rooms of doctors or the quarters of patients in nursing homes? Why stick to the dirty-white ceilings, brown paint, art greens, mildewed grays, and dull reds that are traditional in such places? Why not give the patient more cheerful or more soothing surroundings?

There is such a thing as suggestion. It may be said to be a moral form of mimicry. If the octopus can instinctively change its color according to the color of the rock or the seaweed he is walking over, surely the patient can subconsciously change his mood according to his surroundings, and rise from depressing brownish-green depths to soothing pure blue, to the cheerfulness of bright yellow, or the refreshing acidity of Veronese-green states which are but stepping-stones leading to the higher altitude; the joy of living.

Editor's Note—This article from "The Furnishing Trades' Organizer," London, shows Paul Poirct in a new field.



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Decorative Arts in Paris

By LEON MOUSSINAC

DECORATORS and furnishers in Paris continue to follow the policy, which has now been practised for some years, of subordinating the details of a furnishing scheme to the operations of some master mind, who has complete control, and dominates every one concerned, even the client. One cannot, indeed, deny that there is something seductive in a drawing-room, bedroom, or dining-room tastefully composed by an artist who, summoning every available resource, utilizes the work of other artists in wall-paper, printed textiles, carpets, tapestry, pottery, glassware, pictures, statuary, lighting and heating apparatus, and so forth, and produces a satisfactory result. Nevertheless, such an artist-decorator puts together an ensemble according to his taste alone. Nobody else could carry it out in the same way, and it represents simply one man's solution of a furnishing problem. It may be unique, but it is inclined to be narrowly individualistic.

NOW the decoration of domestic interiors means too much to allow of our accepting in their entirety the ideas of other people. There are thoughts, preferences, memories and usages which hold our affection for reasons derived from our very nature. Not even to the greatest of artists would we care to entrust the complete arrangement and furnishing of our homes. We permit his suggestions, but there we stop. Everybody, therefore, is inclined to carry out his (or her) ensemble, the details of which jointly make up what we know as home. Complete schemes, therefore, done by experts, appear to us merely realizations of ephemeral fancies, embodying arrangements of line and juxtapositions of color which we have no objection to utilizing, provided they conform to our tastes or can be made to tally with the impulse of our private feelings.

MODERN schemes originated by artist-decorators are of two kinds. One kind purely and simply an attempt to continue past tradition, while bringing the style up to date; the other an unqualified adherence to the mode of today.

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(Cont. on second page following)

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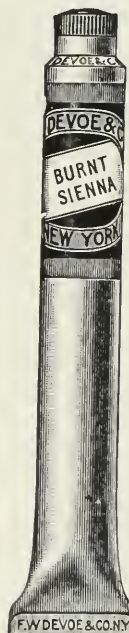
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pear to have awakened to the fact that a piece of furniture ought to be capable of being juxtaposed against another of any period *without either doing harm to the other*. Here is undoubtedly a direction in which a true modern style may be evolved, and it is to-day being followed by a number of artists. True, their art is reminiscent of Persia and Japan, and sometimes betrays infatuation with the Russian ballet, but that is again not a loss, for the tendency to the bizarre asserts itself more and more as each year elapses.

SOME decorators sacrifice almost everything on the altar of fashion, utilizing Japanese shapes and borrowing from the decoration of other Eastern peoples the most extravagant colors and fantasies. Thus, at the last Salon of Artist-Decorators was a complete scheme by André Groult, cleverly carried out in black, red and gold. Spirit and taste were not lacking, yet one felt that to live for any length of time in the midst of such an ensemble would be painful. Although suitable enough in the theatre, or in any other place where one seeks to gratify a passing caprice, it could never last over a season, and would disappear as completely as last year's millinery. The danger of this method is obvious. We do not cast off furniture as we do clothes which have gone out of fashion. Furniture is always associated with the idea of stability—as something intended to share for a long time in the intimacy of our lives, as a friend, so to speak, with whom our relations are all the closer because they are constant.

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Cazin	Morland
Chaplin	Murillo
Clark	Peacock
Constable	Rembrandt
Corot	Reni
Correggio	Reynolds
Crome	Riviere
Da Vinci	Romney
Detaille	Rossetti
Duverger	Rubens
Fragonard	Sadler
Furse	Sargent
Gainsborough	Stanley
Gore	Steen
Greuze	Stone
Guthrie	Swan
Hals	Titian
Henner	Troyon
Holbein	Tuke
Holiday	Turner
Hook	Velasquez
Hunt	Walker
Israels	Waller
Landseer	Watts
Latour	Webster
Le Brun	Whistler
Legros	Zorn

The entire advertisement is framed by a wide, ornate border featuring a repeating floral and vine motif. The background within the border is a light, textured surface with a subtle floral pattern.

COSTIKYAN & CO.

12 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

ANTIQUÉ & MODERN
RUGS
FROM THE ORIENT

LARGEST ASSORTMENT
IN THE WORLD

NAIRN *Linoleum*

Straight-Line Inlaid

Durability is built into Nairn's fine patterns

APPROPRIATE linoleum patterns are essential. But durability is of first importance.

The colors and patterns of Nairn straight line inlaids are built in piece by piece to the very backbone of the fabric. This insures longer life and a linoleum that will retain its new appearance until actually worn through.

Send for the Nairn Booklet "A" of patterns showing a wealth of colors and designs to select from.

NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY
Newark New Jersey

W. & J. Sloane

Sole Selling Agents

575 Fifth Avenue, New York
216-228 Sutter Street, San Francisco

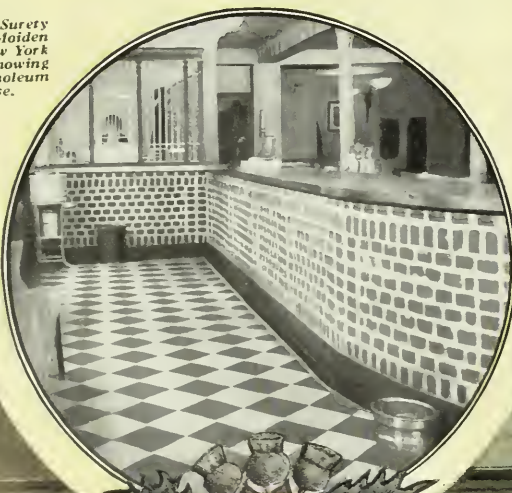
Chicago
St. Louis

Los Angeles
Denver

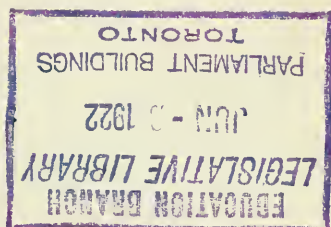
Seattle
Galveston

Kansas City
Portland, Oregon

National Surety
Co., 89 Maiden
Lane, New York
City, showing
Nairn Linoleum
in use.







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